

FOR THE ARTIST

AND CRAFTSMAN

THE

# ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW

ILLUSTRATED

BELCHER,  
JOHN.

BELL,  
R. ANNING.

CARDE,  
W. D.

CARRIÈS,  
JEAN.

DAWSON,  
NELSON.

FRAMPTON,  
GEORGE R.,  
A.R.A.

FULLEY-  
LOVE,  
JOHN.

JACKSON,  
T. G., R.A.

MITCHELL,  
ARNOLD.



BY

MOUNT-  
FORD,  
E. W.

PENNELL,  
JOSEPH.

POMEROY,  
F. W.

PUGIN,  
WELBY.

RICARDO,  
HALSEY.

ROOKE,  
T. M.

SEDDING,  
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J. McNEILL.

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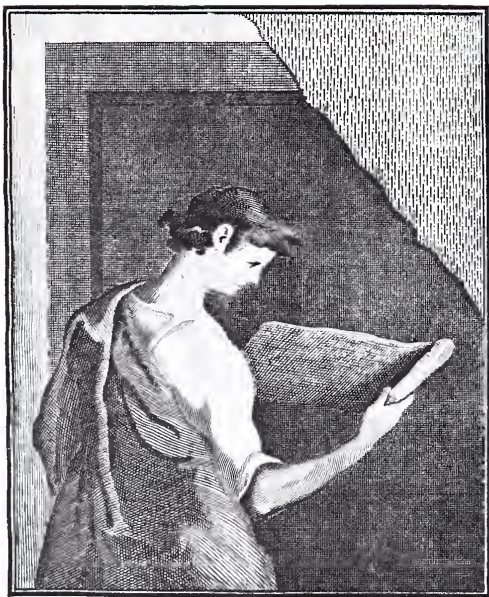
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ARTIST & CRAFTSMAN.

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*THE*  
*ARCHITECTURAL*  
*REVIEW*  
*ART ANNUAL:*

*Illustrated by*

*JOHN RUSKIN,*

*SIR EDWARD POYNTER, P.R.A.,*

*J. McNEILL WHISTLER,*

*JEAN CARRIÈS,*

*JOHN THORPE,*

*JOHN SEDDING,*

*JOSEPH PENNELL,*

*LOUIS DAVIS,*

*T. M. ROOKE,*

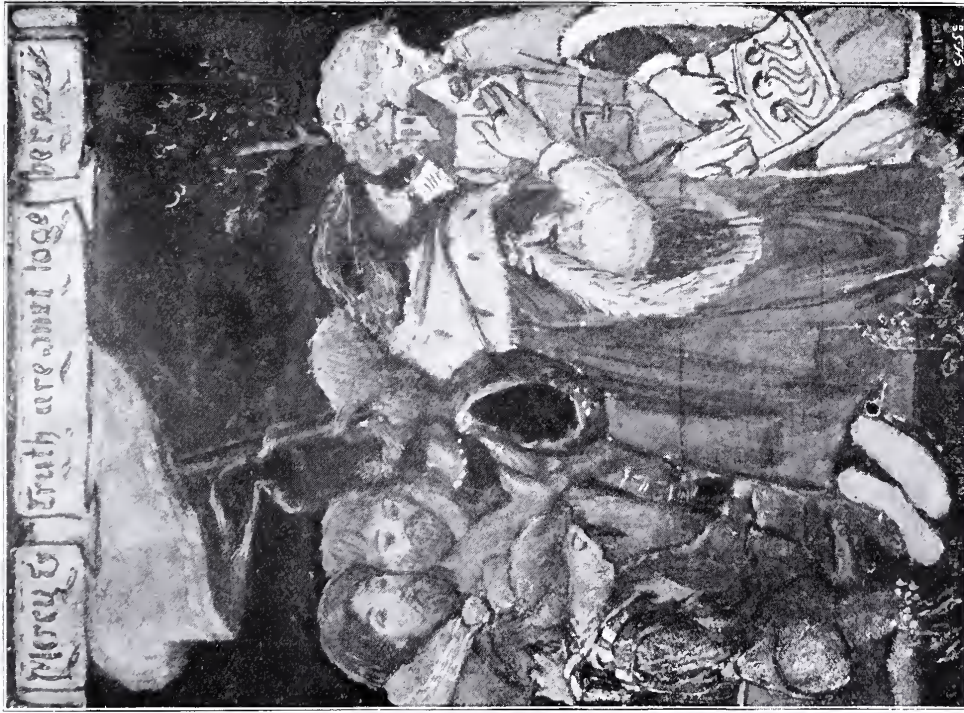
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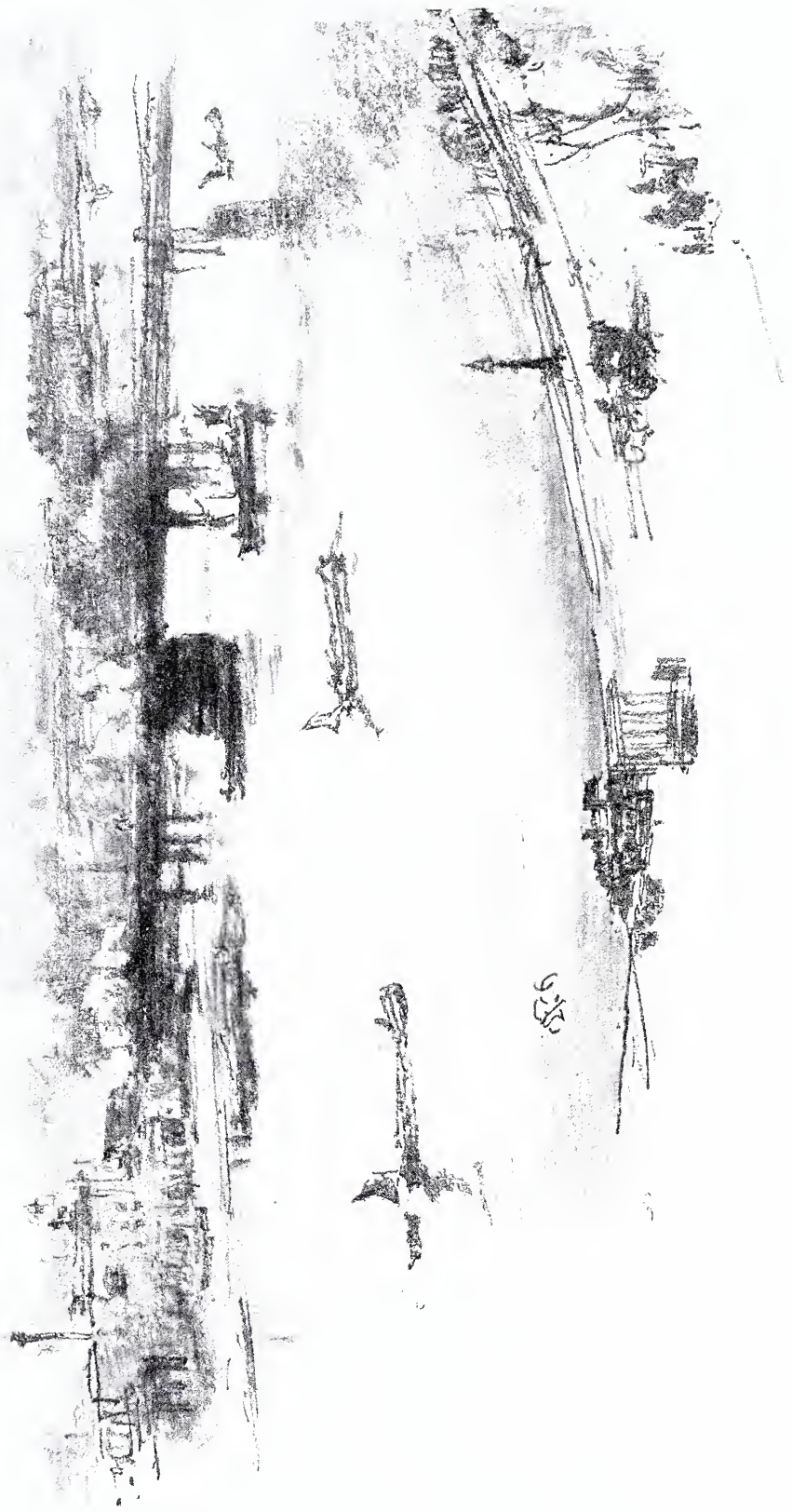




TRIPTYCH: DRAWN BY  
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THAMES AT CHARING CROSS:  
BY J. MCNIELL WHISTLER.







J. Ruskin. 1875  
Building of granite  
sketches at Gata Bridge



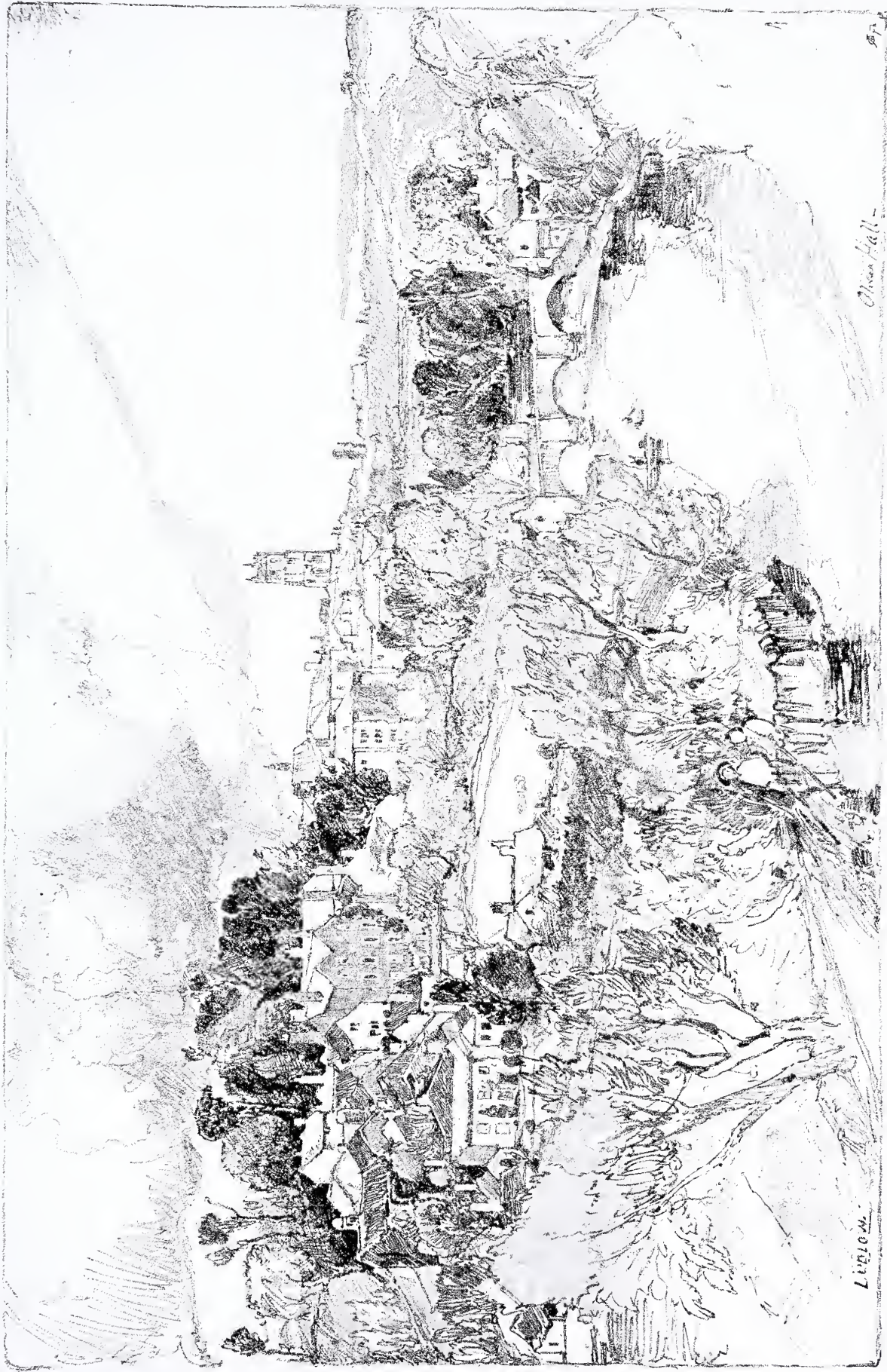




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POYNTER, P.R.A.







LUDLOW: DRAWN BY  
OLIVER HALL.









"THE ANNUNCIATION":  
BY H. WILSON.





LE PUY EN VELAY: THE  
MOST PICTURESQUE PLACE  
IN THE WORLD: FROM  
A DRAWING BY JOSEPH  
PENNELL.

**L**E PUY EN VELAY, FRANCE: THE MOST PICTURESQUE PLACE IN THE WORLD: WITH DRAWINGS BY JOSEPH PENNELL: WRITTEN BY E. R. PENNELL AND LEWIS F. DAY: PART ONE.

WE once wrote an article on the most Picturesque Place in the World, describing it with enthusiasm, but never disclosing its name or its whereabouts. We might, with sham modesty, pretend that we did this innocently. But we did not. We meant to make people talk, and we succeeded. From the time the article appeared in 1893, until recently, we have been receiving innumerable congratulations upon our discovery, and requests to share it with the curious; which is all very flattering, but apt to grow monotonous. Inquirers rarely enclose postage stamps, and, as they are often foreigners, their letters are apt to be underpaid. Therefore, after mature consideration, we have concluded to reveal the identity of the most Picturesque Place in the World. Since we chanced upon it, we have travelled through almost all the rest of Europe, but we find that the town still remains unrivalled. It still possesses the same hotel, the same character, the same mediævalism, the same interest, the same fascination for every one who goes to it. But, though we might even yet keep our secret, we feel that the time has come to give it to the world.

The town then, the city rather—for it is a city—is Le Puy en Velay, in France, situated some distance south of Clermont Ferrand, and west of Lyons, from either of which railway centres it may be reached. One may also come to it on the journey north from Provence, by way of Nîmes. And finally, with a donkey, one may tramp to it through wild, all but unknown country, by reversing Stevenson's route through the Cévennes. For it was virtually from Le Puy that he set out on his memorable wanderings; it was in Le Puy that he made all his preparations; and it was a mere accident that he passed the preliminary "month of fine days" in the near village of Monastier—"the little place in a pleasant highland valley fifteen miles away."

The average tourist, however, is without invention, without original resources. He prefers a railway to any more adventurous method of travelling, or at most he may choose the bicycle, as we did. Leaving Clermont Ferrand, the very centre of the

Romanesque country, where you should stay long enough to see Notre Dame du Port—one of the most marvellous of all the marvellous churches of Auvergne—you pass by Issoire, where there is another wonderful Romanesque church; and here, if you are wise, you will break your journey to go on an excursion to St. Nectaire, for the sake, not of the waters, but of the architectural masterpiece which it, like so many of the towns of Auvergne, contains for your pleasure. Your next stopping place should be Brioude, where a still greater wonder awaits you in the church of St. Julien. And from Brioude, you may either take a trap, or preferably the diligence, up to La Chaise Dieu, the fine Benedictine Abbey, at one time so strongly fortified—as beautiful in its ruinous present as in its perfect past. There are some lovely old half-faded tapestries in the choir of the church, and the little side chapels are adorned with those curious portrait busts, which are the work of the wood carver, peculiar to this part of France. A few may represent popular and powerful saints, but the others are unmistakably portraits of real monks and priests—and excellent portraits, you feel sure, so full are they of character. Wood carving seems to have been an Art largely cultivated in Auvergne, and among the wood-carvers was more than one true, if obscure, artist. From La Chaise Dieu you may travel direct to Le Puy by road, or, you may continue in the train from Brioude, changing at St. George's d'Aurac.

Le Puy is situated at the bottom of a great basin, in the midst of a land that is as strange and fantastic and astonishing as volcanic forces, long since weakened though not quite spent, could make it. On all sides are high hills, range beyond range, which grow into the mountains of the Cévennes, while from the centre of the basin spring up great peaks, exactly as in the Dolomites, though, of course, on a smaller scale, or as in the landscape background of a mediæval picture; and each peak is, as the old painter would have shown it, crowned by a church, a statue, or a castle. There is, perhaps, something of the same strangeness of scenery at Montserrat, but it is not, as there, the setting for Architecture, no less fantastic than picturesque. Nor has the Spanish monastery a white town nestling under its shadow; it stands solitary on the high mountain top.

These great peaks scattered throughout the valley, or basin, lend to Le Puy its indescribable, really unbelievable, picturesqueness. In them you



## 4 *Le Puy: The Most Picturesque Place in the World.*

have the feature that distinguishes it from any and all other places in or out of France. The highest is the huge square mass that overtops the cathedral, and bears on its summit a colossal statue of the Virgin in bronze. After this, the next most prominent in the landscape, but a kilometre or so away, is the peak that rises above the village of Espaly, and serves as a gigantic base for a St. Christopher or a St. Joseph, carrying the Infant Christ, which was not finished when we last saw it. For, unexpectedly enough, the Le Puy statues, so mediæval in effect, have all been, or are being, newly erected. If Espaly attracts the geologist by the vagaries of its rock formation, it appeals to the pilgrim by the special sanctity of the shrine that is enclosed in a most elaborate stalactite grotto, opening immediately below the saint, and decorated in wonderfully atrocious fashion.

But the delightful thing about Le Puy is, that the master builders have done as much as Nature to make it the stupendous spectacle it is. It can boast one of the most striking Romanesque cathedrals of France, one of the few perhaps—more or less—successfully restored. And it has, besides, a most remarkable parish church, St. Michel d'Aiguilhe, perched upon a great rock, and only reached by hundreds of steps, dating back to the tenth century, almost barbaric in its irregularity of design and its sculptures, and certainly unique in the world. The approach to the cathedral in this town of abrupt hills is also probably unrivalled; the ascent to the Aracœli in Rome is commonplace by comparison. Nowhere else, to our knowledge, is there a church with so grand and stately a stairway leading to its western portal, and straight on to the high altar at its eastern end. Before the restoration, it is said that from the Grande Place, or, at any rate, at the foot of the steps, people in their own front doors could follow Mass as faithfully as if they knelt within nave or choir. Now, the stairs, as they mount the high altar through the church, have been blocked up, and the entrance is by one or another of the doors at the side. But even now, on Ascension Day and other great feasts, Mass is said by the Bishop at the top of the great stairway, which is crowded from top to bottom with worshippers, kneeling and standing in the sunshine—a sight to be seen in Le Puy alone of all the towns and cities of Europe.

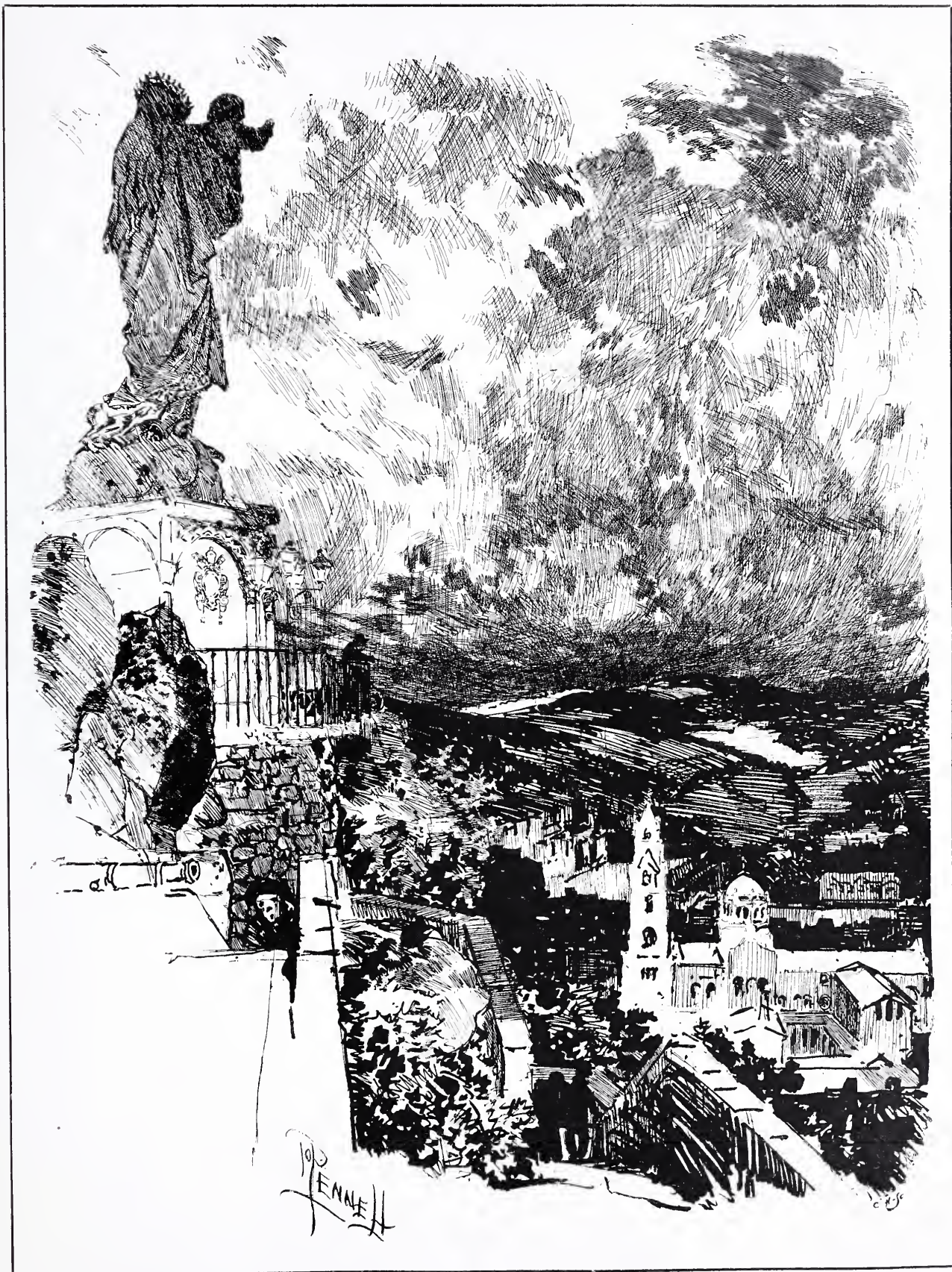
Besides its churches, Le Puy can show you beautiful old palaces which are quite Italian; while across the river are thrown three or four bridges which are very graceful in line and original in construction, and well worth the attention of architects. Then there is a really good museum—something of interest is always to be found in the provincial French museum, however modest. And,

more important, there is an excellent hotel, in which we have stayed many weeks. Not the least charm of Le Puy is that it is comfortable to live in, as well as pictorial to look at. The costume of the people is not exactly beautiful or quaint; it is rather curious, almost comic, the women wearing above their white caps little round black felt hats, that are much more like muffins than the "brigand hat" of Stevenson's description. But the chief industry of the place, as at Monastier, is lace-making, and the old women sitting at their doors, with their cushions and their bobbins and gossip, are ready posed for the artist. Much of the simple domestic architecture has decided merit. And, if you trouble to go in search of it, there is not a little good iron work to be found in the town—here and there a fine old knocker or grille. The market is amusing, and we have picked up at some of the stalls not a few bits of old pewter and brass. The making of pewter snuff boxes, and match boxes, and holy water founts, apparently, was an art at one time practised with genuine skill and success somewhere in the neighbourhood, and these things have a distinct character of their own. In the old shops, too—though not very often—one may come across good examples of the wood carving, which, as we have said, is peculiar to Auvergne. We once bought, to our great delight, the bust of a tonsured monk, in fine gilded robes, that originally, as like as not, had a niche over one of the altars at La Chaise Dieu. We are convinced that this, at least, is a portrait; no artist could have imagined a face so subtly, so craftily evil. A saint in certain lights; in others he is the most abandoned, the most cynical of sinners. There is a degree of wickedness for which the human model is needed.

Altogether, there could be no more fascinating and profitable place for the painter and the architect; especially for the painter in pursuit of the picturesque. He will have at his disposal every variety of subject, from the peaceful green country, with the red-roofed villages and poplar-lined rivers of France, lying on every side of the town, to the Dürer-like panorama, presented by a more extended view over the valley; from the sheltered groves and thickets of the woodland, to the overpowering picturesqueness—the splendid romance—of Le Puy itself. When we were there first, now some years ago, it was virtually unvisited by the foreign tourist, and we do not suppose that it is very much overrun to-day, notwithstanding our praise. Fortunately, it is far enough out of the way, far enough off the main route, that is, to discourage the casual sight-seer. But if it is a long distance from anywhere, Le Puy, once you have reached it, is a town you will want to wander or work in for months.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

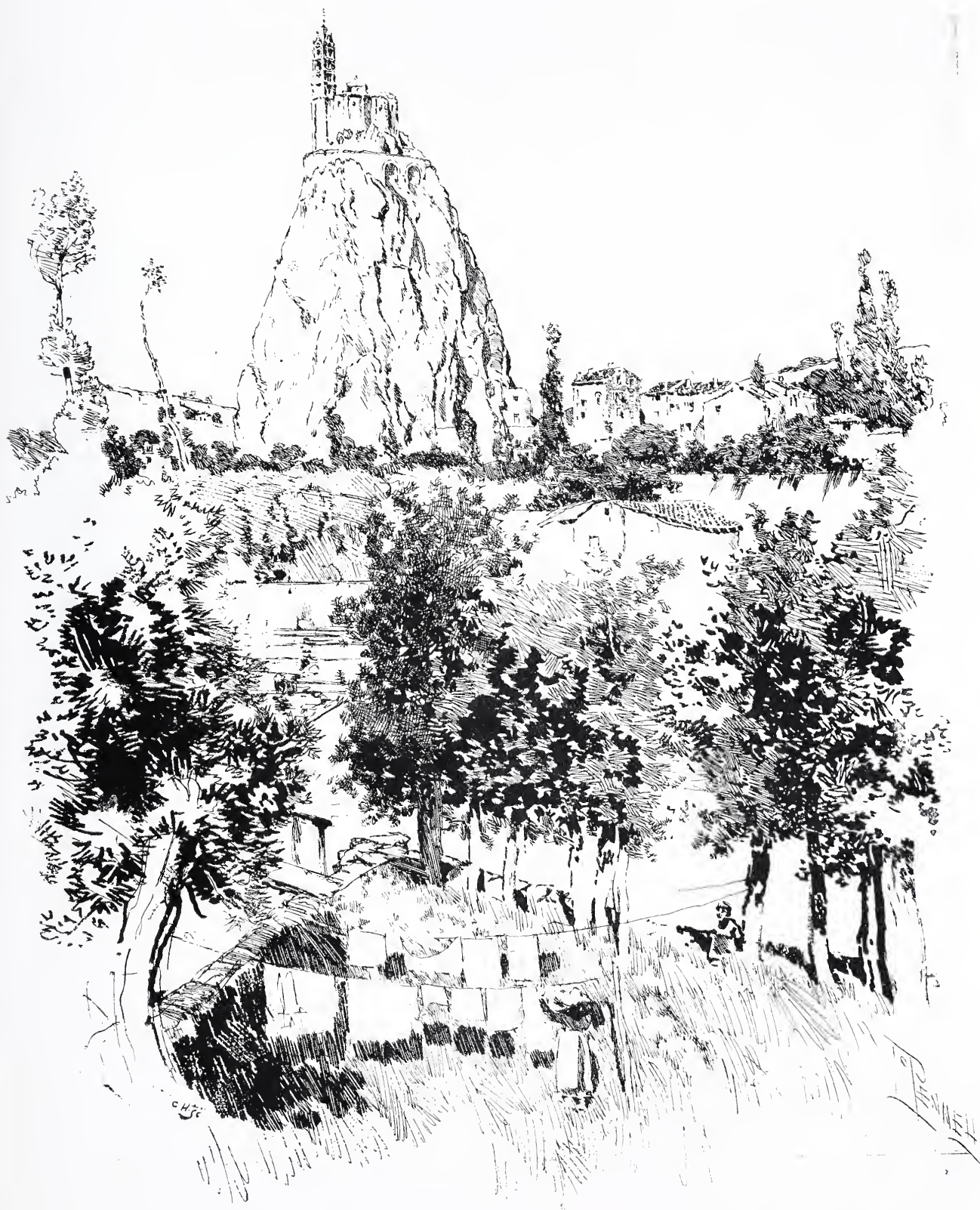




THE STATUE OF THE VIRGIN:  
LE PUY: DRAWN BY JOSEPH  
PENNELL.







CHURCH OF S. MICHEL:  
LE PUY: DRAWN BY  
JOSEPH PENNELL.





JEAN CARRIÈS: SCULPTOR  
AND ARCHITECT: FROM  
THE PAINTING BY LOUISE  
BRESLAU.



**T**HE LIFE AND WORK OF JEAN CARRIÈS, A LITTLE-KNOWN FRENCH SCULPTOR, POTTER, AND DESIGNER: BY M. EMILE HOVELAQUE.

LITTLE is probably known in England of the life and personality of Carriès. The posthumous exhibition of his sculpture and pottery, held at the Champ de Mars in 1895, first revealed to many the very existence of one of the most admirably gifted sculptors, and perhaps the master-ceramist of our time. The extraordinary originality and variety of his work had, it is true, already in 1892 excited the keenest curiosity as to his efforts and discoveries, but without satisfying it. As for the man and his character, the details generally given, even in France, were legends rather than facts. It is only since the publication of the magnificent volume consecrated by M. Arsène Alexandre\* to the memory of his friend that it has become possible to retrace accurately the heroic career—more touching in its simplicity and truth than any imagined romance—of the artist by whose death at thirty-nine a world of rare and

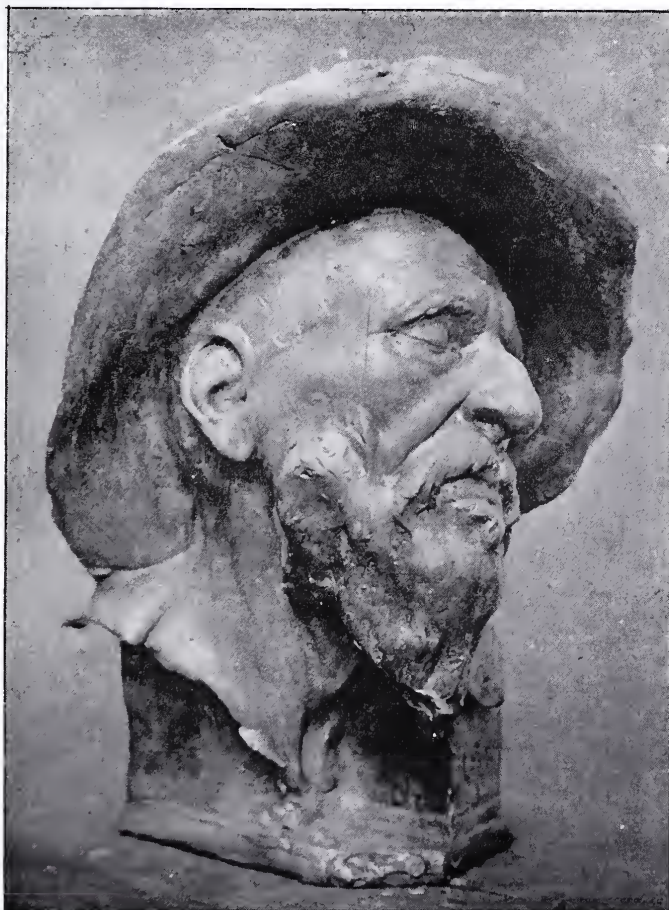


THE MASK CALLED LA MÈRE DE CARRIÈS.

delicate beauty has perished, and immense promises are left unrealised. From the facts, carefully gathered together by M. Alexandre, from personal recollections and knowledge, I shall endeavour to sketch rapidly the essential events and indicate the influences which so singularly informed the Art and mind of Carriès. All he did is, indeed, so absolutely personal, so eloquent of his experience and emotions, so vibrant with his peculiar nervous sensibility; the whole man lives again in each of his creations so passionately and completely, with all his enthusiasms, ardours, sufferings, aspirations, and hopes, that his work is, in truth, the exteriorised poem of his life, and no criticism of his achievement is possible unless that life be known.

I.

Jean Joseph Marie Carriès was born on February 15, 1855, at Lyons, the son of Auguste Carriès, a cobbler of Provençal birth, and Françoise Guérin, his wife, a workwoman. It is hardly fanciful to attribute to his father's origin certain southern peculiarities of Carriès' Art, and, above all, his extraordinary, almost dangerous, dexterity of hand and sense of form. But more certain is the influence of his native town. A city of



TÊTE DE DÉSESPÉRÉ.

\* "Jean Carriès : Histoire d'une œuvre et d'une vie : May et Motteroz, Paris, 1895." I desire at once to acknowledge my deep indebtedness to M. Alexandre, of whose book I have made free use and to whose kindness many of the illustrations of these articles are owing.





BABE WITH COLLAR.

mystics, of fervid, sickly artisans, intensely dreamy yet practical, Lyons left a curiously deep impress on the will, imagination, and physical presence of the boy in whom the finest instincts of a line of workmen, the deep traditional life of the people, were to flower so briefly and so splendidly. And his inherited characteristics were deepened by circumstance.

An orphan at six, alone among strangers, Carriès grew up in the silence and discipline of a conventual home, living from the first a life of dreams, of memory, and aspiration rather than of realities. Of the world outside he knew nothing. As for his companions, then, as later, he was too *different* to mix freely with them. He was of a race apart, and knew it: those around him instinctively felt it, shunned or mistrusted him; and thus few men were perhaps ever more utterly solitary than Carriès. He seems in his short existence to have met with few capable of understanding him, or that he could love. Those dearest to him were rather memories, ideal types transfigured by his imagination, than living persons. His intense nature created images finer and more passionate than any life afforded him, and by the side of his visions all other things seemed dim, all affections languid or incomplete. He lived in a world of his own making—as a child among the recollections of his lost home, as a man among the creations of his Art: the rest was indifferent to him. Both possessed him tyrannically. It is impossible above all to overestimate the force of his early impressions. They were intensified by his solitude, slowly transformed by the brooding which often gave him the look of a visionary, by the long hours and years of bitter thought and struggle into a strange and

precious treasure of remembrance, into something rich and rare.

Time and distance rendered these impressions more, not less, distinct. They are the first and strongest inspiration of his Art. Gradually the phantoms among which the boy lived grew within his brain, gathering force until they passed irresistibly into the outer world, hardening into visible shapes of aspiration or regret that keep in their imperishable bronze or grès a startling aspect of evocation, a haunting life which is the fundamental character of his work. The earliest and most potent of these images, that whose influence is felt throughout his career, is that of his mother. She died, like his father, of consumption, at thirty-two, when Carriès was six. But, though his remembrances of her were faint, she remained for the solitary child a memory of beauty and pain, an ineffaceable vision of tenderness, purity, and misfortune. The shadow of death, the threatening presence which accompanied him, which penetrated his life and work, were personified in her. A figurine, of which no trace is left, represented her in death, wrapped in her winding sheet; her features continually reappear in the mournful loveliness of Carriès' female heads. It is to her he turned when in the flush of triumph he modelled the fiery portrait of himself, which breathes of daring, of noble confidence, of hope and ardour infinite through the brusque restrained impetuosity of its gesture—from its base, like a menace of death, like a presentiment of his fate, rises the mask of his dead mother, with closed eyes, delicate,



BABE WITH OPEN MOUTH.



L'INFANTE: BY  
JEAN CARRIÈS.







THE NOVICE: BY  
JEAN CARRIÈS.



keen, and drawn, luminous with a splendour of suffering, a passion of sadness and vain aspiration, that are a symbol and a prophecy. Her face denies the imperious assurance of the pose. It confesses, with the bitterness of a cry, Carriès' regret and love, his doubts and fears. Irresistibly that image rises before one when one thinks of him; it is the first that should be called up in any study of Carriès, for it is an emblem of his life and Art.

Hardly less dear was the memory of his sister, a remarkably beautiful and gifted girl, who died suddenly at eighteen\* in 1876, as she was about to take the veil. Of her, and of his mother, Carriès spoke little. His affections were silent, few, and intense. They were manifested, like all his experience, in his work, not in words, and it is there we find them. He was often accused of ingratitude or indifference. It was simply that he allowed no feeling to come between his Art and him, or absorb a tittle of his time and strength. He could love passionately those whom he had proved worthy of love. It was perhaps not wholly his fault if he rarely found such outside his kindred. At his death a medallion portrait of his sister was found round his neck; it had never left him. Her features haunted him to the end. It is to her memory, to her interrupted vocation, that we owe the exquisite novice, the pure and delicate nuns, which are amongst his most characteristic masterpieces.

In the charitable institution, La Providence Denuzière, Carriès had little to renew or change these dreams. He was a singularly impetuous and unruly child, startling the good sisters by sudden flashes of a wild untameable nature, then winning forgiveness by a sort of elfish grace and sorcery which never left him. He learnt little. He remained almost illiterate. His time was chiefly spent in stringing beads for funeral wreaths. Thanks to the Mère Callamand, a sister of charity, whose influence

had obtained his admission into the home, and whose affection for him was maternal, at fourteen Carriès was, by his own desire, apprenticed to a maker of religious statuettes, Vermare. We catch glimpses of him there. Pézieux, the sculptor, then a lad of nineteen or twenty, passing by the shop one day, was struck, like all who saw Carriès, by the extraordinary eyes, the spectral pallor, the ardent and delicate face of the boy. A little later he met him in the Musée des Arts Décoratifs. He went up to him, questioned him, gradually drew from him his ambitions and dreams. Together they went over the museum, and there Carriès first saw the casts from the Chapel of Brou, which were

the first stimulating influence of his artistic life. Every subsequent Sunday — not in his workman's blouse, but carefully dressed in his best clothes, to do them honour — Carriès spent hours before those last marvels of Gothic Art, whose refinement, subtle decorative delicacy, and intensity of moral expression were to the end his ideal and despair. He visited the churches, studying their storied fronts, raised and chiselled in better days by workmen like himself, dreaming that he too might then have brought to the work of love and faith his stone and all the skill and ardour of his brain. A world of aspirations and desires grew and fought within him. In those carvers of stone he felt

brothers; centuries of change had made no gulf between them; he understood, loved, and could continue them with a genius not less than theirs. With Carriès to desire was to realise. Everything bent before his will. His sorcery of manner, his force of persuasion and tenacity broke down all obstacles, and inspired faith in the most sceptical. He won over the Mère Callamand, and, through her, a few of her rich and pious friends. He was enabled, at eighteen, to begin his apprenticeship as a sculptor in a miserable little room, 50, Rue Tramassac, freed from a round of industrial production which had grown intolerable.



CARRIÈS OWN PORTRAIT.

DECORATIVELY TREATED.

\* On the same day as Carriès, the 1st July.

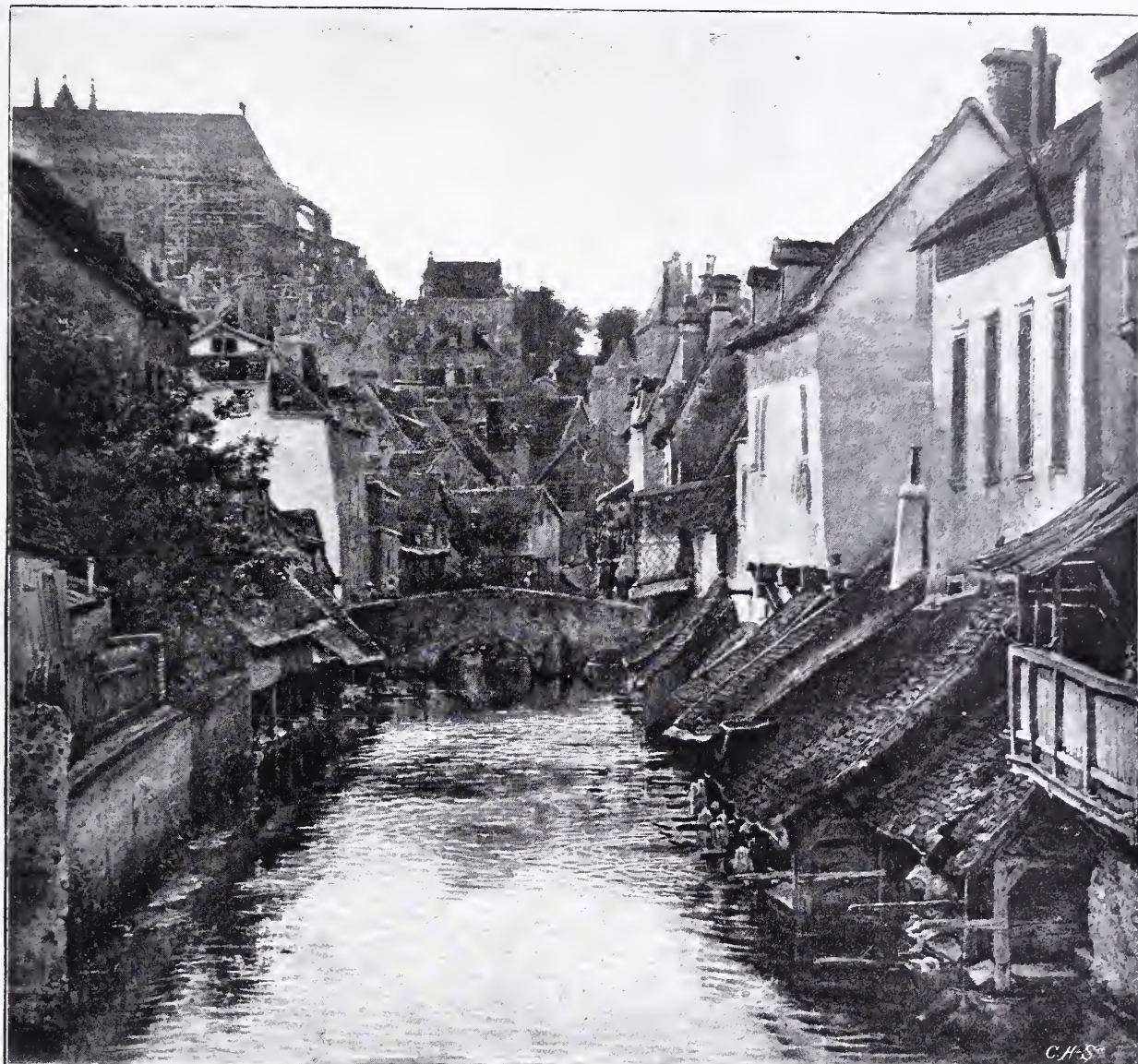




"CHARLES THE FIRST:  
THE MARTYR": BY  
JEAN CARRIÈS.







DISTANT VIEW OF THE EAST END OF  
CHARTRES CATHEDRAL (FROM THE RIVER).

FROM A DRAWING BY T. M. ROOKE,  
IN THE RUSKIN MUSEUM, SHEFFIELD.

**C**HARTRES' PORCHES : THE  
SCULPTURES OF THE WEST  
PORCH OF THE CATHEDRAL,  
WITH SOME REMARKS ON  
THOSE OF THE NORTH AND  
SOUTH : BY T. M. ROOKE : ILLUSTRATED  
FROM DRAWINGS.

IN the dusk of a June evening, twelve years ago, with the Cathedral spires as twin pole-stars to steer by, this present expositor came upon the sight of Chartres' north porch, and the romance of its intricate shadows.

To a mind completely open as to the form the renowned glories of Chartres might take, and in the enthusiasm of an evening arrival in a French Cathedral city, the picturesque beauty of this porch was promise enough. So, after a Saturday's settling down, as well as a Saturday's amazement at its

market day's dazzling bustle, and a Sunday's quieter perceptions, behold him starting off to draw the north porch on Monday morning.

But that Monday morning had its disillusion. In full daylight the qualities of the sculpture, of the full-sized figures especially, were seen to be not of the highest. The proportions of these were far from fine; the heads were poor, most of them large, some almost immense; draperies were dull and uninteresting; the ranked statues had a motley, unquiet look. They seemed to turn their babbling heads towards each other, and shuffled uneasily on their pedestals, whose undistinguished and uniform pattern should also be noted. Some even lay under suspicion of attempting to look round the corner. Others were far from safe on their perches. They were wearied or inattentive assistants at a function to which they should have borne strenuous witness. The Architecture itself showed





NORTH PORCH, CHARTRES CATHEDRAL.

questionable features. Sudden bareness of the vaults after the richness of the front view was not agreeable; and a prominent and constantly repeated form of pedestal, well seen in the accompanying illustration (supplied by a friend in Chartres), can hardly be considered a permissible form in Architecture.

The subjects that follow round the outer edges of the arches, however, are beautiful, though further from the eye than the rest. If at one time they were picked out in colour, they would, of course, have been more easily seen than they are now. The Story of the Creation is of great interest, as are also the signs of the Zodiac. But the north porch shows only too clearly the lowered artistic vitality of the time of the last Crusaders, whose unfortunate leader it was that provided for the building of it. This detraction by an artist, from what is nevertheless a beautiful piece of Art, seems ungenerous, though not unwarranted by the facts. And he would think it so, but for a long tiresome experience of the need of it, if truth is to prevail and a higher admiration is to be cherished for more exalted work.

Of a very different character is the west porch, begun in 1110 under a Bishop St. Yves, and carved, it is supposed, either by monks of the Abbey of Tiron or by a body of Greek sculptors

known to have been then in France. Throwing out no attractions to catch the passers-by, without deeply marked shadows or recesses, it was hardly seen on that first evening. The work looks as though it were quite willing to be considered childish and ineffective by any who chose to think it so. But to the eye that sees some beauty there, more becomes visible; up to the point of captivation. And the draughtsman, who began one study of it, is not satisfied with having finished the three now presented, the main occupation of two summers. Let us first give a short explanation of the drawing that shows the bay to one's left in entering.

The Ascension is the subject that fills the space inside the arch over the door. Two angels hold the clouds that receive and hide the ascending figure. Below, curtained also by formalised clouds, is a band of four angels announcing the import of what has happened. Necessities of position place the listening apostles on seats in niches. The surrounding arch stones bear, each one, a figure of a sign of the Zodiac or the employment of a month. There is some irregularity in their placing, and many are injured.

The Ram and the Crab are clear to see, on a line with the band of angels; a reaper and a man and tree below them. Above, a sheep-shearer or butcher, and a man with his horse. Next upwards, the Lion and the Bull and a vintage are also easy to make out.

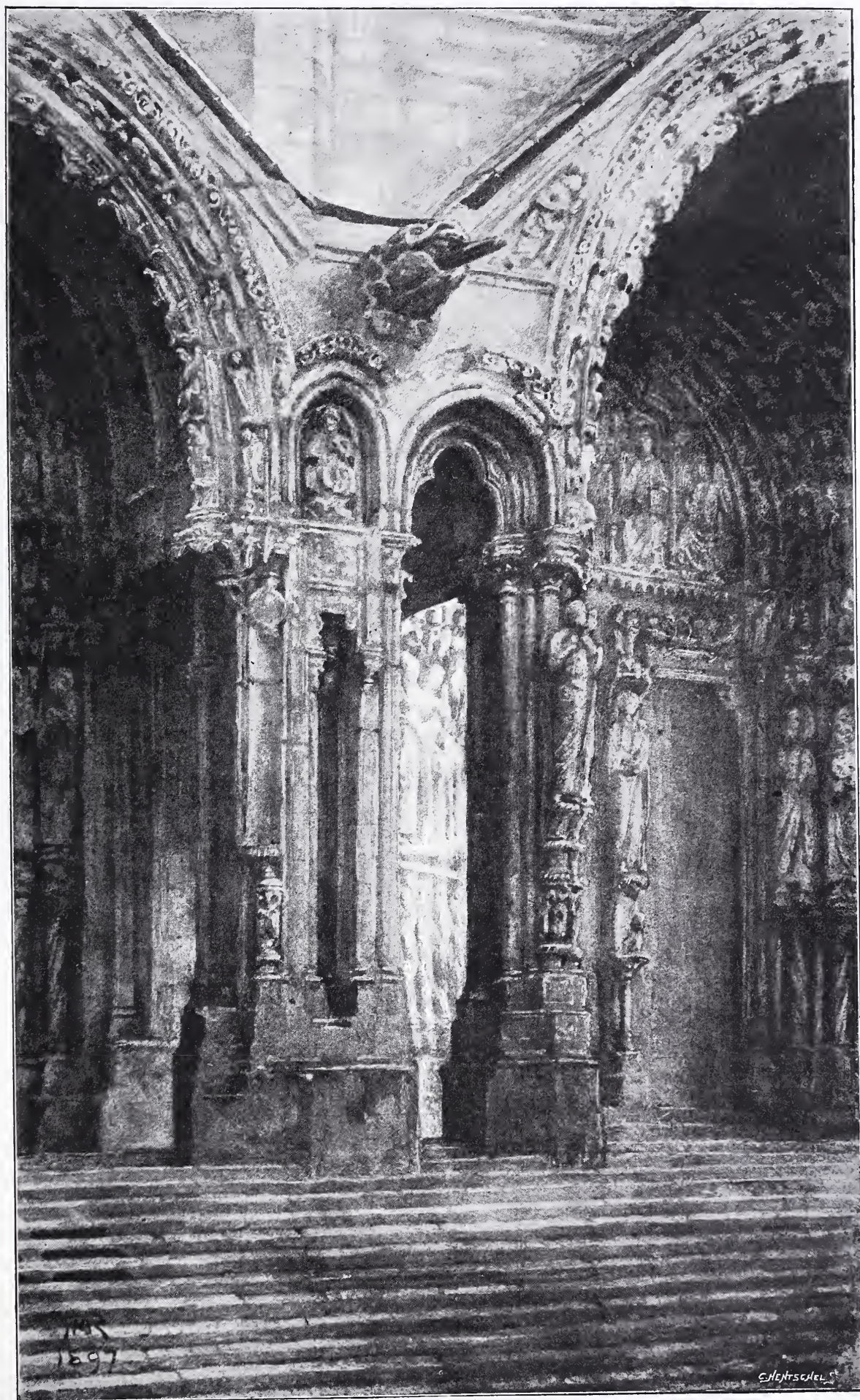
Underneath, on the capitals of the pillars, is a life of Christ, done in many small figures, that run in a sort of continuous frieze along the whole length of the three bays of the porch, and begin here. The most easily recognised on the capital next the further side of the door is the Slaughter of the Innocents; and niched between that and the next large capital is Herod with his sceptre, comfortably enthroned to watch it.

This life history is continued in the other two drawings. The three large figures below are believed to be of William the Conqueror, his Queen Matilda, and his son Henry; placed there as donors towards the cost of the church.

The crown, nimbus, and book of the nearer figure show her to be a queen saint. The rich minuteness of design on the thin colonnette by her side, at the edge of the drawing, is a great wonder and beauty; and the accurate copying of it was a tough piece of work. It is, like the rest of the sculpture, highly finished, like carving in ivory, and in its protected position much of the original chiselling remains. Even the streaks on the wing feathers of its mythological beasts are there.

Autumn afternoon sun lights the upper part of the drawing; the shadows of the houses rise over the lower.







A gardener's procession is going in, carrying a garlanded and embowered image of St. Fiacre, their patron as well as the cabmen's, whose fête day is the occasion of their annual trade feast, and ceremonial in church, to sound of tuck of drum.

In the middle bay the subject over the door is the vision in the Apocalypse; the throned Christ in the centre with hand raised in blessing, and the seven-sealed book, surrounded by the four mystical beasts.

Outside the arch of angels are the elders with the vials full of odours, and the golden harps. The twelve apostles are seated below, three by three.

On the pillar capitals the life of Christ is continued, the Last Supper, on the furthest prominent one, being well seen. The capitals on the further side of the more distant bay are reserved for the events following on the Resurrection. The large far-off figures on that side are strangely archaic, almost Hindoo in look, and of so different a style of work to the others as to make one believe they may have survived from the earlier church that was burned. As they are all without the nimbus they are probably not saints. Uncertain conjecture can only be made as to their identity. Seated personages in the arch above them represent the Arts of Life, and with each art an eminent professor of it. The second pair from below can be seen to be Music, striking bells, and Grammar, with a book, birch, and child. Of the nearer large statues, the one next the door is evidently a prophet or apostle, placed there as the patron saint of some donor no longer known. When completed, a painted inscription on his scroll no doubt identified him. The two kings and queen are given as possibly Charlemagne, his mother, Bertha, "*aux grands pieds*," and Edward the Confessor. And though there be but little or no ground for certainty on this point, it is some satisfaction to be told what kind of personage would be chosen for representation under the conditions.

The authors of the supposition account for the nimbus to each of the four figures alike by saying that it was often accorded in sculpture of the time, especially to royal and famous persons, without very close examination into their claims. Of the "black-eyed Queen," Mr. Ruskin speaks in "The Two Paths," with more than usual enthusiasm.

The heads are beautifully modelled and noble in expression, the firm, gentle strength of the contour of the faces to be long dwelt on. The straight tension and balanced poise in air of their figures, motionless but ready to start into life, is all that architecture demands from figure sculpture, or nobility of character requires in expression. They all look one way, and evidently bear one witness. They all tell but one story, the same great one that animates the whole building.

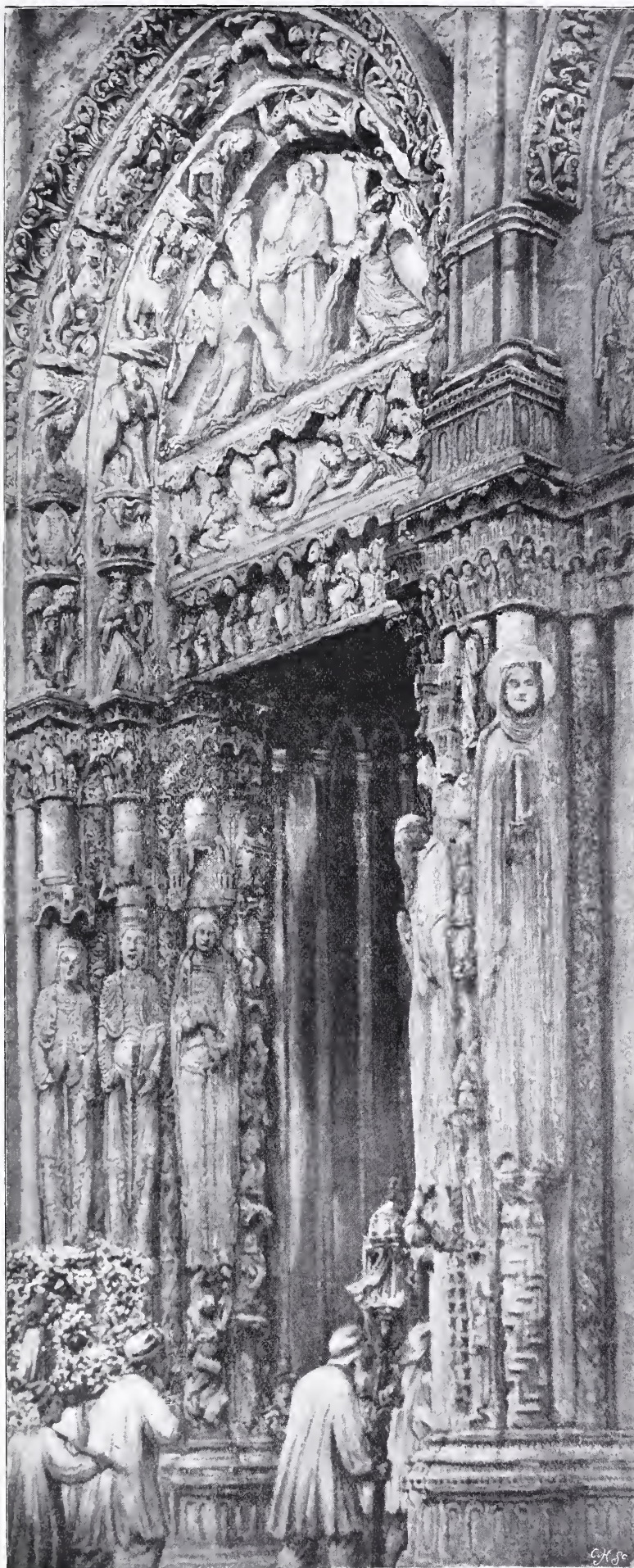


THE GARDENERS' FÊTE.

Though at a distance these statues are what a figure in architecture should be, an evident block of stone cut into human shape with as little indenture or projection as may be, close seen into, the dresses have at the same time the clinging elasticity of eastern crape, and the geometrical beauty of ordered development, carved with a certain, but supple delicacy of curve, like the ripple of a wave. The shape and planting of their feet on the sloping base, too, are admirable, and much to be preferred to the late naturalism of flat planted feet in a statue placed so high that the only view of the feet to be had is that under the tips of their toes. The varied pedestals are another charm, and the repetition of the separate pattern of each one is cut with an individuality that obviates all weariness, and gives a great sense of pleasure.

The last study of the west porch is from the bay to the right, the southern or distant one in the previous drawing. Turning and looking back from the end, we see above the same capital bearing, the Last Supper, but from the other side of it. Next to it is Peter, cutting off the menial's ear in Gethsemane. The old sculptor, after his manner, has rendered the text with delightful literalness. Peter deliberately sets about the operation. On



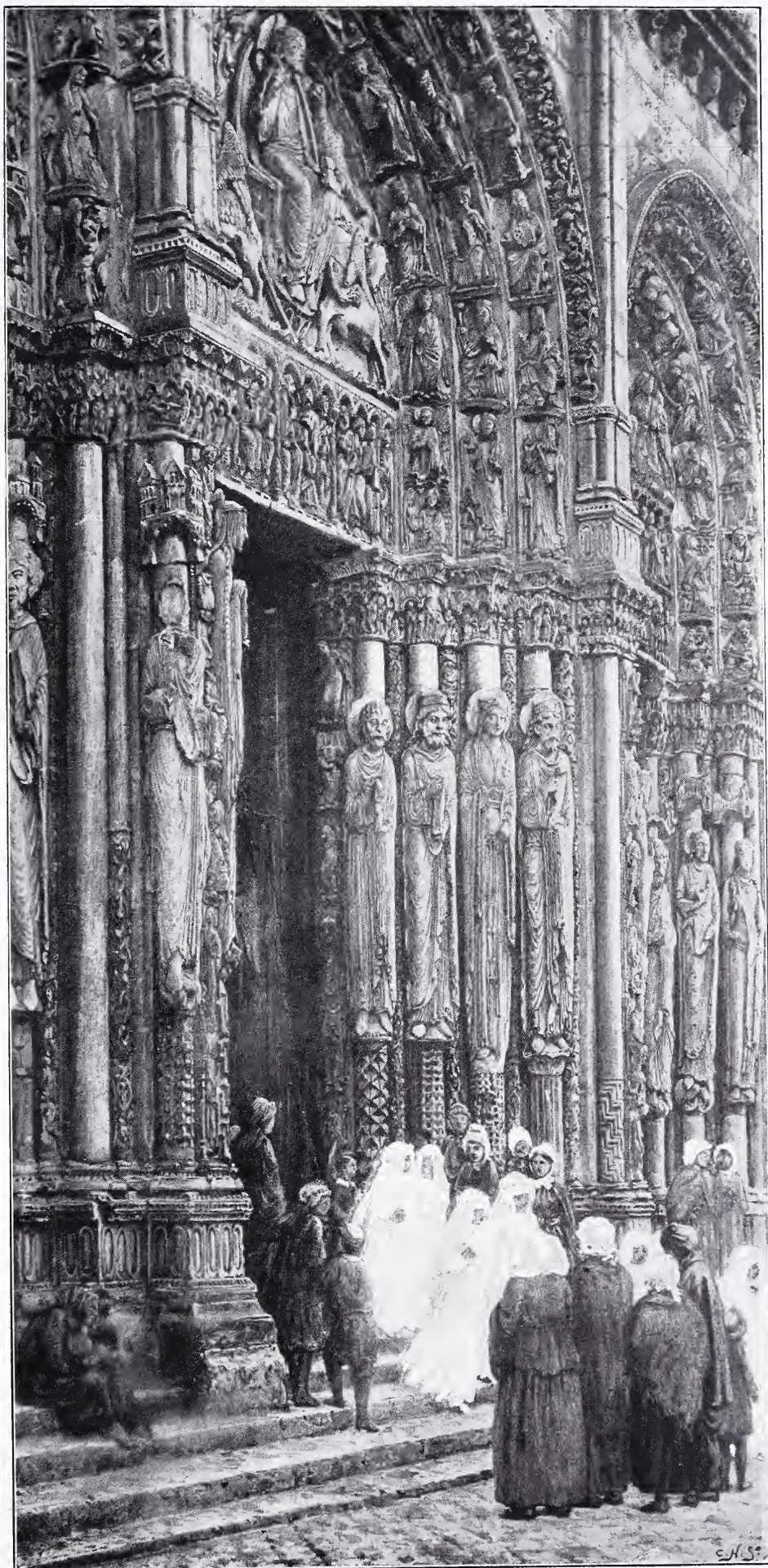


CHARTRES: WEST PORCH:  
NORTH BAY: FROM THE  
DRAWING BY T. M. ROOKE:  
IN THE RUSKIN MUSEUM,  
SHEFFIELD: BY PERMISSION.









WEST PORCH: MIDDLE BAY:  
FROM THE DRAWING BY T. M.  
ROOKE: IN THE RUSKIN MUSEUM,  
SHEFFIELD: BY PERMISSION.







THE WEST PORCH: SOUTH BAY:  
FROM THE DRAWING BY T. M.  
ROOKE: IN THE BIRMINGHAM  
ART GALLERY: BY PERMISSION.



the following capital the action is dramatically condensed. The betraying kiss is given by Judas on one side, as the captive is being dragged off on the other.

The entry into Jerusalem *succeeds* this; one cannot say why. All done with too great minuteness to be rendered in this drawing. The city gate and crush of people in it, the boys in the overhanging trees, the garments spread in the road—all are there. The dresses have even patterns on their hems. The entombment comes next. Then the Maries at the sepulchre (a mediæval stone sarcophagus, with its lamp over it), the watching angel, and the soldiers asleep. As to this last particular, it has been noted that in early work the Roman soldiers are always so represented, but in later times, as though the weakening faith of Christendom stood in need of the support of their testimony, they are shown starting up in terror at the apparition. The after Resurrection events are given, as already said, upon the capitals now at our backs.

Of the small figures down the door lintel, the uppermost is an angel holding a soul in some cloud receptacle between his hands, while another, with upraised sword, flies down in attack upon the enemy of souls. The figure below this has the letters "Geremias P.H.A." cut on the scroll he holds; the others are images of prophets and kings.

Those on the other side of the drawing down the face of the pier are, at top, a butcher killing a calf. A rope is represented from the calf's neck tied to the pilaster at the man's side.

The name "Rogerus," cut in Gothic letters on the wall at his back, is the only contemporary one found anywhere in the work, and has puzzled decipherers; some applying it to the butcher, a supposed successful one, and a generous, to the founding of the church, others to an architect of the name, who is known about that time to have erected the "Grey Tower" at Dreux. One of the figures below is an individual having his hanging purse cut away by a little thief; another, an armourer with sharpening stone at his feet.

The large figure next these has been supposed to be St. Henri, who died 1024, like Edward the Confessor, a celibate-married prince, and an active friend of the Church. The middle one may be St. Peter, and that next the bare column is perhaps the Emperor Constantine—still a saint with the Greek Church, and once considered so in all Christendom. The architectural canopies are much broken away. The bare pillar and all the others have, of course, been inserted to replace the lost ornamented ones that first occupied their places. In this drawing is best seen how the clear breadth and simplicity of the figures is relieved by the intricate shadows of the decorated thin columns

placed between and behind them throughout the whole porch: each with its own separate wealth of design. In the outer one here the ribbons across it, that alternately approach and retire from each other (being folded back at their meeting points to make diamond-shaped niches for the little figures seated in them), have rich patterns cut differently on the face of each ribbon, the same pattern recurring as the face proper to it comes again to the front.

The other colonnette is ornamented, from the point where the floral pattern ends, one-third the way up, with a set of little figures of the months, in round-arched niches of tantalising beauty in their position of difficult access. Two-faced January is the lowest; above, February holding hands to warm at a fire; March lopping bare boughs; a standing figure, like that of May; a knight riding, his finely-cut lance, horse's fore-quarter, and bridle visible; a man at work in the fields; a figure drawing water; and at top what looks like a hunting party. The bases, where at last monotony seems accepted as appropriate, are beautifully worked. The original surface remains uninjured in parts not exposed to weather and wear. It has the beautiful texture of living skin, or of ostrich eggshell, or thick water-colour paper.

And so we have to leave our west porch, called otherwise Royal Porch—according to one explanation, because of the figure of Christ above it (the Door by whom all enter); and to another, for that it is especially appropriated to the King. It is, of course, the main entrance to the Cathedral, and, as such, is used at all functions. Henry IV. rode through it into church on horseback in thanksgiving for victory. In the last two drawings the light is of the morning, early in the former, later in the latter, where the sun is just stealing round and catching the prominent points. Reflected sunshine from the opposite houses mainly lights them, casting blue shadows.

The south porch, as seen in our view of it, makes a good frame for the glories of the north transept window, glowing through its open doorway. It is a very handsome and picturesque porch, and makes a fine termination at the end of the narrow street opposite to it. The sculptures have not the same fine qualities as those of the west porch, though free from some of the failings of the work in the northern.

In our view the subject over the door is the reception of the blessed and the driving of the cursed into hell's mouth. The strange shapes above the heads of the crowd are of the angels assisting at those grave events. A coronation of the Virgin takes place over this, only the lower part of the figures being visible in the drawing. The kneeling ones at the sides are the angels





CHARTRES: SOUTH PORCH:  
FROM A DRAWING BY  
T. M. ROOKE.



who hold the instruments of the Passion ; on one side the pillar, on the other the spear, are the main objects. The statues at the sides of the door are of the twelve apostles, only some of them coming within the range of the drawing. Neither the admission of the whole number, nor the close delineation of any of them, would have been a great gain in this view. A St. George at one of the two side doors of this porch is a favourite, and has been moulded for the Government collection of casts in Paris. Selection not being possible, restriction to those nearest the door has been practised. They are, for the most part, distinguished each by his known emblem, not distinct in this slight rendering.

**O**LD ENGLISH BARN : IN THE DAYS OF THE FLAIL : BY E. T. EDWARDES : ILLUSTRATED BY GEO. C. HAITÉ, R.B.A. CONCLUDED.

AN ancient dwelling-house at Willow Wood Farm is in two wings of widely-sundered ages. The larger portion, bearing date 1630, is of red brick, crumbling into decay, but the colour of the brick was long ago hidden under the lichens, which for ages have spread over it a thick mantle of grey and amber. The roof is a tiled one, full of quaint gables and buttresses and precipitous descents ; and under the bright sunlight every tile seems to show some distinct and individual colour of its own—red, and russet, and silver-grey, and every tone of yellow, from palest sulphur to the deepest orange, that ever flared in a winter sundown. And each broken and irregular tile has its own moss-wreathing of emerald green, or trail of stone-crop, slanting pallidly down over the rich mosaic of the ancient roof. The smaller wing of the old home-stead dates much further back, and is undoubtedly of fourteenth century origin, with its massive timber framing, and wattled walls of plaster fully three feet thick.

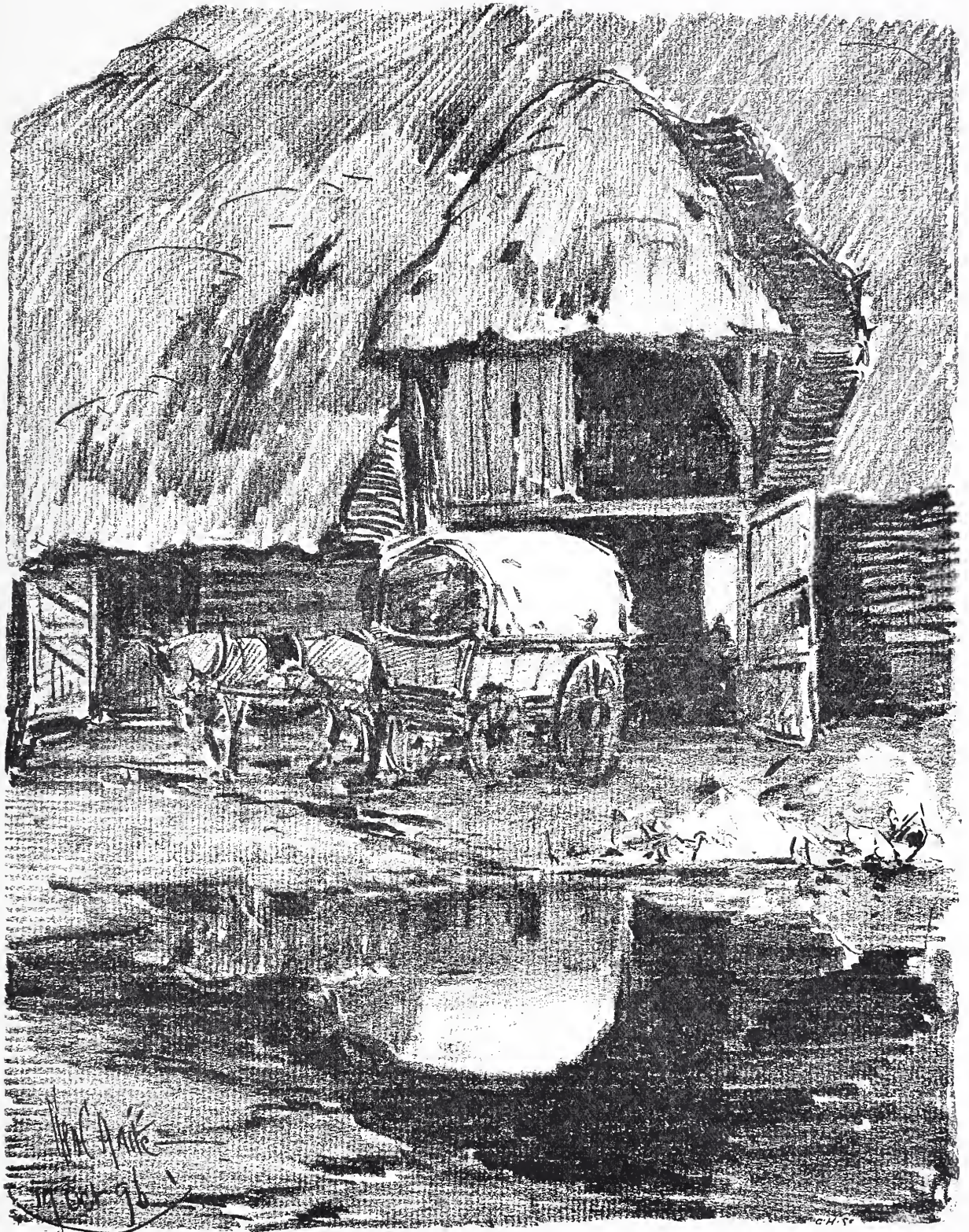
From the old house the farmyard slopes gently down to the lane side, where a low flint wall, with angular red brick coping, divides it from the public way. Down by the wall lies the duck-pond, half in the farm-yard and half in the roadway. The water lies below the line of our view, but we can see its reflection shimmering and dancing on the grey flint wall that divides it in twain. On the other side of the wall the water lies in a dark recess of overhanging elder and towering hawthorns, ablaze with their weight of scarlet berry. And here the thrush comes to drink, dabbling for a while in the soft ooze of the margin ; and the little brown wren creeps in the bush, for ever uttering her troublous, care-ridden note. Everywhere in the sunny yard

is brisk life and bright colour, and the confusion of many voices. The clucking and crowing of cocks and hens ; the lowing of cattle, standing knee-deep in the straw ; the voices of the swine, lazy and long drawn out ; the call of the young turkeys, like the quick, sibilant lash of a wand through the air ; the sudden high-pitched shout of the old blue-faced turkey-cock ; the soft, chiding note of the pigeons on the roof, and the cry of the guinea-fowls, like the creaking of a heavy gate swinging in the wind. Above all, the deep voice of the threshing-machine—from its sheltered nook behind the great barn—rising and falling, ceasing and going on again, in a rhythmic flow of sound, like the muffled voice of the ocean breaking gently on distant rock-bound shores.

Whichever way the wind blows there is always rest and stillness brooding in the old farm-yard. In the green lane up from the village there is life and movement, and all the skurry of a brisk November day. But here, where the great farm-buildings stand shoulder to shoulder on every side, the strong west wind sweeps harmlessly by overhead, and no breath of it stirs among the new straw that litters the ground everywhere. All the morning long the sunshine has come and gone fitfully, driving over the landscape in vast tracts of alternating light and shade. Yet no moment of gloom seems to have come to us in the quiet haven of the yard. Everywhere there is a rich glow of light and warmth, as if all the sunbeams of the day had been entangled in the soft coverlet of the straw as they fell, and had gathered here until they formed into one broad, deep pool of golden light.

High overhead the strong wind blows. The young beeches, in their amber drapery, bend down before it over the old thatched roof of the barn, and the air is filled with a shower of bright spangles as the leaves come hurrying down. Half-way up the steep roof the pigeons cluster, preening their feathers, and making a cool, grey spot of light for the eyes to rest on amidst the glowing brown of the thatch. The yard is strewn knee-deep with the fresh bright straw, and vast stacks of it fill every corner. And every now and again the farm-labourers stagger in, bending under ponderous loads of it, to make the towering stacks more lofty still. All the birds come to the farm-yard at this season. Greenfinches go dipping round it all day long, and the air is full of the rustle and chirp of the sparrows. Black-birds rise from it with their noisy clattering cry every time the yardman goes through, and the soft, clear note of the great-tit sounds everywhere about it. Silver-voiced chaffinches flit from stack to stack, their white plumes flashing in the morning light ; and the iridescent-coated starlings crowd the highest heap of all, in a chattering, light-hearted crew.





THE MILLER'S WAGGON :  
DRAWN BY GEO. C. HAITÉ.



Every living thing about the place loves the old farmyard in autumn time. The great sow moves about in ponderous contentment, her big ears drawn forward to shade her eyes from the sun, her young litter hanging to her as she goes. Every bright, yellow hillock has its group of grey-bristled swine nozzling deep into its warm fragrance. Snow-white fowls, the pride of the farmer's wife, are scratching and calling everywhere; and young heifers stand about chewing the straw, or rubbing their shoulders contentedly against the rough brick wall of the granary. The old cart-mare has been turned into the yard for a rest, with one fore-leg swaddled in old sacking. And she limps about in somnolent happiness, wondering, perchance, why the world has changed for her so suddenly from harnessed toil to all this drowsy profusion of peace and plenty.

Yet, out on the meadow, beyond the great barn, there is vigorous life and labour going forward. But yesterday the traction-engine had come steaming and rumbling up the green winding lane, dragging tortuously in its wake all the various paraphernalia for threshing. And while the dawn still gleamed rosy-red in the pale eastern sky, the work had commenced, and the deep musical note of the threshing machine had risen into the keen morning air, and blent itself with the sighing wind-voices in the willow copse hard by.

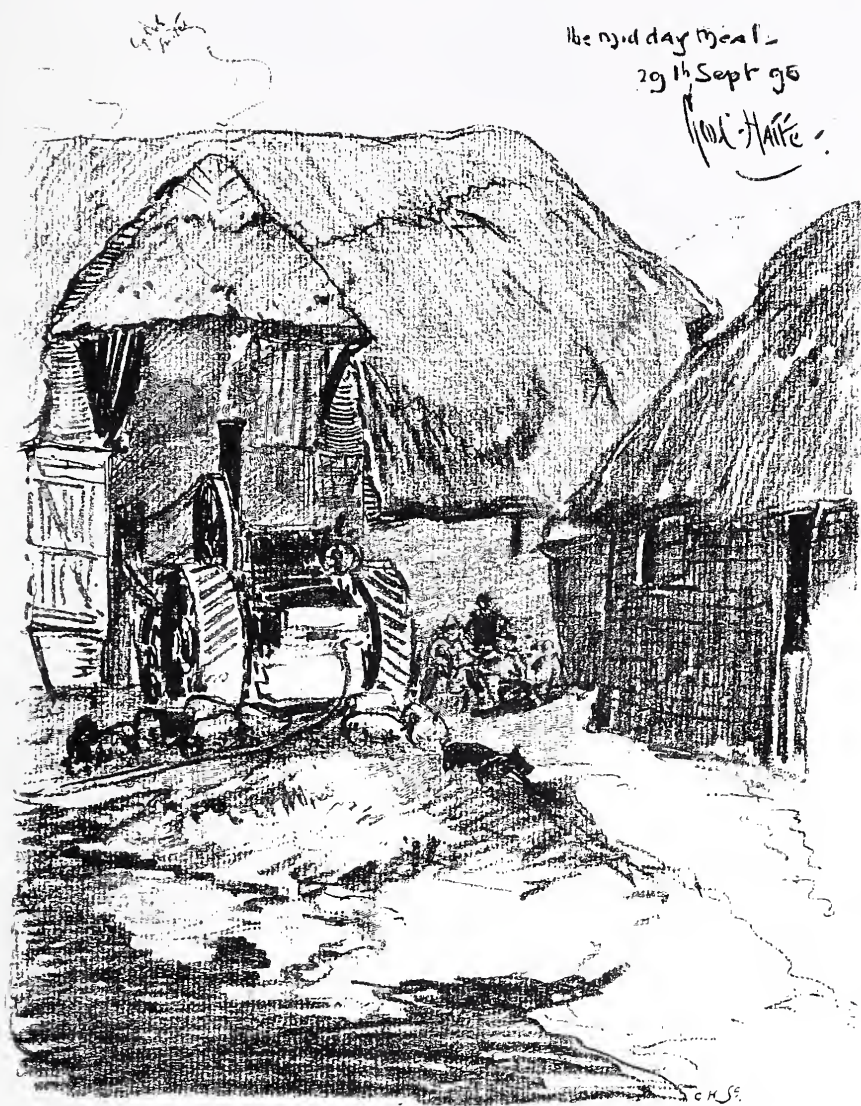
Of all the changes wrought by machinery in farming, that produced by the threshing machine forms, perhaps, the solitary exception to the general rule of desecration and beauty lost for ever in sight and sound. There seems to be no more hurry or restless motion nowadays than in the olden time, when the gloomy interior of the barn echoed to the flail-strokes, and the labourers raised their old monotonous sing-song hour by hour; and when, perchance—seen through the open doorway—the steady autumn rain fell in grey tumult out on the misty sodden plane of the farmyard. To-day there is work to be done, busily and well; yet all the old spirit of the harvest time seems to hover still about the place. The engine gives out a steady stroke, beating time to the music of the thresher. The white steam rises into the sunny air, and floats off swiftly, yet sedately, on the wings of the autumn breeze. The groaning waggons, laden high with the

wheat-sheaves, draw up one by one to the side of the threshing mill, their ponderous yellow burthens shaking and quivering in the sunshine as they move. The carter, with the red poppies in his cap, climbs to the top of his rustling golden mountain, and pitches the sheaves to the middle man, who passes them on to the feeder, standing behind a screen of hop sacking, which shields him from the too searching attention of the wind. He, in turn, drops the sheaves sideways into the yawning mouth of the humming monster. Then, from below the beaten straw flows up the steep travelling way, and tumbles out at the top in a glowing glistening torrent on to the ever-mounting stack, where four or five men are kept vigilantly at work, building up the structure deftly straight and true. And over all there is the old, merry, easy, jesting mood of harvest time; the sense of the year's labour well and happily ended.



THE OLD BARN DOOR: FROM THE PAINTING EXHIBITED AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTE OF BRITISH PAINTERS: BY GEORGE C. HAITÉ.





THRESHING: DRAWN BY GEO. C. HAITÉ.

No more anxious watching of wind and weather. The hazard of the reaping season lies behind; and the summer sunshine, changed into bulging sacks of corn, is on its way once more, as of old, to the safe storage of the granary.

All ages are represented in the buildings which surround the old farmyard. This ancient granary, long disused, abutting into the lane at the corner, carries on its crumbling brick walls the lichens of centuries. The solid walls are pierced on every side by a double tier of balustraria, as if the farmer had designed it as a stronghold for service in troublous times. Very little remains of the roof. A few stout beams, black from age and the weather, still hold up against the blue sky; and here and there some few irregular tufts of the thatch remain, bound to the dilapidated rafters by the thick ropes of ivy which embrace the old walls on every side.

The ancient barn stretches along the entire northern side of the farmyard, and a grand old monument it makes of earlier and merrier days, when farming was still a great power in the land. Its foundation is of stone, rising breast-high

from the ground, and worn smooth by the rubbing shoulders of numberless cattle in bygone ages. Above this the old barn rears its stately expanse of weather-beaten timber, patched and re-patched with rough tarred boards, and sheathed in the green growth of ages. One end of the building is wholly concealed by the ivy, which rises up in a broad green column, and curls over the roof-end in a great hood of dark shining leaves. The ancient thatched roof is almost hidden under the thick moss-cushions, which have gathered and grown on it as the slow years went by; and the trailing feather-moss hangs down in long green stalactites over the edge. Tufts of couch-grass spring from every crevice; and groundsel and sow-thistle sprout between the moss hillocks with sprigs of downy mouse-ear, and pale brown fungus cones. The old thatcher has but lately finished his repairs against winter storm and torrent; and all along the apex of the roof the new bright straw saddles the old blackened material. Here, by the beautiful old Gothic porch of the barn

door, the new thatch descends to the roof-edge; and, where the thatcher has trimmed all to one level, the different layers of it are plainly distinguishable from the dark crumbling mass of the original roofing, through lightening shades of brown to the new yellow of yesterday.

What strikes the observer more particularly in these delightful old Kentish barns is the enormous strength of their interior construction. Standing on the ancient threshing-floor, midway between the two great doors, and gazing down the lofty bay towards either end of the building, there is a cathedral-like hush and gloom about the old place, in striking contrast with the busy life and glowing colour in the farmyard, which we have quitted but a moment before. On either side, well away from the wall, stands a row of timber supports stretching the whole length of the barn, and each formed, apparently, from an entire tree trunk roughly squared. On these rest ponderous beams of oak, warped and grey with age, crossing and re-crossing high over our heads, or rearing slantwise up into the darkness of the roof above. High up in the



distant gable-end is a small square aperture, showing a patch of the blue sky; and here and there, through chinks and crevices in the rough, warped boarding of the walls, the mellow autumn sunlight penetrates in long parallels of dusty gold. Mice skurry away in all directions. Pigeons croon on the old thatched roof outside. The threshing-machine is humming away in the meadow hard by; and its rich, drowsy voice, rising and falling on the breath of the southern wind, creeps in at the half-open door with something of the effect of the cathedral organ, when, entering some noble fane at twilight, we find a solitary player filling the deserted dark with wayward melody for his own ear alone.

The old, white-haired yardman has followed us into the barn, and he points out to us where the tame owls used to build, high up among the rafters, when he was a boy, and dwells lovingly on memories of the old place, speaking in the quaint Kentish dialect which, in all but the most distant parts of the county, is rapidly dying out. Then, from a dusty corner, where it has lain, perhaps, undisturbed for half a lifetime, he brings out an old flail—last survivor of its race—and points out to us his name carved on the hand-staff. And, as he swings it over his head, to show us that his powers of a thresher have not departed with his seventy odd years, the old blue eyes light up, and the wrinkled cheek glows again with memories of his youthful prowess.

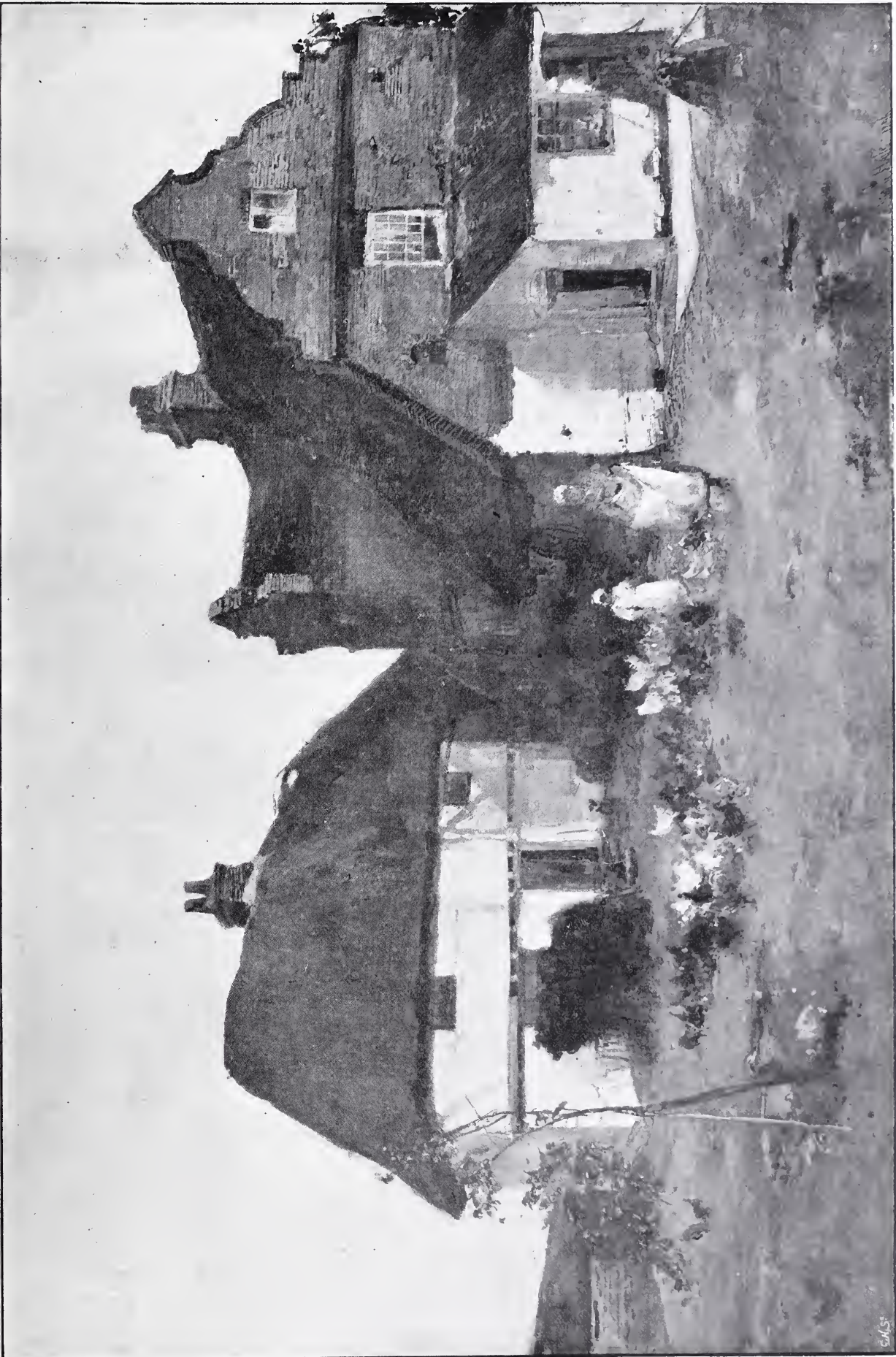
In his day, he tells us pridefully, there were few men on that countryside who could swing the flail to a better tune than he. In the olden time the flail often played an important part in trials of strength and skill in village-green competitions; and the old yardman shows us a trick, long forgotten, but which was common enough in his younger days. He lays a thick deal board on the threshing-floor, and, cutting a small nick in its surface, presses the edge of a farthing into it just deep enough to hold the coin upright. Then, stepping back, he swings the flail over his head, and brings the swiple down with a crash, driving the farthing straight and clean into the seasoned wood.

Many the tales of the past he tells us in his high-pitched, quavering old voice, as we sit together in the quiet sun-fretted shade of the barn, quaffing the old October. For the farmer himself has come in for a moment from the threshing; and with him a gigantic Toby jug, frothing over the lip as only home-brewed farmhouse ale can froth. The old yardman remembers the year 1851 well, not by the token that it was Exhibition year, but because at that time he went to the Royal Agricultural Show. And he made that tremendous journey only once in his uneventful life. It was held, he tells us, on the playing-fields at Eton; and he must

have brought back with him tales enough of Windsor Castle, and Hyde Park, and the foreigners at the show, to last him for many a long year. Then he remembers 1853, the notorious Wet Year, when the hay went floating in the meadows, and the corn sprouted in the ear, and the sheep died off by the score with the terrible liver-rot. And then the memorable year after, when the breaking out of the Russian War closed our sources of supply from the Black Sea and the Baltic, and sent the price of English wheat bounding up to eighty and a hundred shillings a quarter. Yet farther back still his awakening memory bears him. For he can fix in his mind the time when nitrate and "gohanner" first came into use, somewhere about the year of the Coronation; and when the home supply of wheat was still double that of the grain imported. But of later years, coming nearer to our own time, his memory is strangely dim. And the farmer—himself an old man, yet looking as hale as ever, as he sits on the cart-shaft swinging his gaitered leg—helps out his old henchman with many a word of reminiscence. Together they passed through the halcyon years of plenty up to '74, with the prices of wheat and land rising every season, and wages increasing with the general flow. Then the tide of prosperity turned and ebbed away fast. Year after year the harvest was a failure. In eight years, up to 1882, the old Kentish husbandman relates, there were only two good crops, and the season of 1879 was the worst of the entire century. With the recital of the dismal story the older man has risen, and presently he goes to the door, and stands there lost in the maze of thoughts that have come crowding back into his brain, under the gentle stimulus of the Toby jug. And while he lingers brown-deep in vaguely stirring memories of far-off days, with the sunlight playing on his straggling white locks, and changing them to rays of burning silver, the farmer tells us a little story about him, lowering his voice almost to a whisper as he speaks.

It was years and years ago, it seems, and nothing new in the story at all. And the woman in it was dead. At least, tidings had come from over seas that she had died in a Melbourne slum, unknown, and poor, and wretched, just as it always happens. She was his daughter, and the only one of his many children left to him. For all his strapping sons had been driven off the land one by one, through the agricultural depression, to seek their fortunes afar off in the great city. And so the old widowed yardman lived on his quiet life year by year, in the rough white-washed cottage under the lee of the willow-wood. And the little grey-eyed girl with the dark tresses, grew from child-life into that dawning stage of womanhood, like the pink blush-rose that is neither bud nor blossom, but just





A KENTISH HOMESTEAD: FROM  
WATER-COLOUR DRAWING  
BY GEO. C. HAFTÉ, R.B.A.



sun-started on the expanding way between. And then, on a fine Sabbath morning, the wedding-bells rang out suddenly from the little church-tower down the lane, and alarmed the starlings that crowded chattering on the belfry-top. Every cow in the old farmyard had a white rosette on her collar. A coach was drawn up by the woodside cottage door; and under the church-porch stood Pedlar Jim, clad in the hereditary best coat of the family, and waiting for his bride.

It was a love-match, the villagers said, one of the old-fashioned kind. Pedlar Jim was blue-eyed and brawny, and was known and welcomed far and wide, wherever he carried his pack over the broad acres of Thanet. Many a lass of Kent had given him more than a look of kindness; but Pedlar Jim, though he bore his burthen of finery wherever he went, yet carried his heart no farther than the cottage by the willow wood. And here it was wont to tarry in safe keeping for many a week together, while its owner's merry whistle sounded over the green country far away, and everywhere the farmhouse doors swung open to the cheery rap of his brown knuckles.

But with the sound of the wedding-bells the touch of romance in the story fades away, and the tragedy begins. It was the following year, about the time when the rage for emigration beset the land; and every village had the same tale to tell of the taking of the first-born. And with the crowd—to the general relief of the game-keepers for miles around—went Jim's old rival in love, the young thekker of Willow Wood, black-browed and saucy, the king of the ale-house parlour, hero of a dozen skirmishes up in the preserves; yet withal an excellent workman and a favourite everywhere. The next day the amazing story flew the rounds that Pedlar Jim and his wife had also taken the popular craze; and had gone away with the party without a single word of farewell even to the old man, whose life and happiness were so bound up in theirs.

Then comes a lull in the story, a lull of many years, during which no tidings of the emigrants had ever reached Willow Wood Farm. And then, after ten slow years had crept by, that which had been dark for so long, was made suddenly clear. Out of Thanet came the news of a strange and gruesome discovery. A farmer, going the round of his land, crossed the fallows to see what it was that his dog was unearthing under the distant hedgerow, with so much yelping and excitement. And drawing near, he was horrified to see the white bones of a human hand glistening among the routed soil. Labourers were hastily summoned from the adjoining field, and in a very little time they had laid bare this melancholy thing—the skeleton of a man, with a broad fracture in the skull; and buried with

it—to their great wonderment—they found the mouldering remnants of a pedlar's pack.

\* \* \* \*

It was winter, years after, when next we saw Willow Wood Farm; gazing at it for a while in passing from the white-barred gate in the lane. All the morning long the light snow had been sifting gently down through the dull, overhanging gloom of the December day. Thick and white it lay on hill and dale as far as the eye could reach; yet here in the farmyard it had melted and vanished in the warm straw litter as it fell, leaving the old farmstead the one speck of bright, glowing colour in the general grey of the shadowy upland. Solitude dwelt drowsily over the old place, for it was market-day in the old cathedral town hard by, and the farmer and his men were away at dawn with fat stock for the selling. Only on the roofs of the encircling buildings had the snow gathered, hiding the thatch—new and old alike—in its soft, white winding-sheet; and driving the pigeons down into the yard to feed among the swine, nozzling and delving everywhere in the moist, warm litter. The voice of the threshing-machine was silent at last, and the wheaten straw lay heaped up in a great mountain of gold, as high as the old barn itself. Everywhere it lay in mounds and hillocks, filling the old yard with its amber glow; and the wild birds of the wood crowded in it, cleaving the morning air with their brief winter melodies. Who can make the miracle of the new threshed straw—even as we saw it then, under a winter pall of cloud—live again in mere pigments on a canvas-plane?—the deep liquid shade, deepening into crevices of outer darkness; the bright gleaming lines of golden gossamer; the delicate amber shading without form or substance; the faint yellow stippling in the deep recess, where the young heifer has pulled out a great tuft of the rustling treasure? Then, when the unshadowed midday sun pierces it through and through with aureate light, who may render with brush and colour, in a long life's labour, one groat's worth of its added glory?

Over the snow-swathed hill we came for one last look at the grand old barn—one last look, for the old place is doomed, and in a little while will be given over to the destroyer. Soon the old green-clad walls and ponderous framing will be carted away for lumber-wood; and in their place will rise, it may well be, some galvanised abomination, with its cold utilitarianism and dour nakedness of crinkles. Yet the lovely old place—as we knew it, garlanded in soft colour, and with the swallows dipping in and out of its ancient porch all through the long summer day—will never cease to live in the memory as a thing of beauty, that remains a joy until time shall be no more.

THE WORK OF JOHN SEDDING,  
ARCHITECT: BY J. P. COOPER,  
ASSISTED BY H. WILSON.

THE object of these papers is to give some account of the early works of John Sedding, to show the connection they had with the time in which he was educated and with his later works, and also to trace their influence on the art of to-day. The artist is, in his generation, often looked upon as a creature too effervescent, too full of whims and fancies, to stand the shock of time; we scarcely recognise him as ever having been of the same stuff as ourselves, because we do not see the links which bind him to the earth. So it was with Sedding. His art was, and is, the despair of the "classifying bookmaker." He did not work in any particular style, but ventured on unknown and, therefore, dangerous seas.

His work divides itself into three parts. First, his early work of the days of the Gothic revival, which is a *résumé* of the past, and an attempt to bring back its romantic character. Secondly, works of additions and repairs done chiefly to country churches, most of which had already suffered at the restorer's hand. Thirdly, his latter day works, when, his connection with Gothic being severed, he struck out in a new direction in the attempt to realise the architecture of the future. Of his country work, lying as it does in out-of-the-way parts of Cornwall and Devon, but little is known. From prospective sketches, however carefully executed, it is impossible to judge them; they were nearly always altered in the process of construction. Some mistake of the builders was taken advantage of, or what had appeared to look well on paper was modified to suit the latter needs. Little as this country work is known, it is probably that by which he will be best remembered. "In old art every

good thing is backed by other good things." This cannot be said of our towns nowadays, where one barren street echoes another—one piece of vulgarity caps its fellows. The few good buildings we have left to us stand isolated amid their sordid surroundings, in daily peril of their existence from some pecuniary-minded landlord or his numerous agents. In entering a town church of Sedding's, we nearly always feel that he, too, was glad to get inside and shut out the view. In the country such shudderings are almost unknown—nature and art are in unison. The site is suggestive, and the surrounding buildings themselves give the key for the artist to work in. Proud as Sedding was of his town work, his heart

was in the country, and it was in the work done there he felt his fame would eventually rest. "You must write on my gravestone," he said, shortly before his death, "He made the doors at Holbeton, and was an artist in his way."

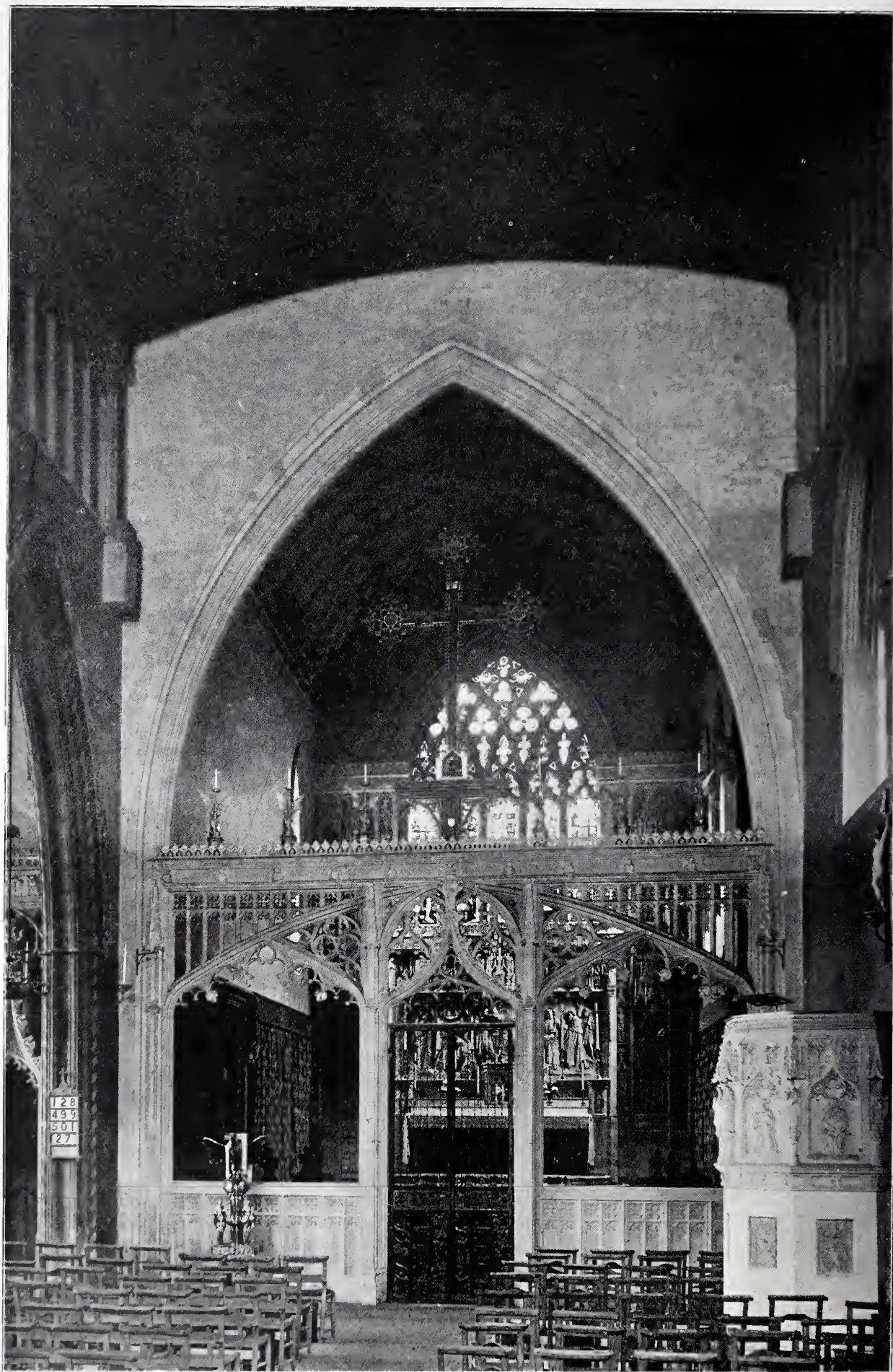
In 1858, at the age of twenty-one, Sedding entered Street's office. The master was then in his thirty-fifth year, with a reputation already established, and work crowding in from every side. With Sedding he had but little in common; their natures were entirely unsympathetic, and Sedding, when the opportunity offered, left him to join his

brother at Penzance. Street was one of the sources of the Gothic revival. Traditional art, scotched by Inigo Jones, lingered on in country places till Pugin dealt its death blow. Sir Walter Scott, one of the first to feel the coming storm, gave voice to it in his novels. The classic rule was overthrown all along the line. Renaissance literature was contemned; the Pre-Raphaelite brotherhood was formed with aims, as Street felt, identical with those of the leaders of the Gothic revival in the field of architecture. Puritanism, later on, received a shock in the "Oxford movement," from which it has never recovered. Our village churches, which lay slumbering amidst their hills and meadows, became,



JOHN SEDDING.





ST. CLEMENT'S, BOSCOMBE,  
BOURNEMOUTH: VIEW OF  
CHANCEL: J. D. SEDDING,  
ARCHITECT.



with our cathedrals, castles, and houses, worthy of note and subjects for restoration. Sedding, in a short account of the "Revival," says: "The necessities of the Gothic revival made us 'collectors,' and set us 'species-making.' We had scotched and killed Old English traditional art, and nothing remained but that, like vagabonds without food, we must run to and fro, anywhere and everywhere, to beg, borrow, or steal *motifs* for the purposes of current art. Two men went to France, two to Germany, others strayed to Belgium (Holland was not in fashion then); one dipped into this home style, one into that. So things went on for a time. But 'snaps' were not of much service. This petty nibbling did not go far enough. Individual discrimination was often at fault. Things got mixed. There was not enough system in the classification of styles for the growing acumen of antiquarian circles. Old art must be unravelled—the 'styles' must be deciphered; for it was absurd to attempt a scientific revival of the old periods until we had first reduced them to system, and defined their characteristic details. So the cry went up for more light, and for figured details and classification. Hence Rickman's book. Hence our registered generalisations which reduce the informal elements of old art to formulæ." "Archæology," he goes on to say, "as applied to English architecture, has been conducted upon mischievous lines—the narrow lines of personalities. It was not *all* that is old shall be studied and preserved, but only that which has the approval of passing taste. Out of the hundred and one modern writers upon English architecture, only two men have shown the historic sense or the broad sympathy to appreciate the ripened beauty and concentrated interest of the later Gothic. The rest deal largely in repugnances. The specialist's point of view is not a desirable one: it is defective because it is one-sided. However extensive the acquirements, however gigantic the learning of the specialist, he is an abnormal creature. Like the Cyclops, he has only one eye—in the middle of his forehead." It is interesting to turn from this to the account of that revival, given by one of the revivalists themselves. Sir Gilbert Scott, in his



ST. CLEMENT'S CHURCH, BOSCOMBE, BOURNEMOUTH: BY J. D. SEDDING.

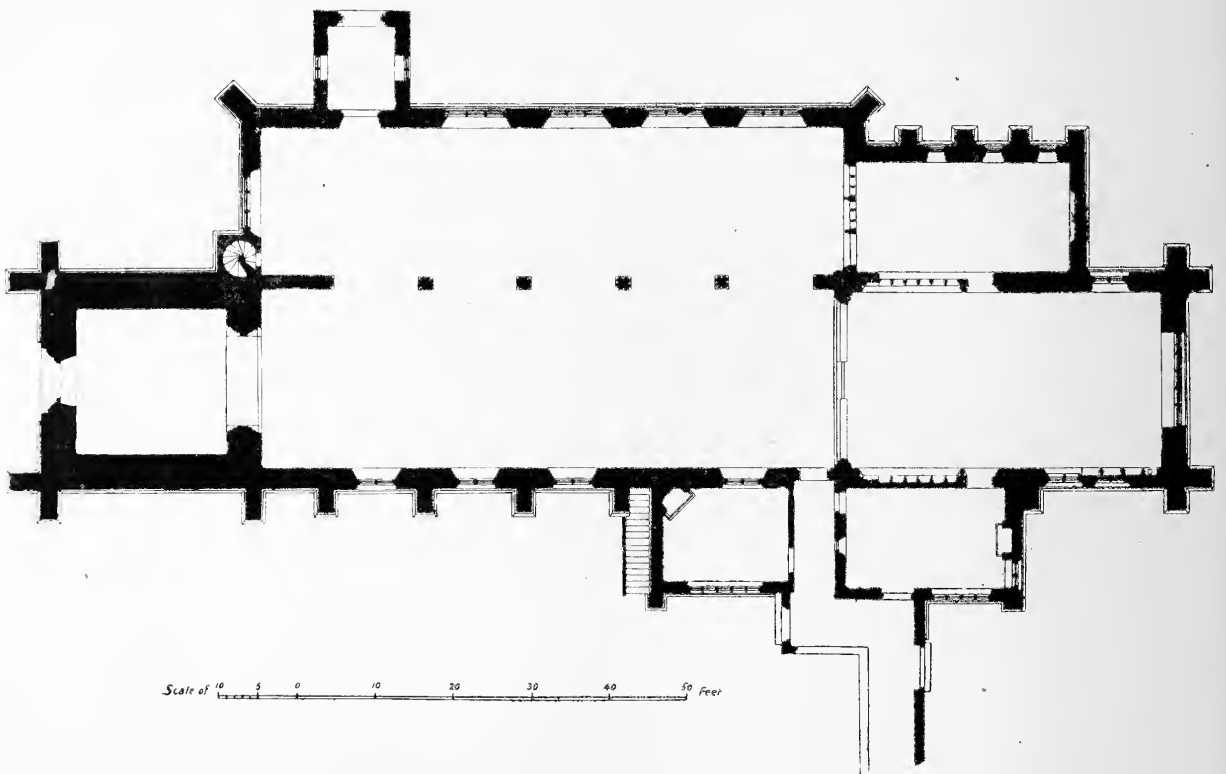
COMPLETED BY H. WILSON.

autobiography, says: "At first, free choice was allowed in the variety of Gothic which each man should adopt for any of his works. Gradually this was seen to be inconsistent with an organised revival, and it became necessary to unite in the adoption of our one style. The 'Middle Pointed' was soon fixed upon, though some (including myself) held that whatever was valuable in other styles should be translated into it, so as to make it more comprehensive of all which was good. Some among us hated other varieties as much as they did classic, or perhaps even more, and seemed to think the use of Perpendicular, or Norman, or even Early Pointed, as nothing short of heresy." The reign of the "Middle Pointed" was quickly succeeded by that of the "First Pointed," and then foreign features were introduced. The skeleton of art was displayed to the joy of the populace. Members of Parliament wrote and debated on it, and a change of Government involved changes of style. England blazed with



enthusiasm. The country squire and the country parson, not to be left behind, became students of archæology and judges of art. Into this maelstrom of opinion Sedding was thrown. To attempt to stem the flow was impossible, but his individuality was too great to be submerged. Gothic forms he had to use, yet compelled them into modes of individual expression. His work was a continuance of the ancient traditions of design with inevitable modifications. Unable to escape sufficiently from the tyranny of forms, he resorted largely to the use of colour, so much so that he earned a reputation as a colourist before his name as an architect was established. This is all seen in his first work of importance, "The Downs," at Hayle. The first set of plans for the house, dated 1867, were

a clipped hedge of bay, seven feet thick on the top. A straight avenue of firs, beeches, and elms, leads from the road to a small gravelled courtyard, surrounded by ivied walls. From this courtyard the house is entered by a small porch, the main hall and staircase being cut off from it by a painted screen. The hall is tiled with small red tiles and encaustic tiles ("those abominations," as Sedding called them in after years), let in sparingly to form a pattern. Here they are so carefully used that in the softened light they look delightful. There is a wealth of nooks and corners and unexpected turnings. Every room is interesting, from the dining room, with its panelled ceiling richly moulded, its Gothic fireplace, and small plaster freize of



ST. CLEMENT'S CHURCH, BOSCOMBE, BOURNEMOUTH: PLAN.

J. D. SEDDING, ARCHITECT.

executed by his brother Edmund, who died in the following year, about the time the work was commenced. These designs were greatly altered in execution. The house, fairly situated on a hill, overlooks the town and harbour of Hayle. The garden holds the house in a quiet embrace, and its levels fall by a series of steps and terraces till the garden melts away into the woods below. The house is linked with the site, wedded to its scenery, blended with nature. The upper terrace, some three hundred feet long by thirty feet wide, extends the garden's length, and is broken by beds of clipped holly. On one side it is divided from the lawn by a thick-set hedge, on the other it overlooks the geometrical garden, and bounded on the latter by

natural birds and conventional foliage—all coloured—to the servants' bedrooms, with ceilings coved to give greater height under the roof. On screen and fireplace are small painted panels of birds and flowers, recalling bits of embroidery of later date. The conservatory shows a vigorous attempt to make a feature of what is usually an ugly appendage. The wood cornices throughout the building are capped by diminutive battlement mouldings, to be met with in all his works of early years. Every window frames a view. One is placed in the passage, on purpose, it would seem, to give a glimpse of the out-stretched terrace and the hills beyond, whilst from the front window one sees the laid-out garden falling away to the woods, with the





ST. CLEMENT'S, BOURNEMOUTH:  
VIEW OF ALTAR AND REREDOS:  
BY J. D. SEDDING.





ST. CLEMENT'S, BOURNEMOUTH: VIEW OF AISLE AND TOWER: BY J. D. SEDDING.

COMPLETED BY H. WILSON.

sandy bay and the distant sea. At the same period he built the church, schools, and vicarage at Lower Marple. The church, as the house at Hayle, was erected from designs left by his brother Edmund, who was thought, by all who knew them, to be the more gifted of the two. The site for the church was all that could be desired. Marple lies in a valley on the border of the coal district, a swift stream and a steep hill dividing the town in two. Half way up the hill, ever alive with the creaking drag of descending carts, is a small platform on which the church is built. On the far side are the schools, and higher up the hill is the vicarage. Through a small lych-gate, the path leads from the hill to the church. Dedicated to St. Martin, it originally consisted of nave and chancel, vestry, and south

porch. A lady chapel, however, has lately been added. The building is as simple as possible. Inside, the interest centres in the chancel, which, sombre in tone, is lighted up by a small painted and gilded alabaster reredos. The chancel windows, rich in colour and strong with life, are an early production of the Morris firm, from designs by Ford Madox-Brown. An oak roodscreen divides the nave from the chancel, originally intended to be painted, for Sedding had no more scruple about painting oak, if the grain was not good, than he had about plastering the inside walls of a stone church. The beauty of stone was one of the discoveries of the "Revivalists," who, with innocent enthusiasm, would strip frescoed plaster from the walls to show it.



In 1873 he built the Church and Vicarage of St. Clement's, Bournemouth, the best known and the most interesting of these early works. The church stands back from the road, an oasis in a desert of villas. It is dedicated to St. Clement, and has a nave, north aisle, north porch, chancel, lady chapel, vestries and a western tower, the latter completed since his death. The nave arcade has pointed arches, with capitals hinted at rather than expressed. Above the arches is a range of stone panels, homes prepared for an army of saints. The chancel and

is filled by a figure on horseback, representing Lieutenant Edwin Christie, to whose memory it was erected. The reredos in the dimly-lighted lady chapel is very interesting, and its design is peculiarly appropriate to a chapel dedicated to the Virgin Mother. Christ crucified on a lily is in the centre, on His right and left are panels typical of the Fall and the Redemption; The Annunciation on one side, The Expulsion from Eden on the other, these, in their turn, bound in by niches containing figures of St. Anne and the Virgin crowned. Yet in all



THE DOWNS, HAYLE, CORNWALL.

J. D. SEDDING, ARCHITECT.

lady chapel are divided from the nave by stone screens. The design of that in front of the chancel is a daring and original combination of intersecting arches, surmounted by a row of angels holding candlesticks, whilst the cusps of the side openings bud out into tiny adoring angels folded up in bract-like wings. Angels, too, strayed from the fold Botticelli, stand as pinnacles on the corners of the aisle. The reredos at the back of the high altar is crowded with saints, the panel below them

this throng of saints and angels, we are never allowed to forget to whom the church is dedicated. The Life of St. Clement is figured on the font. His anchor is patterned on the floor throughout the church; large in the nave, and small in the chancel, and on the scutcheons suspended to the lamps. On the pulpit rails we have his anchor and monogram cast in copper; the balustrade is twisted into flowing wreaths of seaweed.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



SOME CONDITIONS OF HOUSE DESIGN: ILLUSTRATIONS LENT BY J. ALFRED GOTCH, F.S.A.: BY HALSEY RICARDO: CONCLUDED.

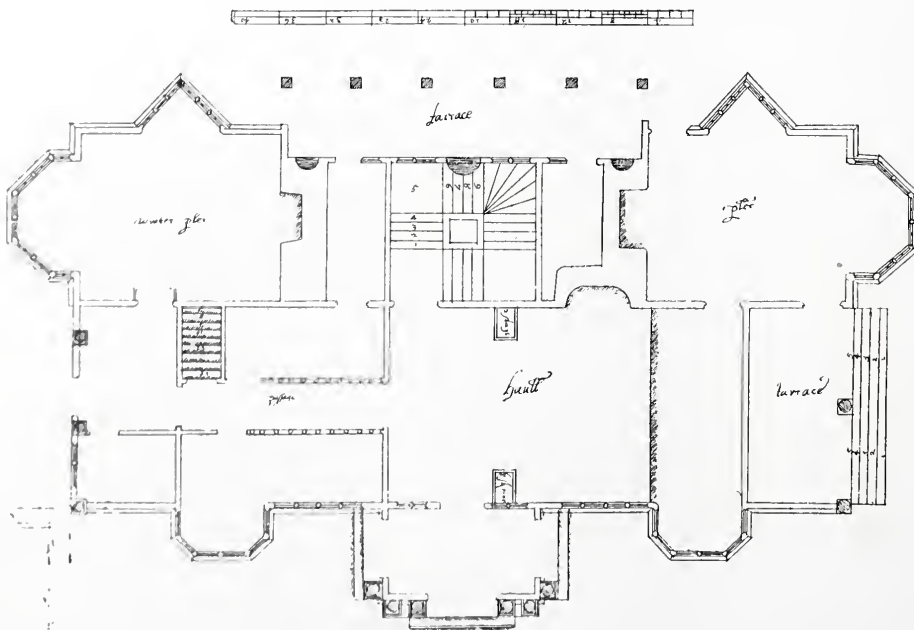
By the plan given with the Exmouth House (The Barn) we see at once how much the surroundings outside the house have been considered—how much they and the house have played into each other's hands and to their mutual profit. How little and how much the house has had to pay for its external attractions is, owing to the art of the designer, not immediately discoverable; so many of the renunciations have been turned into gains of another kind, or else masked and evaded by the charms of what is actually there. It is the omissions, one might almost say, that give the flavour to the design. But the truth is, the nature and quality of the leading idea is what gives the character to the building, and the leading idea has to be held firmly clear of obstruction, and has to keep itself from incrustation of minor considerations which would blunt and confuse it. One would suppose that as the building of a house fell more and more into the hands of one man—the architect—the central idea would become more marked and dominant. Time was when the erection of a house was far more of a co-operative affair than it is now. The architect provided the general lines, set out the general dimensions; but the masons, the carpenters, the joiners, the smiths



THE TRIANGULAR LODGE, RUSHTON.

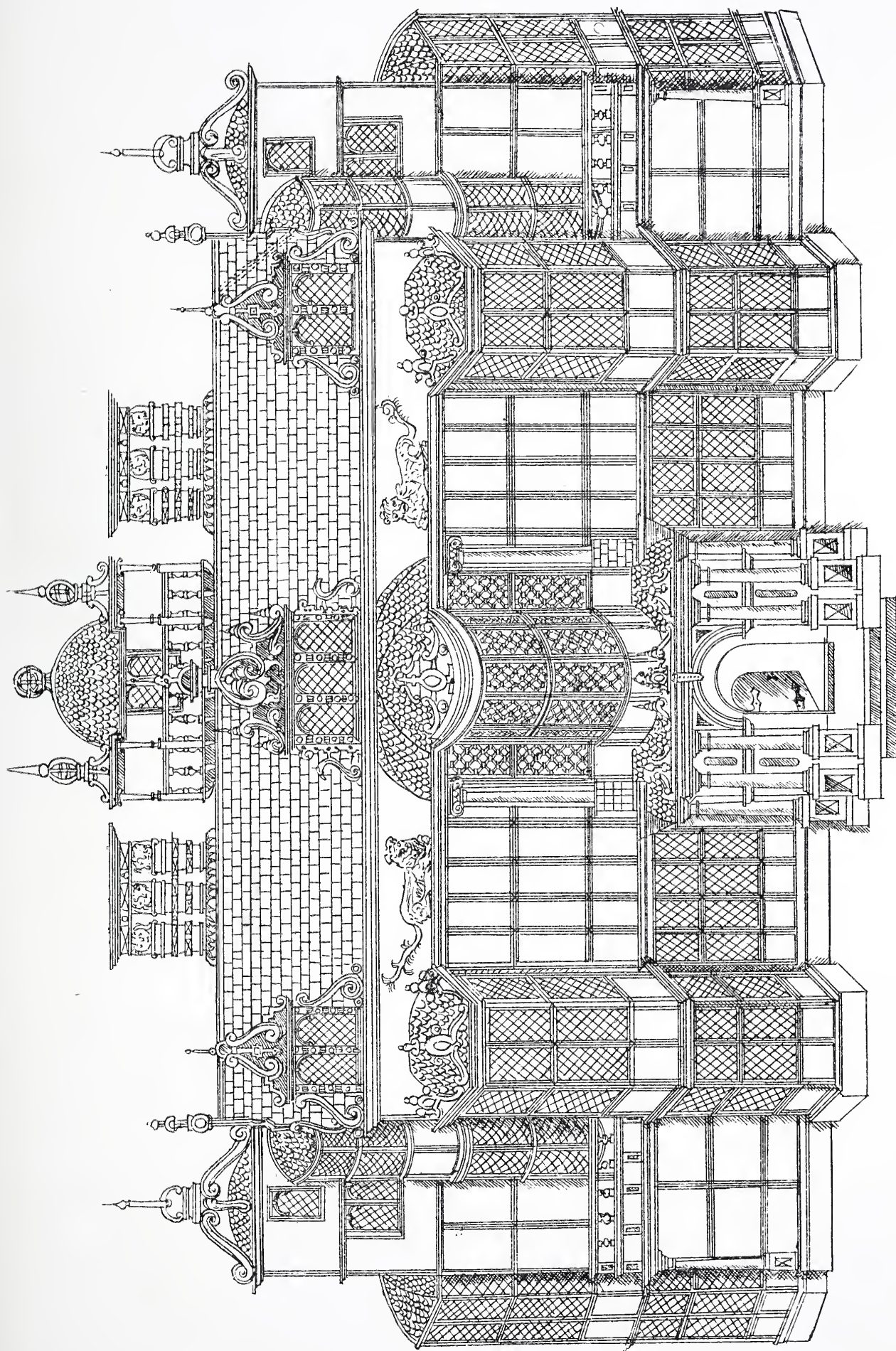
filled up the interstices, with work on the traditional lines, or with such departures from and developments of the wonted methods as their accumulated experience had taught them. It is different now.

Every detail is worked from a drawing supplied by the architect, and the traditional and local ways of doing things—if, indeed, they still exist—are ignored by the architect, who is heir only to the dead works of the past, and not to the science that brought them into being. Consequently his work exhibits his individuality, but there is no organic life in his structures, and without life there can be no passion or sentiment. This removal of the architect from amongst the craftsmen to the isolation of the office, is one of the products of the Renaissance; and John Thorpe, whose plans we are illustrating, shows in his works



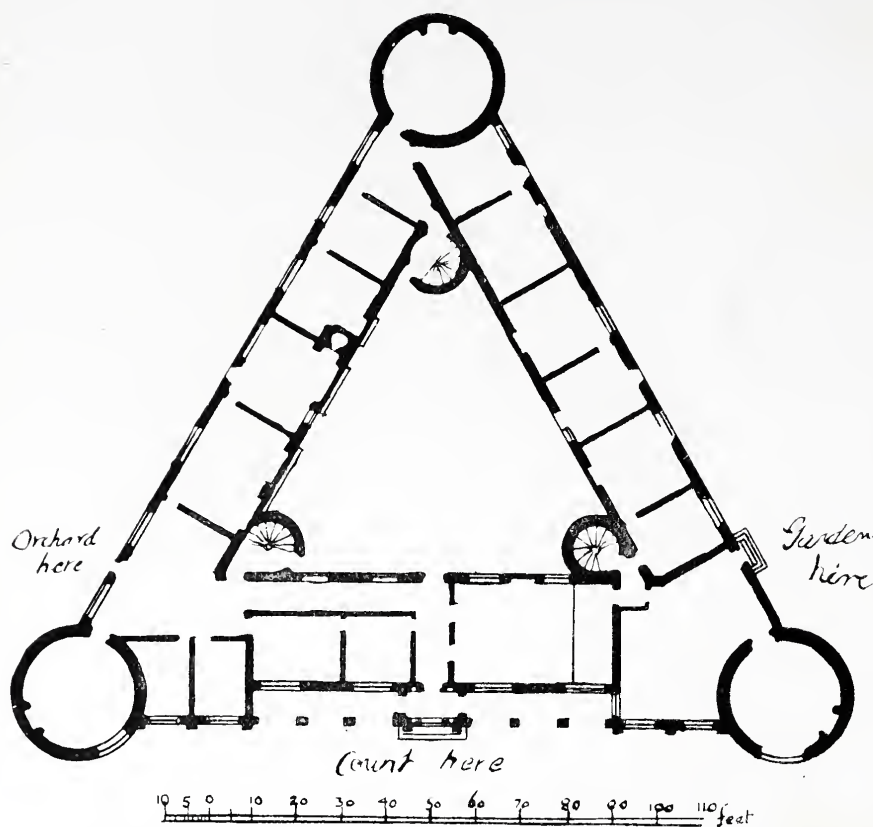
PLAN OF A HALF-TIMBER HOUSE: FROM THE JOHN THORPE COLLECTION.





ELEVATION OF A HALF-TIMBER  
HOUSE: FROM THE JOHN THORPE  
COLLECTION.



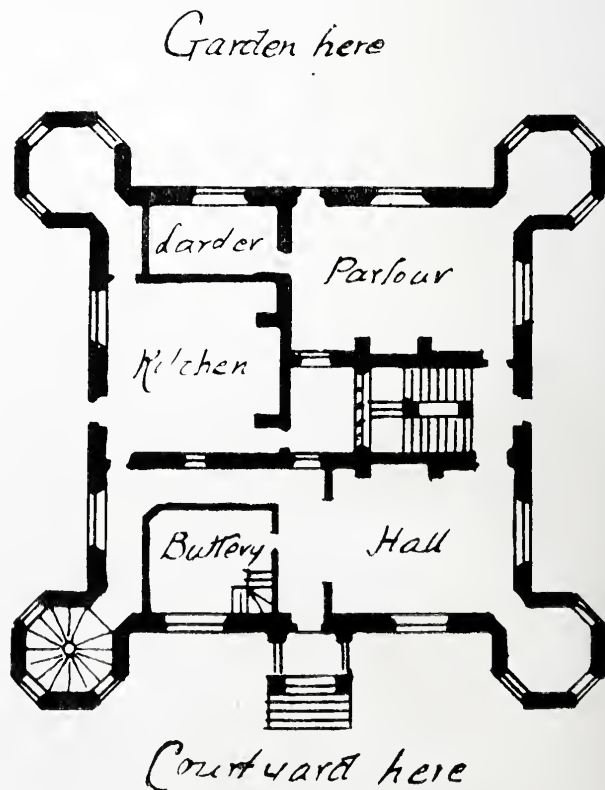


LONGFORD CASTLE: AS DESIGNED BY JOHN THORPE.

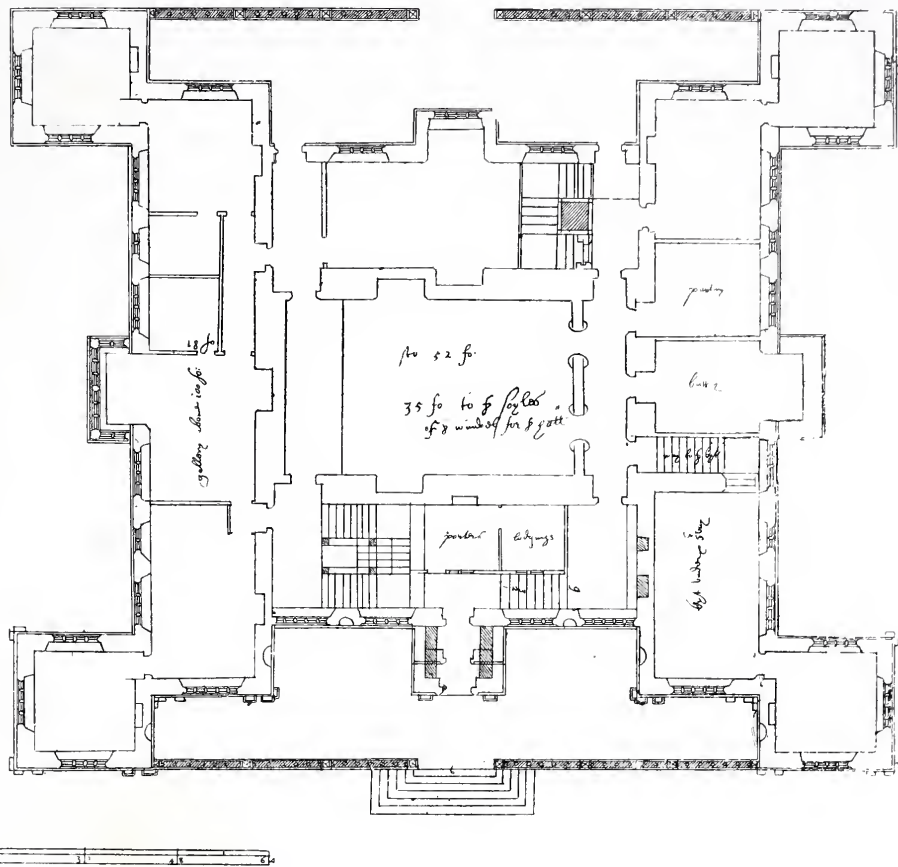
very clearly the dawn, or rather more than the dawn, of this new epoch. But Thorpe's office, so to speak, was close upon, or even in, the builders' yard. His fellow craftsmen were in full swing, possessors of the traditions and methods of centuries of progressive art; he could call upon them for support in the essentials; and they could give him all that he desired. His novelties, his exotic details, the product of his journeys, and his note books could be reached by his men, indifferently well, as regards reproduction, but fully well as regards vigour and spirit. Still, here was a break in the chain of experience, and soon foreign workmen had to be imported to carry out these foreign notions; and although many of these foreigners found themselves impounded and gradually absorbed, the assimilation did not take place fast enough to cope with the flood of novelties that appeared on the return of each travelled connoisseur. Thorpe lived and worked during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and it might be worth while to consider what in the way of Fine Arts a young gentleman "on the grand tour" was likely to see in Europe; and we must remember that, unlike the sentimental tourist of the present day, his attention would be given mainly to what was being done now—in the present. He went to see the work of the great masters of the day, never questioning or doubting whether art was still advancing. Under the commercial prosperity of Henry VII. came the possi-

bilities of foreign travel to many beside the nobility. The Reformation and the dissolution of the monasteries gave new channels to the river of expenditure, whilst the politics of the day made conduct, as to one's faith and observances, exceedingly difficult to escape molestation; and this grew on the increasing hand during the latter years of King Henry VIII.'s life and till the accession of Elizabeth. A young man then—whose circumstances did not compel him to take a side, and who could afford the expense, did well to absent himself during his early idle years from his own country, and endeavour to increase his accomplishments and perfect his bearing, as well as improve his mind, by a visit to the various wonders of the world. To the Englishman, Spain and the Netherlands were

closed; it was hardly possible to enter Germany, without giving colour to any suspicions that might already have found foot as regards a man's faith. France was in the throes of her religious war.



PLAN OF A HOUSE BY JOHN THORPE.

*Garden houses**Orchard houses*

WOLLATON HALL, NOTTINGHAM: PLAN FROM THE JOHN THORPE COLLECTION.

Moreover, since the opening of the reign of Frances I. French art had become Italianate—Italian designers superintended the erection of the palaces and their decoration; Italian sculptors set the taste in statuary; Cellini had lately been ruffling it at Court and still was in the employ of the Medici in Florence; Bordone and Sir Antonio Mori were the Court painters, and over all France dominated that patron of art and crime, Catherine de Medici. So that it was to Italy that our traveller would set his face. Part of the equipment of a gentleman of those days would be some scholarship, sprightly rather than profound, but woven into the texture of the mind, so that the conscious outlook on life was through the media of the classics. Nor were those languages so remote and “dead” in those days, when learned and exact treatises were written in Latin; when the traffic of the law courts was carried on in Latin; when the graces of conversation were made and pointed in Latin; when, until quite lately, the service of the Church was carried on in Latin, and prayer from the heart rose spontaneously in that tongue. One of the first questions in his mind, as he pressed forward on his way to Padua or Bologna, was, what new ancient had been discovered? The depositories of learning were ransacked; old manuscripts from whereso-

ever—Armenia, Syria—eagerly purchased and collated; and our friend who would not sink to the level of author, aspired to distinction as a translator of some fifth-rate classic writer. At the court of King James, Shakespeare was held to be “Nature’s child”—phenomenal, untaught, whereas Jonson observed the rules of art. To any pretender to taste there could be no question which he ought to admire most, “Volpone” or “Much Ado about Nothing.” We will suppose our traveller to make for Rome, passing—after leaving the Rhone—through Genoa and Florence on his way. At Genoa, fresh built, and in the plenitude of its splendour, stretched the street of palaces—Galeazzo Alessi, in the zenith of his activity. As elsewhere in Italy, shade and a garden, and the sound of falling waters, were part of the postulates for a house—indeed, a piece of land must have trees on it, to entitle it to be called a “villa,” though it need not have a house. But in Genoa, on its amphitheatre of steep slopes, this was thrice difficult to achieve. It was achieved—and the difficulty so accepted as essential to be encountered and surmounted, must have impressed itself strongly on the virtuoso’s mind. The value of the surroundings, even when so piteously cramped as they had to be in Genoa, architectonically treated, was



apparent directly he passed the portals. Florence he would find in the hands of Vasari and Bandinelli, but the work of Rafael and Michael Angelo was there, ringing, crisp, and new. Da Vinci was gone, but Cellini was still about, and he and Vasari between them would vie with each other as to the quantity of *obiter dicta* they had collected. By means of a stately colonnade and other scenic features, the Uffizi Palace was being trimmed, under Vasari's hands, into something very shapely and effective. In Rome was the great lion, Michael Angelo. Here, as all

been pulled and buttressed and ashlarred into symmetry, and the balance of parts; and a cascade of steps introduced the visitor to a pair of equal temples on either hand. Slums were abolished and houses pulled down to make the immense open space in front of the Farnese Palace, that the passer-by might see unvexed its broad façade; whilst the air of the pavement and the noise of the streets were tempered to him by the limpid splash of the two fountains in the square. There was the Last Judgment to see, if Michael Angelo would oblige,

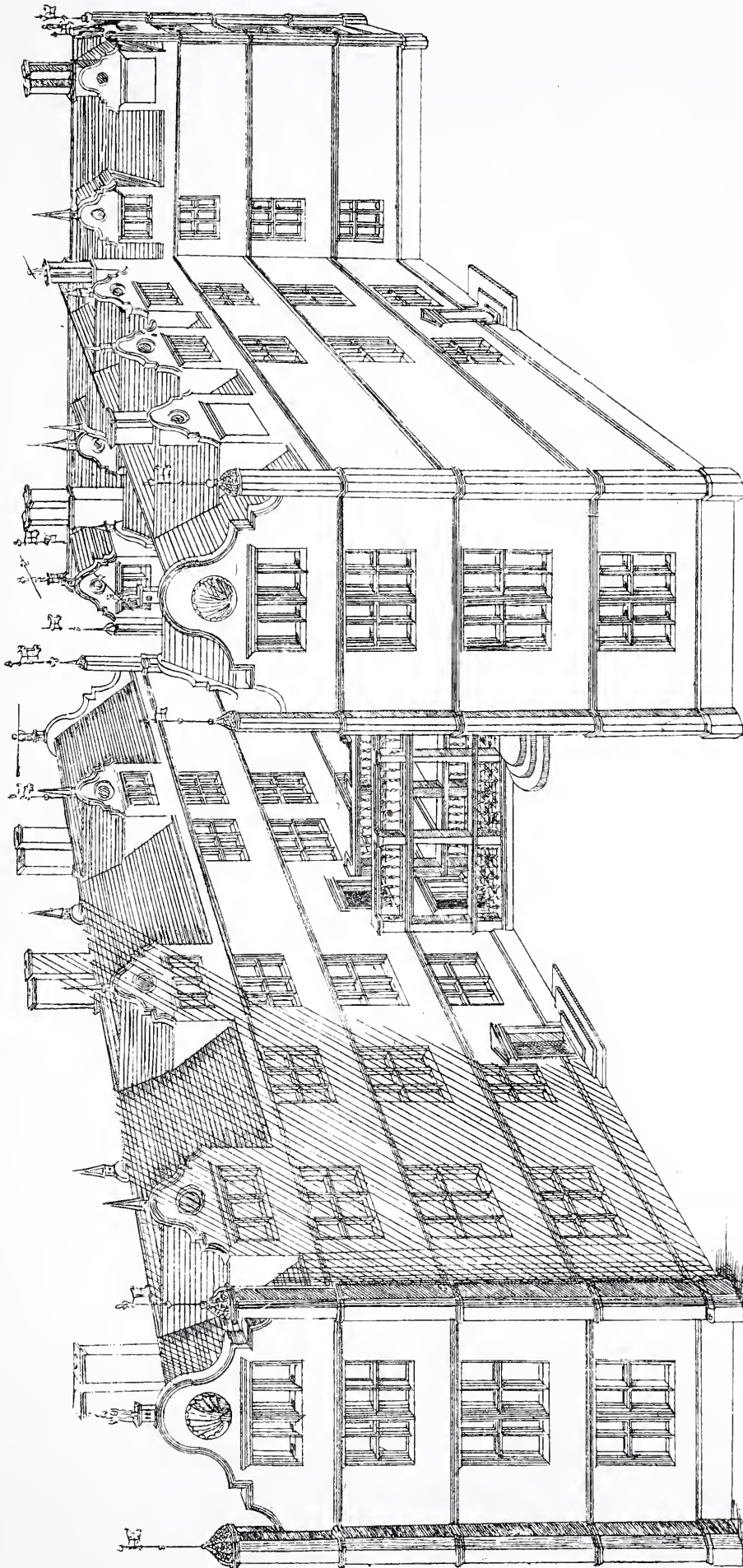


WOLLATON HALL, HALF ELEVATION: FROM THE JOHN THORPE COLLECTION.

elsewhere in Italy, would be pressed home on our amateur the attitude that a building was a conception of one man only; that at a glance its design should be perfectly intelligible—the old barbarous qualities of waywardness and unexpectedness were gone—to the spectator in the street; breadth and proportion were to be his regale. As he mounted the last rise in his journey through the Campagna, there to the south stood the vast pile of St. Peter's, shrouded in its veil of scaffolding, regnant over the Eternal City. The Capitol had

in process of painting at the Sistine, whilst St. Peter's was being fitted with its dome. There was the Farnesina Palace, with its story of Cinderella-Psyche—within the walls; whilst without, were the Pope's new villa, the Villa Madama and the summer pleasure houses of cardinals and princes near and far—on Alban Hill and Apennine.

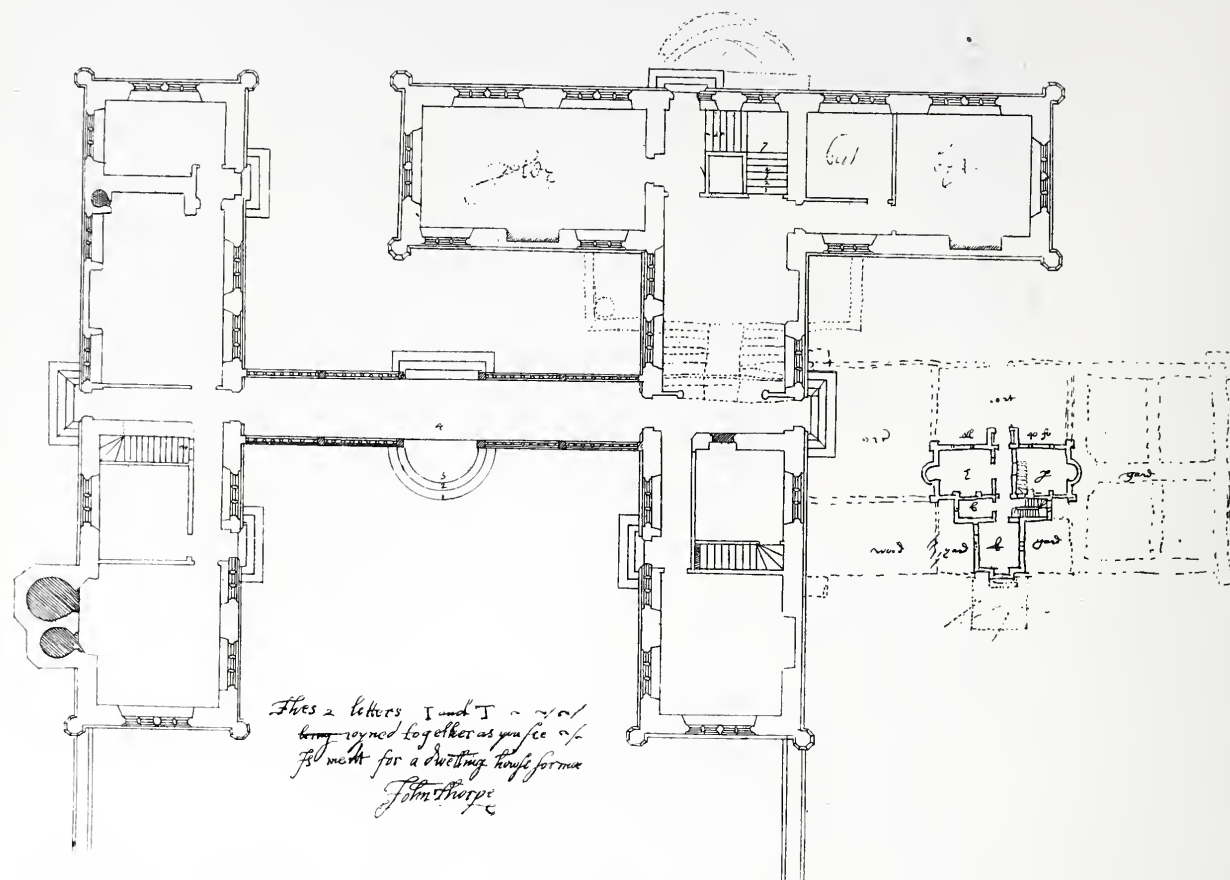
At Bologna, on his way homewards, he would encounter the new doctrines of art set forth by the elder Caracci, and curiosity to taste the "Corregiosity of Corregio" would cause him to turn



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JOHN THORPE: HIS HOUSE.





JOHN THORPE: HIS HOUSE.

aside from his route to Venice to pay a call at Parma. Fresh from the hall of the Farnesina, he could compare the decoration of the Abbess' room in St. Paul's Convent, and the "Last Day" of Michael Angelo, with the great uprising of the armies of Christendom in the cupola of the Duomo. At Venice he would face "il piu terribile cervello," of Tintoret, breathlessly sweeping his hearth-broom brush across the acres of wall surface in the Scuola di San Rocco. Titian would be nearing his end, though not abating of his vigour; and the Veronese, like another Rafael, would be assimilating other men's ideas, transmuting them with his facile brush—his Madonna della Pace being the Church of S. Sebastian. He would find "ora Palladio ha il grido," and that people of the best taste considered most of the palaces on the Rialto were Gothic and old fashioned. There was the great bridge brand new, only opened the other day, and a prospect of it would find its way into our traveller's notebook; and, possibly, some later day, shown to friend Shakespeare, who had his reasons for his curiosity. The Redentore, just finished, would be a stimulating index of what the Greater St. George was going to be—at present all scaffold-poles and planking—and the fame of Palladio will call for a long halt in Vicenza, before our voyager nerves himself for the severe and grim ascent of the mountain barrier between him and home. As he threads his way, slowly, slowly, up the passes, he

will have time, and time in plenty, to recall what he has seen in this fair land—the fountain of art and the authority—the Mecca of his pilgrimage, where he has studied the Koran of his conduct. He will contrast the rugged formless castles of his own land with the shapely palaces he has just left; the spontaneous growth and accretion of his country houses with the artificial perfectness of the Italian's villa. Life, so far as his patrons were concerned, was a pageant. The new class of the idle wealthy had begun to appear, and it would be his work to cater for them. As in the pictures of Paolo Veronese, and in a glorified *tableau vivant*, they spent their time, and thought, and money, in grouping themselves in beautiful coloured masses, displayed before a background of airy poetic architecture; and it was his business to supply the background. A century ago, painters lavished all the resources of their imagination and colours to devise the supreme of architecture, which should enshrine worthily the figures of their saints and heroes—Loggias in the wilderness and Temples in the desert, housed the Holy Family in its flight to Egypt; the romance of architecture burned in the beautifully impossible canopies that crowned the saints in the painted windows; but this desire to transcend the nature of materials and achieve a passionate dream architecture had passed; the sole living, and the greatest, holder of this passion was Michael Angelo, and him his

contemporary brother artists misunderstood. They only saw, in his attempt to distil and wring from stone more than stone could give, the quality of mere size: because his action was vehement, and his pathos deep, they accepted his distortions and his violence as the goals of his aims instead of the obstructions. But the aristocracy of the time we are speaking proposed to live scenically, as far as they could, and to shut down the lid on all that pertained to the mechanism and the interior parts of life. Symmetry, the distribution and balance of parts, qualities easily discernible and easily understood, they called for. Their eyes were feasted by the triumphs of the carpenters' and scene-painters' architecture that formed the rich setting of their masques; a string of fine reception rooms opening out each from the other, lordly staircases, wide enough to accommodate a prince and his consort in full robes descending side by side—a long spacious gallery for exercise on wet days—give us these, they cried. They put up with or ignored the inconveniences of a suite of rooms without independent access; of the kitchens and offices balancing in similar rooms the halls of audience and parlours; of the meat larder opening into the morning room; \* of rooms without fireplaces, so long as they secured a building showing a fair front on every side, and ornamented, like their own conversation, with apt quotations from the classic authors. So the fronts were garnished with columns and pilasters—recalled from the ruins of pagan Rome—cornices for their serene palaces from the old forums and amphitheatres—they provided niches for the twelve Cæsars, put Molossian hounds (in stone) in the courtyard, and Neptune in the pond. A timely display of happy scraps of erudition might lead to a rise at Court, and the houses of the time reflect this superficial scholarship with much distinctness. Their learning sits easy on them, and like the speech of their owners, the main fabric is English (and the English, too, of the Bible); it is the emphasis and garniture that is *appliquée* in foreign terms. Thorpe's plans, which seem to us so artless and so impracticable, reflect very clearly this state of things; and it is because they do, because they *were* living plans embodying the life of the time, that they rose from the ground such masterpieces of design. One is apt to suppose that these splendid buildings were designed pictorially only, and the planning crushed and crowded into the building as best it could be fitted—whereas quite the contrary is the case. The planning—so far from being ignored—is the author and definer of the superstructure. It was an artificial time, this period, and the architecture is an artificial architecture; but it is masterly, and the

secret of its excellence is its true response to the ideals of that society which called it into being. When we reflect that the language of the Bible was the vernacular of that time, that the speech of royalty was as royal as the words put by Shakespeare into Henry V.'s mouth; that when we read Ford we catch the echo of thoughts and expression pitched to record, at its best the thoughts and expression of the kind, as at the present day our writers of plays do the same for us, we must acknowledge that their architecture, so far as it reflects the temper of the period, could hardly fail to be monumental in its qualities of brilliant and stately design. We turn to the works of the Elizabethan period with a sigh—with a tenderness, wistful and pathetic, for the chords of the heart on which they struck are still in us, though stiffened with the weight of three hundred years, and they answer now only in the whisper of harmonics from out the dream world of phantasy.

## NINETEENTH CENTURY CHURCH BUILDING.

I SUPPOSE there is hardly any subject of deeper interest to any artist than the art of building properly understood. We all realise that upon the reality of the one supreme Art the vitality of all other arts depends. They may exist apart, but the gain of independence is more than discounted by the loss of impressiveness. They lose support in separation. And though this is true of every kind of architecture, it is doubly so of the Art of church building.

While the building artist in his houses and civic buildings gave himself up to playful fancies, often to freakishness, before a church his imagination was sobered and trimmed to higher flights. The impetus of unnumbered ages was upon him, and he yielded to it; the impulsion of forgotten years of slow growing religion in the race carried him daily to newer triumphs. The church was no mere name to him; it was the visible presentment of the invisible wonder city, peopled with his fancies, built by his beliefs, founded on his hopes, overshadowed by his fears. And in his more material building he was not blindly carrying out the wishes of his employers: while producing a record of his own mind, he recorded also the mental and spiritual development of his own people up to that time. The artist was the product of his surroundings, and gave expression to them. His mind, so to speak, was one of the nerve palpi, by which the body social felt its way in the dark to complete conception of its destiny. He was at once the ultimate organ of sensation and the means of the expression of sensation in the masterpieces which

\* *Vide* Thorpe's plan.



survive. But these masterpieces were not produced single-handed. The master mind needed an alert and trained body behind it to carry out its ideas. The master builder needed the co-operation of many artist minds, each subserving to this main idea.

Each craftsman, being in himself the centre of a small world, the master builder, by this means, was, in each age, in intimate communion, in the closest touch, with all known facts, traditions, legends, fancies, connected with his art. Not a wave of social feeling passed, not a belief grew, not a hope sprang into being, but he was influenced by its existence, and, consciously or unconsciously, gave it expression in his work. He became a multiplex personality; he was the musician in command of a thousand living instruments, the brain governing a thousand secreting cells. Architecture was thus the inorganic secretion of a highly complex organism. It was the outermost shell of the social body. Just as the growing mollusc secreted its covering, adding daily a newer edge to his mansion, so the human organism added to its covering, varying, modifying, never completing. Thus our churches are the fossil cases of former creeds, made sacred not merely by their use and dedication, but by the records they give of human progress. They should be for ever inviolate. Regarding them in this light, I cannot see that we dare talk of modern church building. It seems almost a mockery, excusable only as a cloak for our nakedness. We are not master builders; the age does not want building. It wants the contractor and the engineer. We need not quarrel with it, therefore. This period of disintegration may be followed in due time by one of reintegration, and new forms and beauties spring from the general decay. Still the fact remains that what we call churches now have little relation to creed, or people, or place. They are planted down ready-made by strangers. It is not by any means the fault of the architect, the impetus of custom has carried him to what he knows is a false position; a position from which there seems no way of escape. He is now the administrative head of a labour bureau, and, though called by courtesy an artist, every item of the organisation over which he presides is an obstacle to the expression of his ideas. He is not the centre of a guild whose members are trained to embroider his ideas with their fancies, whose pride it is to add their knowledge to his. The knowledge of the modern architect has to be spread over the whole builder's staff; his enthusiasm has to be diluted as many times as there are members of that staff. It is not the wisdom and artistry of a multitude ordered and directed by one; it is the artistry of one spread

over a multitude. Expression is impossible under such conditions. This, to my mind, accounts mainly for the meagreness of modern work when compared with the old.

Yet the case is not wholly hopeless. I cannot help feeling that we could do more if we worked together more—we should strengthen each other. The amount of able, beautiful work which is being done at the present time at a loose end, unconnected with any central idea, would, if gathered together in one building, make that building beautiful; but it never is done. Some months ago, at a meeting arranged for considering this very subject, I heard a speaker declare that the architect was the chief obstacle to progress: "You must get rid of the architects," he said. Though one dare not wholly accept the statement, which is very near the truth, one may yet tell the architect that he must give up his assumed Architecture and build simply and sensibly, with simple materials, and leave his building to be adorned by others working with him. Imagine a building erected by the Art Workers Guild. Conceive the Church roughly planned. Then let us drop tracery and the fifteenth century and mediæval wood-work, and build a barn. Let the necessary holes for light be plain holes artfully displayed. Members of the Guild should fill these holes with delightful glazing done by the members themselves, not from cartoons only. Other members might be commissioned to paint the walls with histories of saints, ancient and modern. The metal-work and the railings, the gates and the doors might fitly occupy the Sculptors. Some of the Architects might design pavements like the sea and ceilings like the sky. This co-operation would mean a certain amount of unselfishness; this should not be difficult to obtain. One must have a very great opinion of one's self before selfishness is possible.

Naturally, I shall be told that all this is unpractical and visionary, but so much the better. No one takes any trouble about doing easy things; absurd ideas always get carried out first.

Seriously, if something in the way of co-operation were possible, and if we agreed to keep to rigorously simple buildings, allow the fittings to be designed by other hands, and the internal embellishings also, we should begin to make a new Architecture possible—an architecture which should receive grace from the other arts, while giving them dignity and impressiveness, the two qualities which modern work seems most to lack. And it lacks them, to my mind, because we have no Architecture; least of all, church architecture. The beginning and the end is there.

H. WILSON.







JEAN CARRIÈS:  
MODELLED BY  
HIMSELF.



L'ÉVÊQUE: FROM THE BRONZE BY JEAN CARRIÈS.

THE LIFE AND WORK OF JEAN CARRIÈS, A LITTLE-KNOWN FRENCH SCULPTOR, POTTER, AND DESIGNER: BY M. EMILE HOVELAQUE: PART TWO.

SECURITY was always burdensome to Carriès, patronage irksome to his restless craving for absolute freedom. He was as incapable of repose as of routine. Nothing satisfied him long. Throughout his life risk and danger were temptations to him, obstacles incentives. Characteristically, he never spoke of the past, rarely of what he had done, save with impatience—constantly and feverishly of what he meant to do. His efforts alone interested him. His works he looked upon as experiments. The fascination of the future, always so powerful over him, was doubly keen in those early days of hope and ignorance. At nineteen the dangerous image of Paris dazzled and attracted him. He threw up everything, and with a few francs in his pocket started for the capital. His first stay was short. A rapid passage at the École des Beaux-Arts, in the studio of M. Dumont, showed Carriès his nature and gifts had nothing in common with Academic Art—could gain nothing from its influence or study. Purely sculptural work, according to the worn-out Franco-Italian traditions, was hateful to him. The art he already confusedly conceived was one morally expressive,

decorative, precious in material, refined in technique, and, above all, bearing the impress of a master-workman's hand. It had nothing to do with the rhetoric or the impersonal execution of the artists around him. His ancestors, he felt instinctively, were in France, not Italy; he belonged to one of those deep, underlying veins of pure French race, whose aspirations and dreams were in the cathedrals, written on their carved and fretted fronts, and whose life, long stifled by the influences of the Renaissance and Academies, was in him again stirring. His models were among the dead sculptors whose work at Brou and in the cathedrals had moved his first emotions. They alone could teach him.

And, yet, to deliberately give up the training of the schools was very rash. Carriès knew that to break with tradition in a country where all the prizes are for official art, where novelty inspires distrust, difference hatred, was to begin a struggle with every chance of defeat. Nor did he try to fall into the ranks of the realistic opposition—that other means in France of being borne to the front with one's *camarades* on the wave of a movement. But he was incapable of concession or submission to any formula. He hesitated not one moment. He preferred independence and want to success. He could bear anything except constraint. No risk ever deterred him; suffering could destroy, but not diminish him. The years of misery, of





BUSTE DE JEUNE FEMME.

isolation, the super-human efforts of his last years, slowly prepared him for death, but were powerless over his heroic spirit. He was destined to meet with every form of destitution and anguish, and was aware of it; they were indifferent to him. Time after time he could have banished the spectre of want; he despised it, and never swerved an iota from the path in which it stood. He felt himself stronger than the malignity of fate. To all who approached him, he at all times gave a sensation of savage fearlessness, of mastery, of an imperiousness and force of will that bent destiny and dominated circumstance. And his courage was never higher than now, when at twenty-one, against the desire of his few patrons, he turned his back on official methods of study, and left the Beaux-Arts, never to return.

He took a room, Rue de la Huchette, in the sordid quarter near St. Séverin, a few steps from Notre Dame; a shed, Rue d'Odessa, served him as atelier. The two together cost a little over thirty francs a month. There he worked alone, with the ardent patience, the steady impetuosity that made him the most rapid and painstaking of workmen, modelling far into the night by the light of a single candle. An old beggar—guardian, guest, and model, shared his crust of bread, until Carriès, one winter morning, found him dead of want and age. His education he gave himself; no training, probably, was ever more complete and searching. Out of his scanty means he bought casts from the life and studied them incessantly, passionately, with eye and hand, until he knew them by heart, until every detail of construction, action, and surface was familiar to his supple, sensitive fingers, and registered in his extraordinary tactile memory.

For Carriès possessed the bony and muscular structure, the accidents of form, the varieties of tissue and epidermis, not by sight, not intellectually, like other sculptors, but by *touch*, organically, mysteriously, creatively. He could have modelled in the dark as surely as in daylight. He could create organisms as complete and consistent as Nature's own. He felt and divined where others knew. He *touched* below the epiderm, and was conscious of all the subtle hidden correspondences of interior plastic life, action and reaction; they palpitated and lived within his sense, while others saw from the outside. To watch his gestures was to understand that Carriès' master sense was his *touch*. His hand modelled with all the surface of the palm and fingers, not with the thumb alone, or through the dead medium of the *ébauchoirs*, as though he would multiply the points of contact with the sensitive papillæ; it passed and repassed with a long caress, swift and rhythmical, quivering with enjoyment. Himself he said, "My eyes *prolong* my touch. They touch at a distance." His work vibrates with this sensual joy of contact. Irresistibly, one desires to caress it; it gives satisfaction to the hand as well as to the eye, a sense of *volume* rather than of line. For Carriès *never saw in line but in the round*. His physical sensibility here again was singularly personal and entirely sculptural. He never drew or designed; to my knowledge there is not a single pencil-stroke of his in existence. He



BUSTE DE JEUNE FILLE.



VELASQUEZ: BY  
JEAN CARRIÈS.







TÊTE DE FAUNE:  
MODELLED BY  
JEAN CARRIÈS.



conceived in light and shade, in masses, in space at once, not in contour. He felt his way to the image he created. "I always see the eyes first," he would say, "and work from them, building up the head behind." Even the decorative stands for his busts, the marvellously subtle flow of line of his basements, were felt as sweeping, unctuous surfaces, as continuous rhythms in three dimensions. And this it is which gives his work its harmonious plenitude, its completeness, as of a perfect fruit, full and rounded.

The certainty and variety of structural detail thus conceived and thus obtained, Carriès' hand exacted the utmost refinement of execution. Alone at that time he sought a quality of the epiderm, to differentiate the warm pulp of the lips, the glowing skin, the silky hair, the humid eye, by means which give his busts an intensity and warmth of life, a colour, a preciousness of aspect unknown before him, and which the splendour of the material or refinement of the patinas enhanced; but that lay essentially in the almost supernatural lightness and subtlety of the modelling itself. To this delicacy and finish Carriès continually returned. "Your bronze and stone," he would say, "are hard and dead. I feel no skin on them. Your marble looks like soap or sugar, your bronze black like old saucepans." The most massive work, the most solidly constructed, need never in his conception seem harsh, unfinished, or unrefined. Life is never so. "In Nature," he said to me one day, "all is finished like an object of art. Look at an oak. Feel the grey, split bark, harsh and rugged, the angular muscularity of the knotted branches, the rudeness and the force of it. And yet the leaf is a marvel of chiselling, the acorn an agate, smooth and precious." And again: "An apple-blossom breaks in rosy light from the rough, mossy stem; it looks all the frailer and the more beautiful for the bark behind it." It was the formula of his art he gave in these images. With him sweetness reposed on strength; detail as in nature was significant of construction; finish the necessary completion of a whole, the harmony begun in power ended in delicacy. But that finish, that delicacy, the artist alone can give. The impersonal execution of modern sculpture, handed over to practician or founder by artists who are no longer craftsmen, who are incapable of working the marble or finishing the bronze, raised Carriès' contempt. He had exhausted praise when he had said of a man that he was a fine craftsman. He was an incomparable one himself. His work was his from beginning to end. No other hand ever touched it but his own, and that hand was the most exquisite of tools. His most startling originality was, perhaps, this sense

of perfect workmanship, and the essential characteristic time was to develop, but which was visible from the first.

Such were the aims and gifts of Carriès in those early years of discovery, such the only technical apprenticeship he ever knew, and to them he owed the singular unity of his art. What he knew he discovered in sculpture, as, later, in ceramics. All he did was a direct emanation of himself. No extraneous element, academic or acquired, had, as is almost invariably the case in France, to be worked away. His physical sensibility emerged sheer and entire in his work. His technique was absolutely his, and what he wished to express it expressed absolutely. His inspiration he found in the mediæval sculptures of the Louvre, the coloured statues of the Burgundian School, the Sainte-Chapelle, the Façade of Nôtre Dame. Before that great cliff of stone, whose enormous masonry breaks into a thousand delicate fantastic scrolls of arabesque and leaf and flower, into dreams of human beauty, tenderness, heroism, and grace, into strange visions of preternatural life—before that grey mass whose power is refined into delicacy, its rudeness made sumptuous by a decorative richness never unmeaning or vain, Carriès would remain for hours, and there his ideal grew distinct to him. His nature, austere and fine, felt passionately the refinement of that force, the sweetness and perfume of that power, the deep humanity of an art robust and tender, which never in our moments of intensest life can seem, like other arts, a vain amusement of the brain.

His military service interrupted for a few months only these early studies. In 1877 he was recommended to the Colonel of the 20th Infantry, the Comte Miquel de Riu, whose kindness to Carriès was touching, and to whose protection he was indebted for leisure to work. But Carriès' health was too uncertain for him to be kept long in the ranks. In 1878 he returned to Paris. The ten years which follow saw nearly all his work in pure sculpture.

He had already produced a considerable number of medallions, portrait busts, &c., at Lyons, during visits to Monsieur de Galhau, at Vaudrevange, and at Paris; but the first works which revealed his gifts and characteristics date from this period. They were the series exhibited in 1881, and baptised "*Les Epaves*" or "*Les Désespérés*" by the critics. Carriès was too poor to pay for other models than the beggars in the street, and they were the originals of the poem of misery represented in these works.

(TO BE CONTINUED).



LE GUERRIER: BY  
JEAN CARRIÈS





**L**E PUY EN VELAY, FRANCE: THE MOST PICTURESQUE PLACE IN THE WORLD: WITH DRAWINGS BY JOSEPH PENNELL: WRITTEN BY LEWIS F. DAY: PART TWO.

FOR some of us Mr. Pennell may be said to have discovered Le Puy. Prosper Merrimée and Viollet Le Duc, Georges Sand and George Edmund Street, and many another interested in art and architecture, had, of course, been there before him, and had told us something about this ancient capital of Velay. The ubiquitous Baedeker had announced that it was "ill-built" but picturesquely placed, that it possessed a remarkable cathedral, and a colossal statue of the Virgin. But it was Mr. Pennell who *showed us* the place—a widespread hollow surrounded by mountains, in the midst close packed houses climbing a steep hill to reach the great church above, and all about, on other rocky points, chapels and shrines: so picturesque, so oddly placed, so unlike anything one had seen before, as to suggest nothing in Nature, but the realisation of some quaint architectural fancy, a dream, let us say, of Albert Dürer's.

The scene is not one whit less fantastic than the artist makes it. The place is so dream-like, so visionary, that one is seduced away from study and tempted to pay less heed than one had meant to particulars of design. In truth it is only too possible to spend a fortnight at Le Puy, and come away remembering far better the impression of the place than any distinct details of architecture.

Despite the intrinsic interest of the cathedral, a 12th century Romanesque building of a type akin to that found further west in the Auvergne and even about Limoges, what one remembers best of it is the approach along a steep street, which breaks presently into steps leading right up into the church—west porch there is practically none. The church, or rather its crypt, is itself a mighty porch through which you ascend almost to the choir. The idea was that the concourse of worshippers crowding the steps on days of high festival could see as they knelt there, outside the church, the elevation of the Host; but the actual entrance has long since been walled up and the steps finally branch off, on the left to the cloisters, on the right by a round-about-way to the south aisle of the church, which you enter nowadays near the transept. This great porch, if it may so be called, is not distinguished by anything very characteristic or at all rich in design; but it is strangely impressive; it is conceived with imagination, and it stimulates that faculty in us in a remarkable way.

Of singular interest are the doors of the two

chapels, corresponding to the north and south aisles of the building, facing you as you enter—this notwithstanding their ruinous condition, bonfires, it is said, having been built up against them at the time of the revolution. They are of some soft wood, carved in the very flattest relief, not more than a quarter of an inch deep, merely "grounded out" as carvers say, details apparently having been added in paint. Vestiges of this may yet be traced, but there is not enough to give any idea of what the effect of colour may have been. The design is most interesting. Each door is divided into four narrow upright divisions crossed horizontally by broad bands of bold inscription, and thus broken up into little square subject panels difficult to decipher. Neither is the lettering easy to read owing to the contractions indulged in by the carver; but it is always singularly ornamental, simple though the letters are. The central meeting rail on one of the doors is also enriched with lettering. It wanted ornamentation: why should not Godfrey the carver make use of it to tell us that the work was his? One is thankful to him for doing so. More fitting and effective ornament it would have been difficult to devise in its place. What remains of these remarkable doors is an object lesson in the decorative value of inscriptions, which here do all that the Byzantine ornament associated with these accomplishes—and something more. The inscriptions prove to be Latin hexameters, each line carried right across the four divisions of the doors, and one gathers from them what would be, in most cases, difficult to make out from the pictures themselves, that they illustrate the Life of the Saviour, though the sequence of the scenes is not strictly chronological. We have thus the Slaughter of the Innocents, the Flight into Egypt, the Shepherds watching their Flocks, the Anxiety of Herod, the Adoration of the Magi, and, later, the Betrayal, Peter's onslaught on Malchus, and so on; but many subjects are unintelligible, and some are entirely destroyed. A long day spent on the landing where these doors occur would not seem long to anyone interested in work of the kind, and in the intervals of study the view through the overshadowing arches is most marvellous.

It has been suggested that these doors may have been brought from the East. No doubt there is a rather Oriental look about them. They remind one, vaguely but irresistibly, of certain "storied" cypress chests "grounded out" just in that way and filled in (as perhaps these were) with coloured mastics. There are other Oriental features in the architecture hereabouts, such as the window high up in the bell tower, the opening of which is considerably narrower than the three-cusped head, bulging out above the



springing line of the arch. Saracenic influence is obvious in this trefoiled horse-shoe shape.

The tower (designed, by the way, on a diminishing plan better calculated to form a striking architectural feature in the landscape, than to hold bells of any size,) stands apart from the church after the manner of Italian campanili, an arrangement not found in France after the Early Romanesque period, but at that time not uncommon. Built into the lower walls of the tower are some interesting fragments of distinctly Roman sculpture, which once, they say, formed part of a temple of Apollo at Polignac, near by. Owing to the position of the church and the way it is hedged in on all sides by tall buildings, it is difficult to get any very comprehensive view of the exterior. A feature in the outer walls is a rude kind of decoration which is found also in the front of Notre Dame du Port, at Clermont-Ferrand, and other churches of the Auvergne. It consists of a coarse inlay of red, black, and white, the natural colours, that is to say, of burnt clay and the lavas found in this volcanic district. This colour occurs on the transept gables, on the east wall of the choir, in some sunk panels in the nave walls, in the tympanum of one of the doors, and elsewhere, and is always of the simplest geometric description, oftentimes mere reticulation. Sometimes the cubes of black and white lava are set (as in the Auvergne) in brick-red mortar. Inlaying of this description is a primitive and an obvious kind of thing to do, but it is none the less pleasing. It is seen to best effect in the cloisters, above the double row of black and white voussoirs of the arcading. Part of this has, it is true, been restored, but there is really no difficulty in repeating this crude sort of thing, and when time has toned it a little, it soon makes most captivating colour.

The cloisters remind one again of Italy. They are not intrinsically so interesting as those at St. Trophime, at Arles, but they are somehow more enjoyable, and in their way—an Italian rather than a French way—they are not to be matched this side of the Alps. The guide book says that you may see without really entering the cloisters all that is there to be seen. That may be enough for the casual tourist; have we not seen him, guide book in hand, intent apparently on certifying that the items there set down are correct? But one is led to wonder who are they who go so far to see so little? It is from the cloisters that one gets the best view of the machicolations which remain to tell the story of the fortifying of the place in the 13th century, a precaution necessary enough in the days when the lords of Polignac, whose stronghold was only three miles distant, were a perpetual terror to the country all around.

The carving of the Romanesque capitals of the

free columns which flank the pillars supporting the rather unusual vaulting, varies considerably in design and execution, since part belongs to the 11th and part to the 12th century. You find quite rude copies of Roman models, as well as later work of fresher type and comparatively accomplished cutting. Once more the Eastern influence peeps out in the form of grotesquely imagined monsters which everywhere enliven the sculpture. Three sides of the cloister are shut off by iron gates, one of which is as beautiful a piece of early 12th century work as is to be found, and probably the only specimen of its kind in the place to which it belongs; not that it is precisely *in situ*, for it seems to have been recently framed anew. Most likely it is a grille from the interior of the church adapted to its present position. It is interesting, however, to find such work as this outside a museum. The design does not differ greatly in type from other work of the period, but it is fuller and richer than most of it. The whorls of strapwork are more closely clustered and curled up at the extremities into little rings, often so clogged with dust as to appear like solid terminations. The edge or face of the strapwork is ornamented with a kind of beading, I was going to say, but it is the very reverse of bead like, for it consists of indentations, circular indeed, but made with a punch. These, whilst they enrich the surface, at the same time push the outline out of its evenly spiral course; the edge, in short, appears no longer clear cut, but slightly waved; and, minute as the undulation is, it is enough to impart to the work a fuller, richer, and altogether softer appearance than is ordinarily to be found in early blacksmith's work. The corresponding gate is partly modern, but it includes some almost equally interesting though slightly later work. There, the straps take the less usual lines of gracefully trefoiled foliation in outline, and the design is exceptionally open in character. Other panels of good early ironwork are included in the 17th century gates at the top of the steps, which, at first sight, one takes to belong altogether to the period of the Grand Monarque. On the doors of the east transept again, themselves early and most rudimentary in construction (planks crossed by planks), are remains of curiously wrought ironwork, and on the north door a bronze mask of a lion or fabulous monster framed in foliage of conventional Byzantine design, with mouth stretched out to hold a ring by way of handle or knocker. Probably the most curious architectural feature of the cathedral is the south porch, seen from the little square or platform where stands the elegantly proportioned Renaissance façade which screens the bishop's palace. It is a square porch supporting a chapel or chamber above, and stands anglewise between the nave and transept, open on two sides,

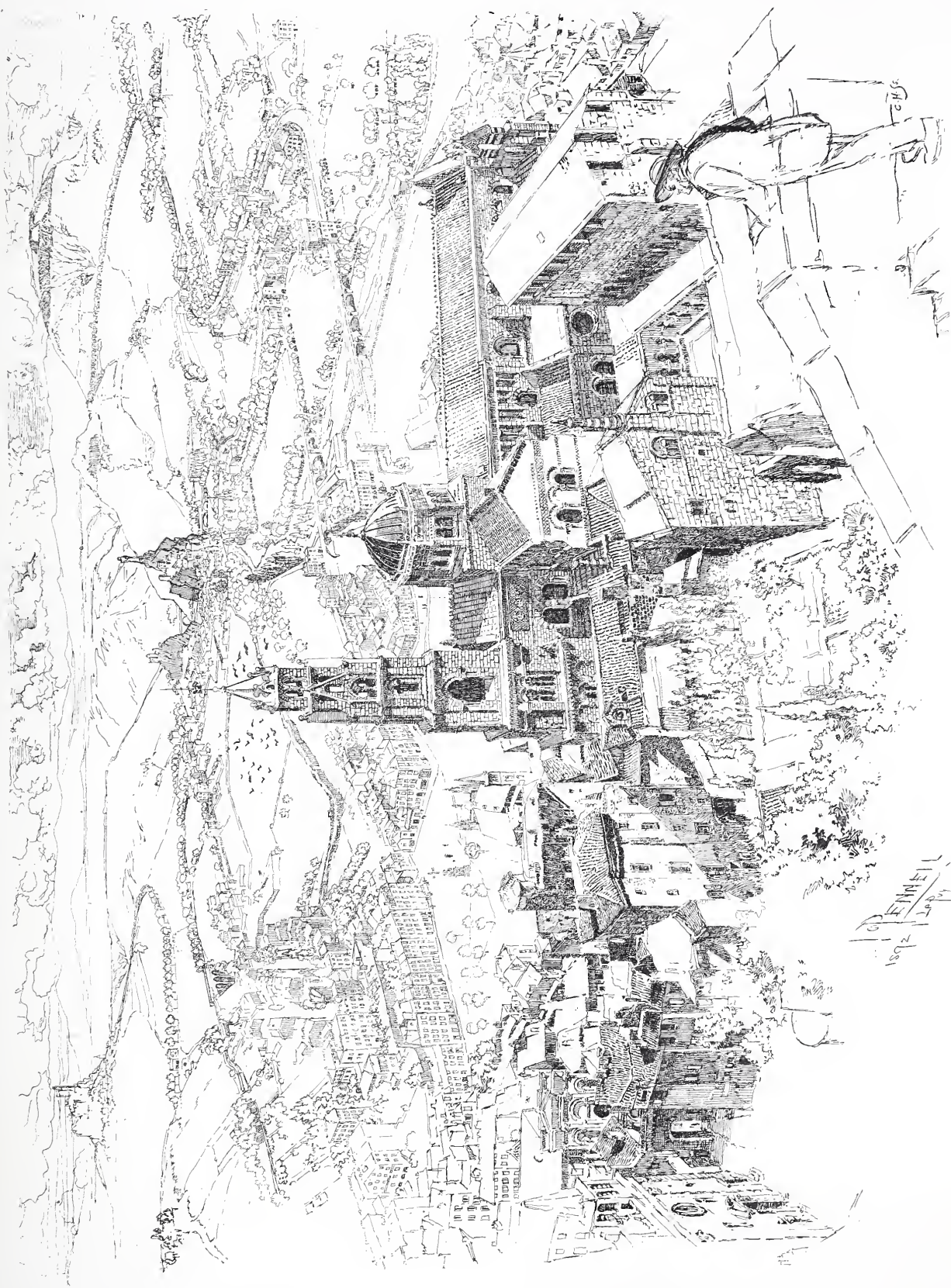




TRANSEPT: THE CATHEDRAL, LE  
PUY: USED AS SIDE CHAPEL:  
DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.







THE CATHEDRAL AND CITY  
OF LE PUY: DRAWN BY  
J. PENNELL.







TOWER OF THE CATHEDRAL:  
LE PUY: DRAWN BY JOSEPH  
PENNELL.



with a massive square pier of masonry between the two arches, which spring directly from it without intermediate capital. The mouldings of the archway recede in the usual way from the wall face; but in a line with the lowest or innermost member is a free arch, flush with the outer wall, and connected with the topmost row of voussoirs by three short props of stone, the central one carved with a figure the others in the form of stunted columns. The free arch seems thus, but only seems of course, to support the arch above, at the same time that the props break the monotony of concentric mouldings, passing behind and hidden at intervals by them. These stays may have been devised with some idea of constructional use, but, useful as such supports might have been in carpentry, they serve, one would say, in stone a purely decorative purpose. If that indeed were the purpose of the architect, he was rather before his time in his desire to relieve the heaviness of half Gothic, half Romanesque design. Anyway, far removed as the idea may be from architectural fitness, it is refreshing to come upon anything in old work which strikes one as new; and in effect it is distinctly pleasing, if only as an effect of light and shade. From the Rocher de Corneille, rising high above the cathedral, and crowned with a preposterous modern modern bronze figure of Notre Dame de France (could worse use have been made even of Russian cannons?) one gets a view of the general plan of the cathedral, and of the little, twelfth century, lantern-capped, cylindrical chimney, which is perhaps, in its way, unique. This is the smoke outlet from the hooded fireplace in the hall to the left of the cloisters, where are to be seen some rather remarkable late Gothic paintings, a series of symbolic figures. Mention is made of sundry remains of earlier frescoes in the cathedral, but I must confess to having barely noticed them; it is seldom that vestiges of early wall paintings have much more than a purely antiquarian interest.

Another characteristic specimen of the Carolingian architecture of Velay is the little chapel of St. Michael, built on the summit of a wedge-shaped rock, and reached only by steps hewn in its side. The plan of the building accommodates itself in a very curious way to the shape of the rocky platform: there is a single side aisle, which faces the entrance to this cryptlike chapel, and curves, as far as there is room for it to go, round the central part of the building—it cannot be called a nave. Indeed, the shape of the rock hardly accounts altogether for so odd a plan, which probably points to a more ancient Pagan building there. Tradition tells of a Temple of Mercury on this spot, and sundry sculptured stones built into the front, and preserved in the chapel itself, undoubtedly belong to a period anterior to the rebuilding in the tenth century. The tower is

later; it is a copy more or less of that belonging to the cathedral. There are, in particular, some mutilated fishtailed figures, which have been reproduced in the restored doorway, in a way which does not say much for the sympathy or understanding of whosoever may be responsible for them. In this case, certainly, the translator has proved himself the proverbial traitor. The general effect of the entrance is, however, very pleasing, as is that of the whole façade, enlivened with the already mentioned inlay of brick and lava. Again in the walls of the eight-sided Byzantine building not far from the foot of this rocky little St. Michael's Mount are numerous *débris* from some ancient Roman monument, whence it has been mistaken for a Temple of Diana, by which name it is commonly known. It was most likely a Chapel of the Knights Templar, who are said to have held property in that outskirt of the town. The impression it leaves upon the mind is one of dainty but dilapidated elegance. It is entered by a Gothic doorway, and adjoining it is a good Gothic cross. The church of St. Laurent, on the other hand, can scarcely be described as an interesting specimen of fourteenth century work; this is not the place for Gothic architecture; and, but for the historic interest attaching to the church in connection with the burial of Du Guesclin, the famous constable of France, who gave us some trouble in the reign of Edward the Third, and whom we twice took prisoner, it would scarcely have attracted attention. Here and there, in one's roundabout and in-and-out pilgrimage to the cathedral—you lose yourself continually, and, if you are in the least adventurous—come upon some old cross or fountain or shrine of artistic or architectural interest. The Tour de Pannessac, as it is called, the great round tower of the old gateway in the main street, the one street accessible to wheel traffic, was, in the autumn of 1896, just given over to the restorer.

The picturesque villages of the neighbourhood have their architectural attractions. Espaly, for example, with its cross and bishop's castle; Polignac with its castellated precipice and Romanesque church; S Paulien, with its church, again, and further afield, the wonderful fortress abbey, built by Pope Clement the Sixth, which reckoned amongst its abbots Mazarin, Richelieu, and de Rohan. It is well worth a pilgrimage from Le Puy to La Chaise Dieu, only to see the fine series of quite late Gothic tapestries there, to say nothing of the choir stalls, simply but cunningly and characteristically carved; and the church itself, which, huge as it is, is a mere surrounding to an enormous choir. Le Puy is out of the way, out of the world almost, but a pleasant place in which to spend a holiday, singularly peaceful and silent—a place not built, not devised, but dropped as it were to earth from the clouds.



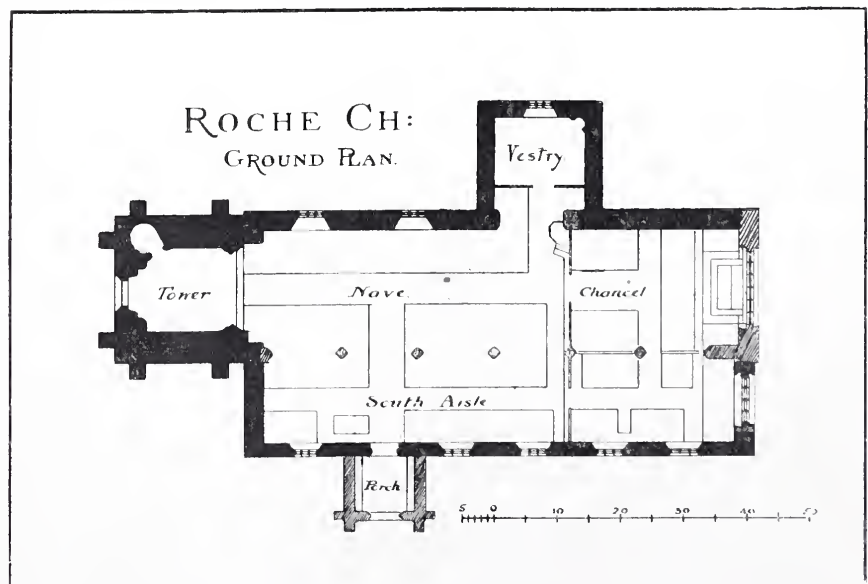
ST. GERMANDUS CHURCH, ROCHE, CORNWALL.

RESTORED BY J. D. SEDDING.

**T**HE WORK OF JOHN SEDDING, ARCHITECT: BY J. P. COOPER, ASSISTED BY H. WILSON: PART TWO.

THROUGHOUT the Church of S. Clement at Boscombe symbols of the Saint abound. In the coloured medallions of the windows, his monogram alternates with roses and with crowns; while on the south-east buttress is a small panel representing his crucifixion. The chancel stalls are of the Gothic of the period, but differentiated from it in the treatment of the carving. On one of the priest's desk ends, St. Clement holds his new church, showing the tower already built; on the others are the Annunciation — the Virgin on one side of the choir, the Angel on the other, and on another stall the Virgin and Child. Forming the arms of the boys' bench ends are a lion, a dog, an unmistakable ram with curly wool, and a hart holding a shield, which probably belonged to the arms of the founder, as it occurs again in the vicarage. The spider web glazing, surrounding the monogram in the

aisle windows, is most interesting. We see here the germ which developed into that delightful elfin tracery at Ermington. A corridor connects the church with the vicarage. On the right, before entering the house, is a small oratory cut off from the passage by a rood screen, the passage ends in a flight of steps which lead to the hall. To the left is the porch door, in front is the staircase screened in with open-wood work, through which one can see the stairs winding to the upper floor, a delightfully contrived vista full of mysterious suggestion. To the right is the passage leading to







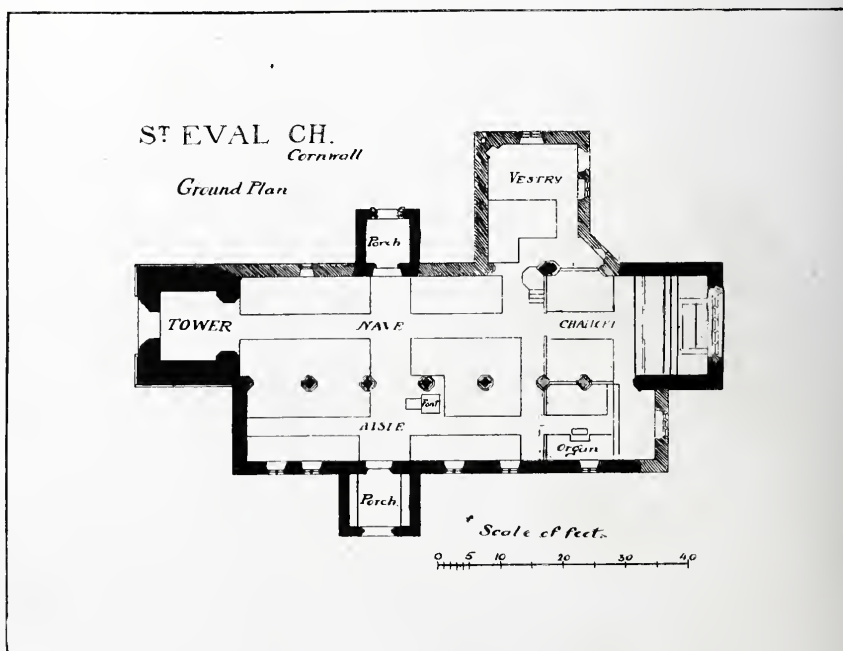
CHURCH OF ST. EVAL, CORNWALL.

RESTORED BY J. D. SEDDING.

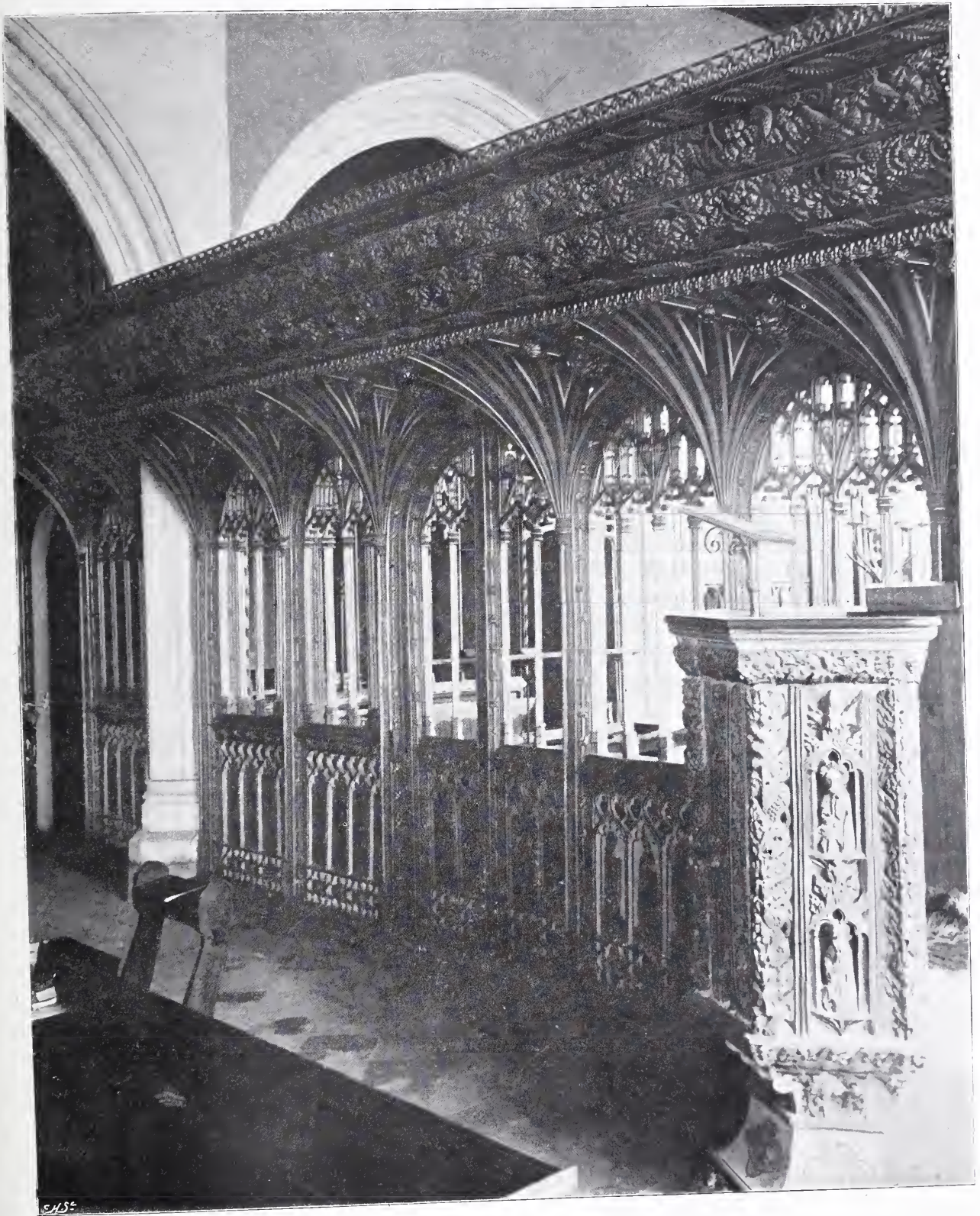
the drawing-room, with its stone fireplace and carved spandrels of harts pasturing amid gigantic lilies; above them is a broad frieze of pure Cornish carving. On the garden front are carved stone panels of harts pursued by dogs, let into the brickwork. In front of the house is a sunk garden, with high enclosing walls, from which steps lead up on either side to the front and back entrances. Sheltered from the wind on all sides, it should in summer contain a wealth of flowers. The small red bricks of varied hue, used throughout the house and corridor, give that dignity and richness of texture, which is impossible to obtain with the large and carefully-sorted bricks commonly used.

S. Clement's is the most-complete of Sedding's churches, but for the decoration, which extends to the second bay of the nave only, it might be called a finished work. What he did here on a small scale, he wished to execute in large at Holy Trinity Church, Chelsea, which he hoped to have seen decorated by some of the leading artists of to-day, by Gilbert, Burne Jones, and others. These churches, one might say, are similar by con-

trast. At Bournemouth one is struck by the excellence of the craftsmanship, which he owed to the indefatigable way in which he would search out and train the best workmen. Street, who had not time to attend personally to such matters, said that every architect should himself be able to decorate his buildings with painting and sculpture. It was probably his influence that started Sedding working at the crafts. He would tell how he spent his evenings in his rooms, where he must have had a most



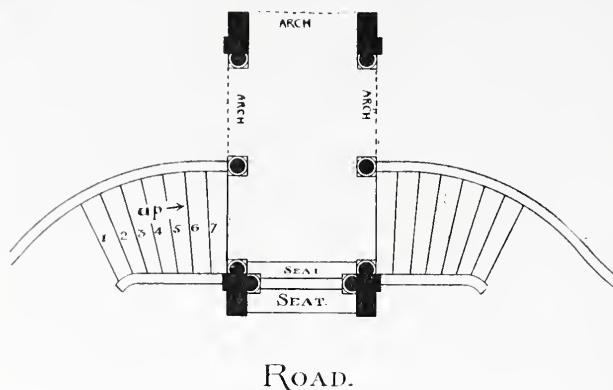




THE CHANCEL SCREEN:  
BOVEY TRACEY: JOHN D.  
SEDDING, ARCHITECT.



## LYCHGATE, ERMINGTON.



Scale 5' 4' 3' 2' 1' 0' 1' 2' 3' 4' 5'

amenable landlady, at work with mallet and chisel, on a block of stone he had managed to procure from a neighbouring stone merchant. Whenever there was any painting to be done, he would always mix and try the colours himself. In the apse of a church, at Cardiff, which he decorated, there is a row of white stone figures, on which, for years before his death, he was going to "try" colours whenever he had a day to spare.

In his architecture and his decoration we continually see the effect Cornish work had on him. It was in Cornwall he first studied building. It was Cornwall that inspired and coloured all his later works. "To my mind," he says, "no place in the world is more vocal with many-voiced music than old Cornwall. It is the nursery-ground of the Saints (almost every 'church town' has its own special local patron Saint), it contains the land of Lyonesse of Arthurian legend; it is the house of the giants; the haunt of fairies, pixies, mermaids, demons, and spectres; the place of dragons. And as for the art of the people, that must not be separated from Nature in Cornwall. They must be allowed to go hand-in-hand now as they ever have gone; they have so long 'sistered' one another's efforts; have kept so close together in tone, texture, spirit and manner, that one cannot consider them apart. The Cornish church is wild, rustic, moorish, singular in type, singular in emotional quality. No Art that has ever graced this world is more strongly local and home-bred than the Cornish. I know of no place in England where Nature in sky, sea and land, can so take hold of and possess the mind as is the case here—no place where Nature can be so obviously moody and masterful—now calm, now full of menace—now bright and caressing—now black with evil omen and gloomy suggestion—now silent and asleep, now furious and lifting up its voice in thunder. What wonder, then, if the Cornishman should be sensitive to the scenery and humours of the place, and that this sensitiveness

should foster superstition in his mind and emotionalism in his Art." Much of this description might be applied to Sedding's work. It was to catch and make permanent this feeling of emotion, he chiefly strove in his work. He used the stylism of Gothic, but he used it with a difference. He aimed at making everything vital and full of appeal, to make one form grow out of another, so that each was a natural development of what had gone before. The lines of his tracery and mouldings have a sharpness and vigour one seldom finds elsewhere, they spring out as the branch does from the tree trunk, as leaves from the stem. When he copied old work, it was with the knowledge of the sources from which the old workmen drew their inspiration. He learnt from Nature in lines of flowers and foliage, but the language he expressed himself in was forced upon him by the times in which he lived. He used the stereotyped conventional carving with slight modifications at first, but gradually he learned to dispense with it, till, in such works as that at Holbeton, the crockets, cusps, and finials are turned to thickets of flowering twigs, peopled by birds and beasts of every kind. His work was as vivacious as himself. A friend said, on entering one of his churches, "I feel as if I were looking Sedding in the face." Much of his success in thus expressing himself came because he never sank into organised delegation. When he delegated, he chose carefully the delegate and primed him. Most of his designs for stone and wood-carving he drew on the material, either in the workshop or on the site, and it was difficult for those who saw him thus at work not to catch some of his spirit. Whenever he found an intelligent workman, he would continually employ him till he gained somewhat of his own mode of looking at things. He would make them study, as he did, from Nature. Of flowers he was passionately fond. He would advise young architects to spend their Sunday afternoons drawing them, and would recommend those who wished to learn embroidery, to take some favourite flower and fill a panel with it, saying that the material would impose its own convention. He himself made innumerable designs for embroidery and filled them as gardens with birds and flowers—designs often based on conventions imposed by the past, but overrun, as a trellis, with roses, honeysuckle, and trailing vine. With his carving it was the same, convention was the trellis over which his fancy flowered. Good as some of it was, it is chiefly effective from rhythmic repetition. It told by masses as a meadow full of daisies, king cups, and cuckoo flowers, a wood thick sewn with bluebells, violets and hyacinths, or a field of poppies. We do not stop to examine each separate flower, but are carried away by the imaginative wealth and "life revel." He would never look upon this lavish

ornamentation as sculpture, but as "decorative masonry." "La sobriété en poésie est pauvreté" says Victor Hugo. Sedding gave free rein to his fancy. Knowing the value of restraint, he boldly disregarded it. He had some of the Celtic fire in him, and his work shone with it. This love for flowers is best seen in the homes he made for them; he had not then to depend so much upon his

birds' orchestra, butterflies' banquet," and never was he happier than in creating one of these fairy-lands, where Art completes Nature, and Nature ransomed from decay, gives in return a fuller and richer life.

"The Artist wants neither flattery nor ignorant abuse."—

WILLIAM HUNT.

It is only of quite recent years that we have



LYCH GATE, ERMINGTON CHURCH.

J. D. SEDDING, ARCHITECT.

workmen for the effect at which he aimed. Nature at once corrected their impregnated mechanical instincts; he had no enemy to deal with but "winter and rough weather;" and his gardens show how well he knew how to keep these at bay, how he seemed almost to have divined what the flowers liked, and what they needed. A garden was to him "man's recreation ground, children's fairy-land,

begun to recognize the fact that old buildings are the *deposit* of a nation, and form a most important part in a nation's history, and are not, as seems to have been the general idea in the early part of the century, merely feats in Design and marvels of masonry, to be reconstructed at will by any educated person with sufficient capital. We find that we can no more imitate them than we can reproduce



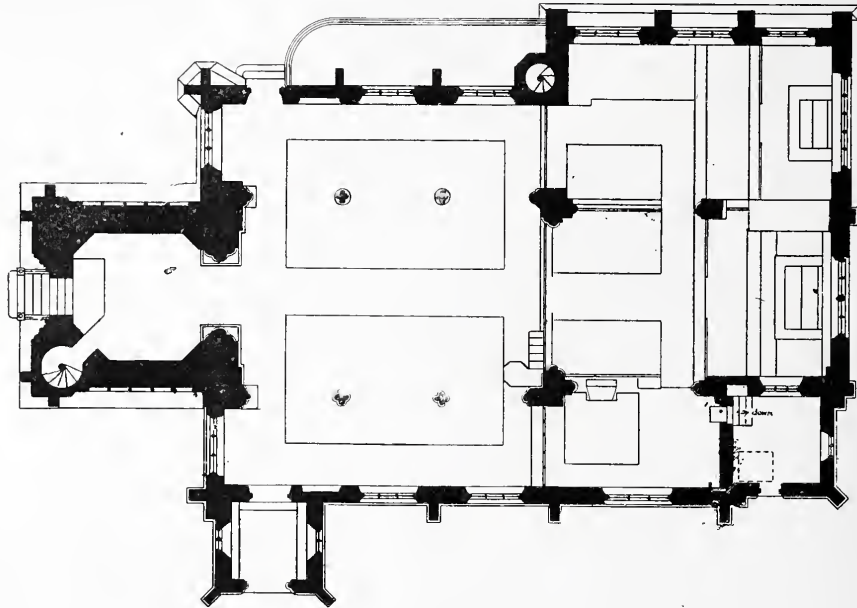
the language of Chaucer or Shakespeare. Like Nature they are inimitable, and, as Browning says :—

“ . . . Nature is complete.

Suppose you reproduce her (which you can't)?

There's no advantage! You must beat her, then.”

They breathe the spirit of an age with which we have entirely broken, yet we persist in destroying these wonderful creations and giving sham reproductions in place of them—reproductions that might be compared to the mutilated translations of the Classics sold at a penny for the enlightenment of the masses. In these old buildings we read the aspirations, follies, modes of life, and changes of custom of a people. In former times the peculiarities of every county in England were shadowed in each—peculiarities which Sir Gilbert Scott said should not be imitated nowadays because they arose from difficulties as to material, &c., which then existed but since have ceased. Now those peculiarities themselves have vanished. We have so reduced everything to formulæ that we view even with dislike the changes of style an old building exhibits, and quite overlook “the essential unity.” The



S. MARY'S, STAMFORD.

Ecclesiologists at one time, we have been told, doubted whether it would not be right to pull down Peterborough Cathedral “if only they could rebuild it equally well in the Middle Pointed style.” It was left to another fate—“*Tempus edax, homo edacior*,” or as Victor Hugo puts it, “*Le temps est aveugle, l'homme stupide*.”

Sedding, though influenced by the atmosphere in which he was brought up, broke sufficiently free from the Gothic Revival to see that whilst we failed in our new buildings, we doubly failed when in adding to old work we tried to rival it on its own ground. Local characteristics he never ignored; we see them adhered to as much as possible in all his work. The sudden changes from a London office to life in Cornwall must have at once shown him that they were due more to the character of the builders than to difficulties as to materials and

site. “The localness of English Art,” he said, “is one of its distinguishing marks, a mark that the text-books cannot enforce. How can the text-books be at once general and local, comprehensive and particular, generic and specific? Study the Art locally, for that is how it grew; its institution was mostly with the horny handed workmen, so far at least as details are concerned; its foster mother was tradition; its cradle was the tradesman's bench. The patron might scheme the building work and direct the work, but he did not invent the details; indeed, you can scarcely say that anything was original in those days, so related was everything to what had gone before, and to what was going on elsewhere. No one supposes that what the books call ‘Norman’ Architecture was invented by the Norman patron at all: had it been so we should have found a parallel to Durham or

Peterborough in Normandy, which you cannot find. Of course it was English earlier than the Early English of the silly books, and quite three hundred years later than the true Early English of Saxon times began. Study the Art where it grew; so much of its historic interest depends on this, for the localness of Art

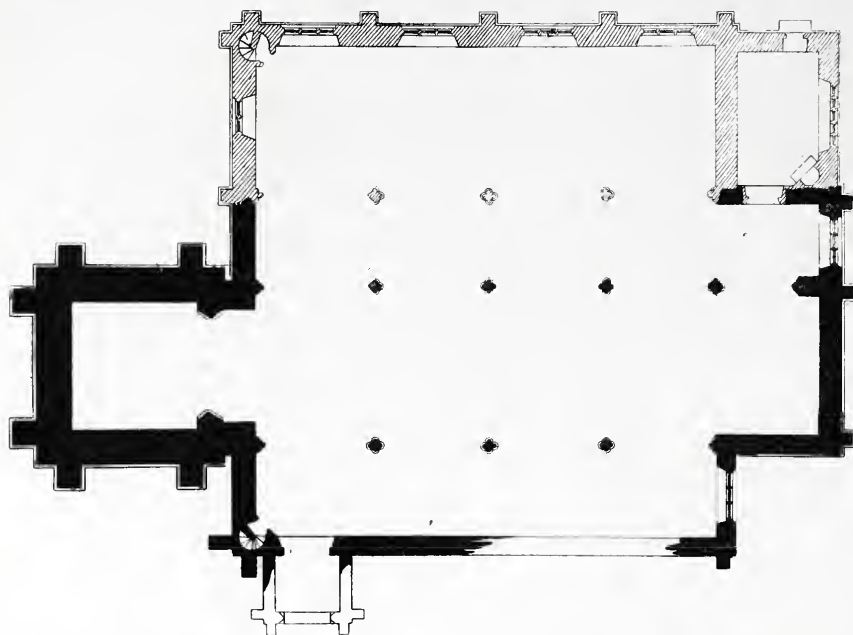
touches the types, features, general aspect, sentiment, of the work of a given district for many centuries.” Sedding's knowledge of his Art was “uncorrupted by books.” “Love,” he says, “further knowledge.” But love is a flower that will not grow out of book-lore and technical classification. Nor do we find him making Architectural drawings of buildings. It is probable that had the times allowed, he would have done Designs such as those submitted by Baldassari in competition for the completion of the west front of St. Petronius, Bologna, where two elevations are sketched in in freehand. His habit of making pencil notes of buildings, with the chief measurements jotted down, not only helped to keep the memory of the place, its lights and shades fresher in the memory, but acted as a stimulus to the imagination in cases of reference.





S. MARY'S CHURCH, STAMFORD:  
CHANCEL SCREEN AND DECORATION:  
BY J. D. SEDDING, ARCHITECT.





CALLINGTON CHURCH.

RESTORED BY J. D. SEDDING.

These notes he would often use as a basis for design, but as a basis only. "Of the relics of old handiwork," he says, "let us learn the secret of their charm, imitate their excellences, and put aside the thought that all good work must necessarily go along the same grooves and conform to the same conditions. We do our work under new conditions, and we musn't envy the past (envy never advances any one) nor despair of the future just because Art has changed its forms, and no longer radiates from a centre of far-reaching traditions. Let us not blink the fact, the old happy footing of Art is gone—gone as it seems for ever. What of that! The good qualities, the virtues that animated the good old work, are not dead and buried too. Goodness

cannot die. Goodness cannot be monopolised. I think there is truth in Quaker Penn's remark that all good people belong to one religion—

Our great society alone on earth  
The noble living and the noble dead."

Cornwall, which one might call Sedding's county by adoption, tintured all his work, and though we find its influence at times less noticeable than at others, it is always present. He says, in his "Notes on Cornish Churches," that he had often tried to analyse the sources of peculiar delight one gets from an old Cornish church, but that as often as he tried he had to give it up. "One cannot put that sort of thing into words.

There is very little to admire in the rough exterior of the churches of the county, in their unvaried outlines, or their unpretending features and repeated types, and the unsympathetic stranger, coming upon them with his mind stored with finer memories, would think them mean and rude, and deficient in interest. Yet to me they are always full of a peculiar inexpressible charm." This charm which he could not express in words he expressed in his designs. In Cornwall itself, the two old churches of St. Eval and St. Merryn, one would, perhaps, as an instance of this, first call to mind. Not that much work was done at either of them, but what was done was so in keeping with the local note, that one feels it is Cornwall itself that speaks in them.



CALLINGTON CHURCH: SCREEN.

J. D. SEDDING, ARCHITECT.



They are two long low churches of the peculiar country type, situated on a bleak moor overlooking the wild Cornish coast. Their towers stand high

is still used by sailors as a landmark in preference to the neighbouring lighthouse; the hot lime in the mortar has streaked its grey sides with white. The



ENTRANCE PORCH, HOLBETON CHURCH, DEVON.

BY J. D. SEDDING.

over the low roof line, as if to protect them from storms, like crouching beasts with heads raised against the blast. The tower, it is said, of St. Eval

sailors aver it to be whitewash used for their benefit as a guide on stormy nights, when the tide runs high.  
(TO BE CONTINUED.)



**S**OME OLD WORLD HOUSES :  
DRAWINGS BY F. L. GRIGGS ;  
LETTERPRESS BY BULKELEY  
CRESWELL.

IT has been set down in a well-remembered passage of Oliver Wendel Holmes, that there are three things in particular of all those contrived by mankind, upon which Time exercises a rare and special beneficence. A true and well-made poem is the first of these whose perfection is enhanced by time. The passion of joy or sorrow that gave it birth, has burst and vanished like a bubble in the passage of the years, and left the measure and the motive of the verse dissociated from the old prejudicial influences. A second is a fine violin, which, after a century of cherishing in the generous warmth of men's abodes, of throbbing in the rush of the orchestra, of sobbing and thrilling under the dexterous finger of the virtuoso, and singing the sweetness and the sorrow of men's hearts, grows at length so infinitely responsive and sympathetic that the daintiest modulation conceivable is effected at the master's almost unconscious wish ; while the third and the last is no other than a meerschaum pipe, which has attained a sort of intimacy to the touch by long handling, and has acquired a host of pleasant associations and memories that are awakened by its familiar form and reflected from its rich shining bowl.

Pleasing though these thoughts are, and fancifully as they take hold upon the imagination, yet it may be ventured with confidence that of all the shifts of mankind, the object upon which Time is most lavish in bestowing its mellowing and perfecting influence seems here quite overlooked. Surely of all things which owe to the charms of Father Time's grey mantle, *a house* stands foremost ; and would it not indeed have been a more perfect thought had "a house" filled the third place in the stead of the tobacco-pipe, which, when all is said, is in a poor case beside prosody and music. It may please us to suppose that had our author a more intimate acquaintance with such buildings as Mr. Griggs has so cleverly portrayed in these pages, his remembrance of them would have brought about a modification of this passage, for it has been said of such houses that "they appear to be maintained by England for the instruction and delight of the American rambler."

Nor in a consideration of the part which the passage of time fulfils in heightening the charms of man's handiwork can a house be set second to anything : unless, indeed, it be to another house of humbler style and simpler proportion, for it is a

delightful quality in the processes of Time that it is prone to enrich and decorate rather what is lowly and unassuming, than what is costly and ornate. There lies a strong vein of sadness in the ruin of a majestic edifice, be it church, castle, mansion, or palace, while in the latter cases there is a tincture of a more gloomy despond ; but we can scarcely meet with a more pleasing and grateful sentiment than that which hovers about a ruinous cottage—twisted, broken, patched, and desperately clinging together over the heads of the cottagers ; and even when we find it in its final case of dissolution, with rotten thatch and crumbling beams, it awakes, like the broken summer bird's nest in the winter hedge, rather a glow of pleasing images of the happiness and simplicity it has sheltered, than those sorrowful forebodings that are prompted at sight of the tarnished vanities of a palace. What a vast gamut of emotions lie between those that are awakened by the spectacle of a weed flourishing upon the king's terrace, and the same growing within a cranny of the cottager's home. The first is like to a token of dark lurking corruption, the other a jewel fresh from the fountain of all beauty.

That such eloquent appeals to our feelings—appeals at once intimate and inexhaustible—should lie for us in the crumbling homes of the people is, with many, a matter for wonder and speculation ; yet the reason is not far to seek. We are apt to forget that the major part of the charm and beauty which appeal to us in the relics of antiquity : in the work of the hands and minds of men who belong to a past epoch ; is not of necessity latent in the intrinsic merit of the object itself, but rather relies in focussing upon the imaginations, the limitations, customs, ideals and enthusiasms of a past age. And vastly more pathetic and moving does this become when we are confronted with the relics of those to whom we owe our national prestige, whose experiences we profit by, and whose impulses are yet throbbing in our veins. Mr. Ruskin, in the first paragraph of all his multitudinous writings on the subject of Architecture—in his introduction to "Poetry in Architecture," touches the heart of the mystery when he reminds us "how much less the beauty and majesty of a building depends upon its pleasing certain prejudices of the eye, than upon its raising certain trains of meditation in the mind ;" and if we further consider how that these simple abodes have been in general raised apart from any aspiration or assumption to Architectural dignity beyond the native taste of the simple townspeople who built them, we can understand how each carries on its front the homely story of its genesis, and that to those who have the eyes to see, the





OLD HOUSE, PLYMOUTH: SAID  
TO HAVE BEEN AN ASSEMBLY  
ROOMS: DRAWN BY F. L  
GRIGGS.



intimate processes and motives of the long ago master builder and carpenter, are to be read there. Untrammelled and unregulated by the prevailing taste in architectural design, each house carries upon it an unobtrusive individuality peculiar to itself.

In each we may read whether it was built for the well-to-do tradesman, or raised to form the home of the obscure artisan; which have been maintained through the centuries in an odour of pride and self-respect, and which have fallen away uncherished under the taint of an ill-repute attaching to their unworthy tenants; while upon all alike lie those beautifying signs and tokens of the elements, on all both rain and shine have left their russet tints, and those full, rich, mellow tones, of which the long years know alone the secret; and no stress of tempest has rocked the structure, no foot has passed the threshold, no shadow has fallen athwart the window to blot the sunlight streaming upon the pannelled walls of the snug interior, but has left its contribution to those subtle mystic appeals, which none can formulate or describe, but which no less truly and sweetly haunt the conscience, and imbue the mind with those softly-sad sentiments of by-gone times. Verily the aspects of these venerable, unassuming edifices affect us like a human countenance, bearing the traces, not only of outward stress and storm, of kind fortune and of adversity, but expressive also of the long lapse of mortal life, with its accompanying vicissitudes, that have passed within. The laughter of children has faded to the inarticulate stutter of old age, and again the rooms have rung with infant voices; and life, with its hopes and its despair, has played its little comedy, and kept a whole world of emotion and experience circling within the limits of the scanty walls. Youth, love, disillusion, old age, death, have trodden their course upon each other's heels from one generation to another, while the tale is still to run; and it is as though the dead walls had caught some reflection of the humanity that has so long stirred within and about them, and as though the age-scarred front, and the echoes of the friendly recesses, were able to yield forth, by some mystic and unfathomable means, a dim revelation of the pathos of our mortal life.

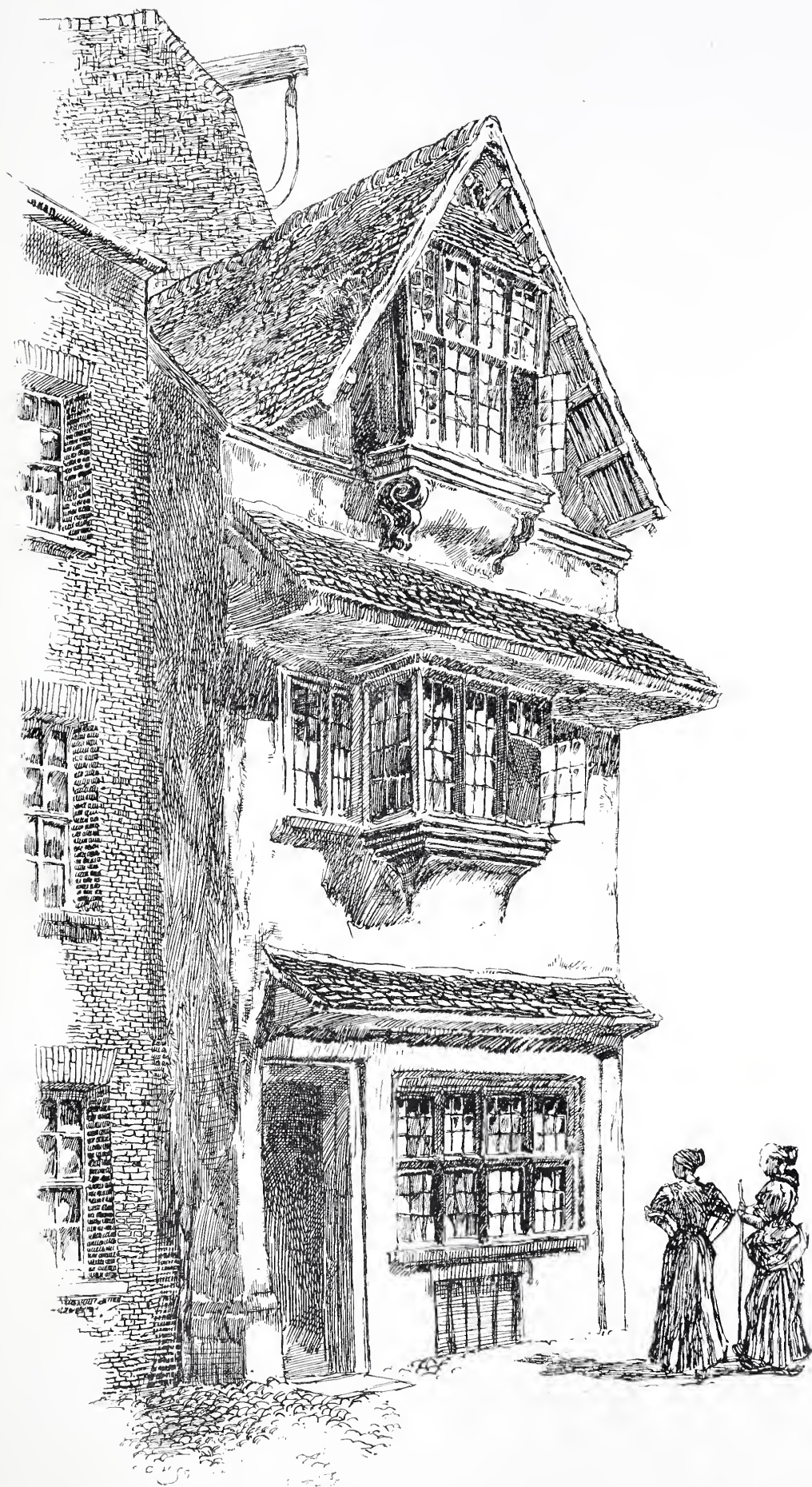
But the personal character (if it may so be named) of these old world houses, and the vague, lingering spirit of reminiscence which is so pleasant an attribute of them, is perhaps, after all, not their greatest charm for us. When we see several of them standing adjacent, they compel the imagination to some attempt at peopling them with the figures of their first tenants, and decking them with the circumstances, the manners, customs, costumes, and habiliments with which they were originally surrounded. The fancy runs riot to

picture the romantic scenes of history and even of fiction. These old houses date from the fifteenth century and onwards, but many of them are of a greater age; and we are entitled to think of them as looking on at almost the whole of our English history. When Howard embarked to fling himself upon the Spanish ships, these gabled fronts, with their strange overhangings and projections, and their lattice windows, were looking on; and, more than two hundred years later, they still gazed in their quaint, top-heavy guise upon the scene in a Portsmouth bye street, where the spare figure of another English Admiral, his sleeve pinned to his breast, made way to the beach to renew with rising hopes his long pursuit of another hostile fleet, and write, at the cost of his life, another brilliant page in English history. There are few scenes which linger more affectionately in the memory than that when Nelson pushed off from Portsmouth beach with the welfare of his country in his hand, and the blessing of the nation on his head. It has been thus described by Southey:

"Early in the morning Nelson reached Portsmouth; and, having dispatched his business on shore, endeavoured to elude the populace by taking a bye-way to the beach, but a crowd collected in his train, pressing forward to obtain a sight of his face—many were in tears, many knelt down and blessed him as he passed. They pressed upon the parapet to gaze after him when his barge pushed off, and he was returning their cheers by waving his hat. The sentinels who endeavoured to prevent them from trespassing upon this ground, were wedged among the crowd, and an officer, who, not very prudently upon such an occasion, ordered them to drive the people down with their bayonets, was compelled speedily to retreat, for the people would not be deterred from gaping till the last minute upon the darling hero of England."

It was in streets flanked with houses such as these that Cromwell's soldiers awoke the echoes with their clanking arms, and it was from such houses in the peaceful towns of Western England that people gazed forth upon the horrors following Sedgemoor. The heavy military boots tramped over the swept and garnished floors, and stumbled up the narrow rambling stairs; the stalwart men-at-arms ducked heads and cursed at the narrow doorways, and shattered the panelling with the butts of their pikes in quest of the hidden rebel, by whose capture not alone was his one life forfeit, for, perhaps, beside the wayward son would dangle from the street sign the body of the blameless old woman, whose mother's heart had yielded him sanctuary in his desperate hour. Nor was it only the hostels and inns that were equipped with signs in those days. It was the custom of all shopkeepers, or townspeople who practised a trade or calling, to hang





OLD HOUSE, NEW STREET,  
PLYMOUTH: DRAWN BY  
F. L. GRIGGS.



out a sign-board with some quaint design painted and lettered thereon, that bore no reference or token of their business or the nature of their wares. So, for his meal, a citizen might betake him to Master Wellman at the sign of the "Broken Pitcher," or for a flint to his gun to the sign of the "Blue Plough and Hedgehog." There occurs in the *Spectator* of Addison and Steele, a quaint protest against this custom. "Our streets," the writer complains, "are filled with blue boars, black swans, and red lions, not to mention flying pigs and hogs in armour, with many other creatures more extraordinary than any in the deserts of Africa. I would forbid," he adds, "that creatures of jarring and incongruous natures should be joined together in the same sign; such as the bell and the neat's tongue, the dog and the gridiron. The fox and goose may be supposed to have met, but what has the fox and the seven stars to do together? And when did the lamb and the dolphin ever meet except upon a sign-post. As for the cat and the fiddle, there is a conceit in it, and therefore I do not intend that anything I have here said should affect it."

It was under some such signs, and within such quaint timbered walls, that Dryden held his court at Will's coffee-house and Addison, his rival gathering, hard by at Button's. In these places and others of their kind, the wits, the poets, the men of letters, and the playwrights, foregathered to discuss the affairs of the Court and the town, and here the less successful collected the information, the tittle-tattle, and the scandal, with which they made up those news letters which they weekly despatched to their patrons in the country. In the dim, oil lighted streets at night, the watchman, armed with his rattle, cried the hours as he stumbled in the filthy gutters, to be, perhaps, later tied hand and foot, gagged, and left prone, at the caprice of a party of bloods returning home from a night's revel. Nor would these find the streets their own; like enough, they would have to make a fight of it before they reached their beds with one of those prowling bands of ruffians, who, in the last century, held London enthralled at night time; or, if they should elect to escape by virtue of legs rather than of arms, woe to the unlucky one of their number who, less swift by nature or by wine, should be cut off by these dreaded Mohocks, as they were called. Not only his purse, but the clothes off his back, his life itself, was at a discount, for it was common practice of these villains, after robbing and disarming their victim, to stand about, and, in the cant phrase, "sweat" him: pricking him with the points of their swords till he fell fainting to the ground.

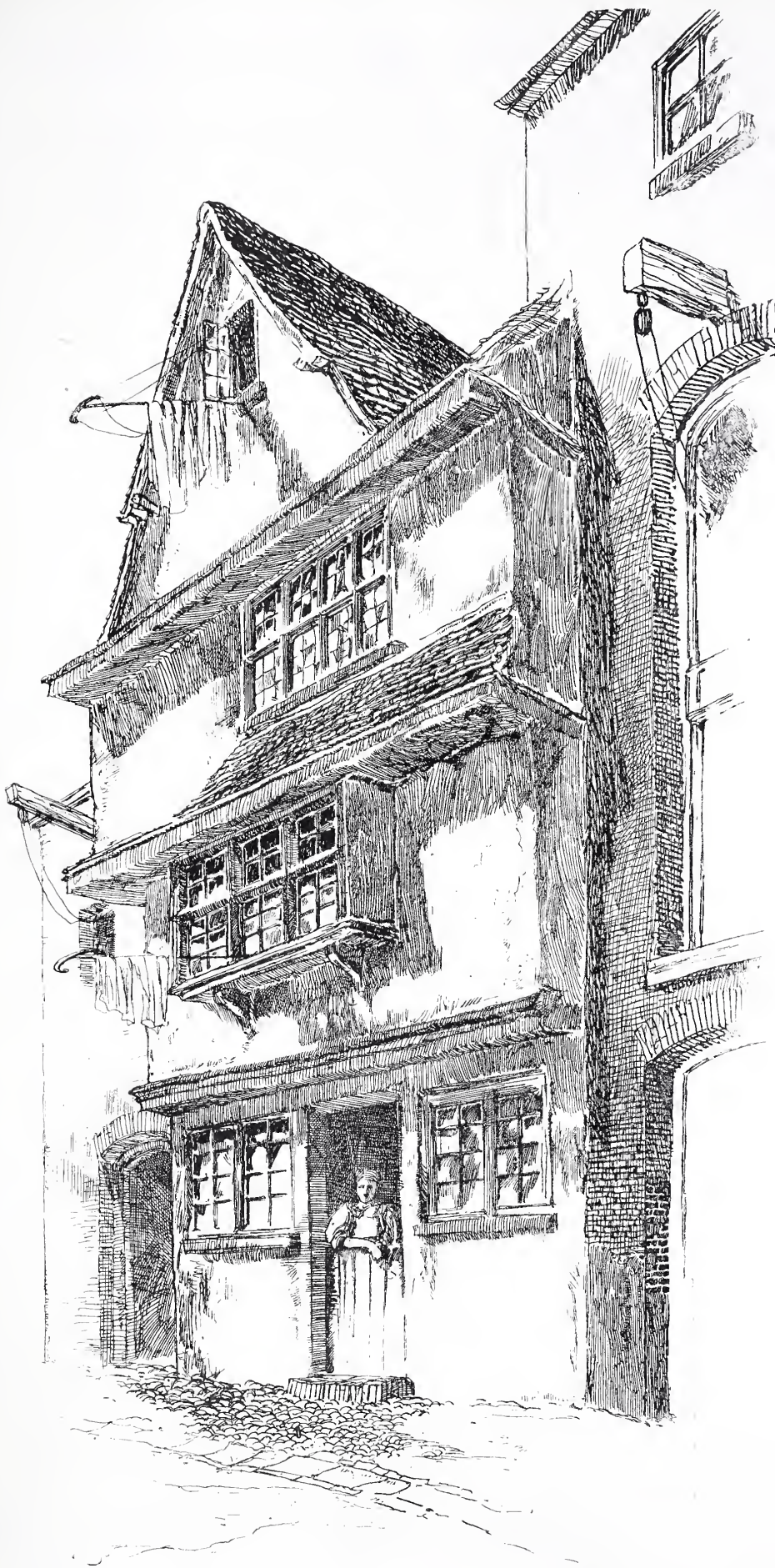
Half a century later, in the days of Grub-street, when the autocratic mantle of Dryden and Addison

had descended upon Reynolds and Johnson, and when Goldsmith, Garrick, Richardson, and Harry Fielding walked the streets forsaken by Congreve, Wycherley, Pope, and Gay, these old houses still stood shouldering each other by the wayside, and it was often their thresholds upon which the old Doctor so scrupulously avoided stepping, as he passed in or out.

In London, however, these pleasant relics of the past must be the first to disappear, and already, save at Staple's Inn, where the last fragment of Old London has found sanctuary, there is very little to be seen anywhere that will remind us that such buildings ever existed. Holywell Street and Wych Street afford a passing suggestion, in their narrow proportions and the broken line of the gabled overhanging fronts in some of their houses, of what the bye-streets of London were some two hundred years ago; but in some of our country towns the buildings stand, street by street, but little changed from what they were when the last Stuarts reigned in England.

Perhaps Oxford is the richest and completest in its complement of old world houses. The quaint irregular streets are flanked by the homes of the towns-people, as they have stood for centuries, intermingled with the colleges. They were the unpretentious abodes of the poor clerks in years long gone by, when the university was chiefly comprised in schools, and most of the undergraduates were perforce what are now termed "toshers." Some of these houses are simply plastered, and show no timbering upon their fronts, some gain in effect from carved bargeboards, while a few boast a richness in half-timbered gables and bracketed oriel windows; but each and all, however unpretentious or however ornate in detail, achieve a simple and complete architectural effect, in some picturesque superimposition of dormer over bay, or combination of oriel and overhanging gable, or ingenious grouping of window openings in their unassuming whitewashed elevations. The characteristic and ever varying feature in these humble dwellings is the oriel and the bay. A view of the "High" shows these breaking out from the walls in every conceivable curve and angle, into hexagonal, octagonal, square, or segmental projections, all in fancy-free combinations and proportions to the adjoining parts, which, besides aiding and effecting a series of interesting and often felicitous designs, and expressing them with a precision and completeness that is fascinating, reveal to the passenger upon the curving roadway a broken vista of oriels, dormers, bays, eaves, and projecting gables, which can hardly be matched anywhere in the world for picturesqueness and variety of beauty. And when this medley is broken, it is by the wide, grave frontage of some





ANOTHER OLD HOUSE: NEW  
STREET, PLYMOUTH: DRAWN  
BY F. L. GRIGGS.



grey-lichened stone building of the University, that seems to reprove the wayward variety of the humbler dwellings with the solemn aspect and serious mien of the academic life it cherishes within its walls.

The subjects which Mr. Griggs portrayed in these pages with such truth of sentiment and forcible *technique*, chance to be all from the neighbourhood of Plymouth, although they do not differ in character from buildings of a similar character and date which are found in other parts of Southern England. One speculates whether it was the contiguity of such picturesque structures as these that prompted or directed the genius of Sam Prout, who spent his boyhood in this place. They afford such subjects as in later years his pencil never tired to depict and idealise, and, in the days when he was growing to manhood, there must have been a great many more of such examples of the spontaneous architecture of the people than a visitor might dare to hope now to find in Plymouth. In these houses the crimps lay, like spiders on the watch, preying on the single-hearted pig-tailed tars that landed from the warships in the Sound, and who, in their houses, with their pay anticipated and signed away, were kidnapped, knocked on the head or drugged, and betrayed to the press-gangs that roamed the cobble-paved streets in the days of England's wooden walls. How keenly the romance of those days awakes in us when we view these rambling casual domiciles; we long to taste again our virgin delight in the adventures of Mr. Midshipman Easy. But these things are gone from us, and it is as though we caught an echo of our regrets in the old quaint houses that stand each an absurd anachronism in these days of steam and hurry, and seem to be in an attitude of patient expectation of the jolly, noisy, pig-tailed sailor men, who were wont to come jostling and slapping their thighs about the doorposts. Alas! they never

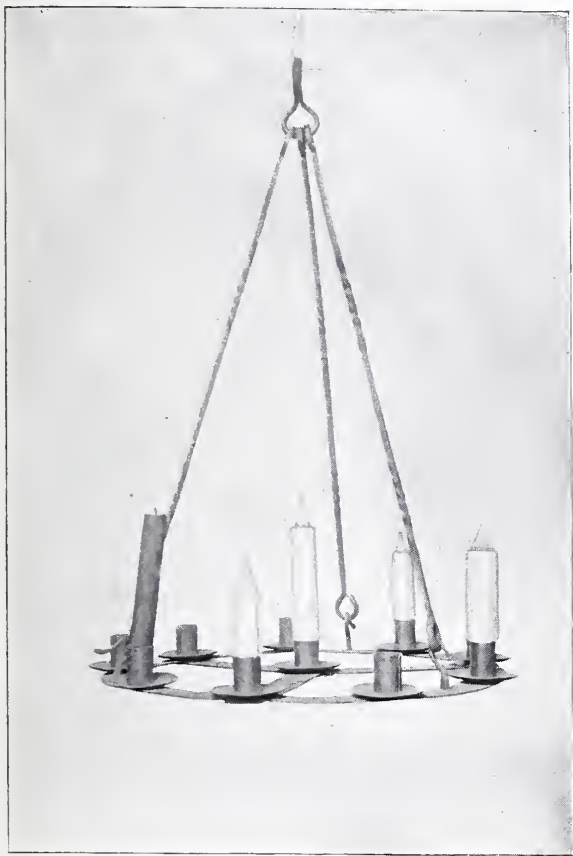
will again, and, alas! these old world houses, with their beams and their lath and plaster, are doomed to crumble and decay, so that very few of them will anywhere exist, when the inclemencies of but ten decades shall have fallen upon them.

## O N SOME IRONWORK FROM AN ARTIST'S STUDIO. BY J. STARKIE GARDNER.

FEW would be disposed to allow the blacksmith's craft a place among the Fine Arts. The roughest sketch in clay or colour by a good artist might be admitted into a fine art exhibition, but it is doubtful whether any piece of iron, hammered into shape while hot and plastic, has ever been admitted into such an exhibition, in England at least. The smith is a modeller, but those used



OLD ENGLISH ALMS BOX: DATE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.



A CROMWELLIAN CHANDELIER.

to modelling in other materials can hardly realise the conditions under which iron has to be modelled by the smith. A burning lump, roughly hammered to the required size, is snatched from the fire by means of a pair of tongs, and dabbed on to the anvil, an inadequately small surface of iron, upon which it has to be worked into shape. Before he begins to work upon it, the smith, unlike the modeller in clay or wax, must know exactly what he wants to do and how he means to do it. Experimenting means spoiling the iron, and having to begin over again. Supposing something like a head to be required, it has to be sketched in with a few rapid blows from a hammer before the iron has time to cool to redness. To get any such form out of it in a few moments is of course next to impossible, and the iron has to be heated over and over again before a satisfactory finish can result. Then it looks so entirely different when hot to what it does

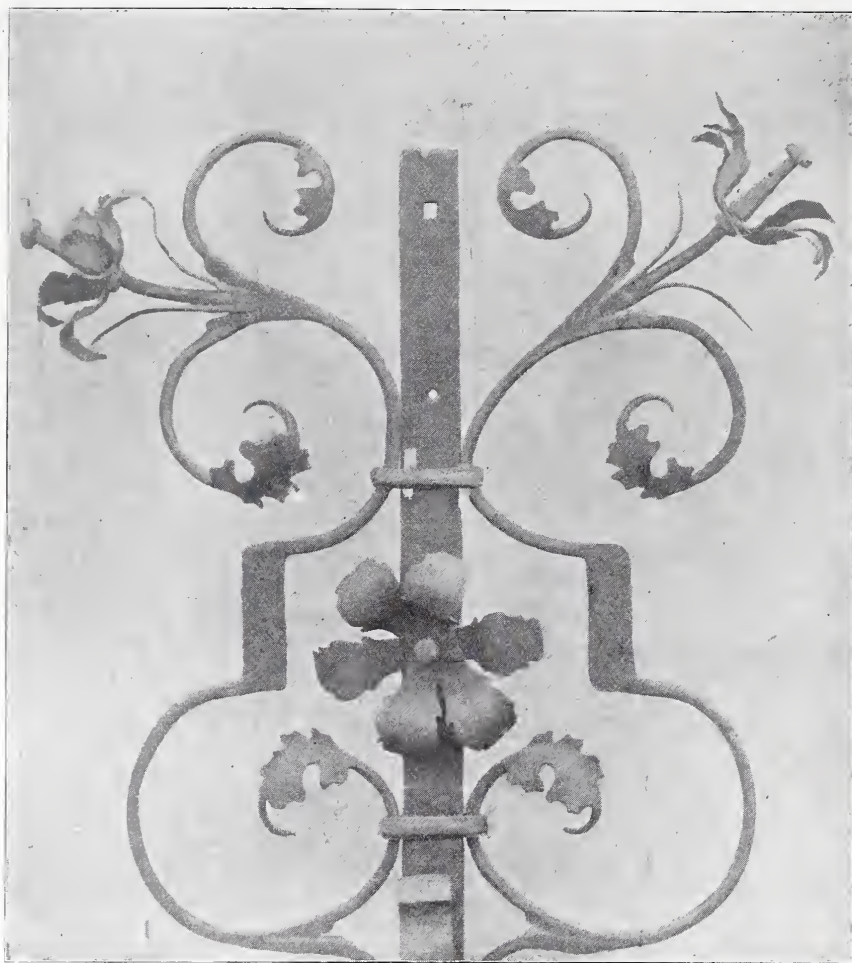
when cold. The mass is glowing and emitting light, so that no shadows are perceptible, and it must be held at arm's length, gingerly and by tongs, on the smooth and slippery anvil if at all heavy. Perspiring freely from the heat and hurry, unable to handle or even to approach it too nearly, the smith has to survey his work and decide whether to let it pass or reheat and hammer it. With such conditions, it is scarcely surprising that smithing has been left to the stronger hands of mechanics, for smithing has perhaps never yet enlisted anyone already trained in another art. The apprenticeship is so long and so tedious, the labour so severe, and the effects to be obtained so limited. Artists have, therefore, almost without exception, confined their connection with smithing to making designs, proffering suggestions, or employing the artisan to carry out the work under their supervision. Life in the smithy, attractive as it is in story and ballad, and manly and picturesque as it is in reality, still remains, in actual experience, rude, arduous, and grimy, and it must be confessed that, apart from the sympathy it excites, it is no occupation for any but the physically strong.

Though many smiths have, in their calling, developed keen artistic perception, there have been few real artists. Yet the material is so fascinating, its methods so apparently obvious, that ironwork has the keenest admirers amongst artists. We seldom enter an artist's studio or dwelling without finding some specimens of worked iron among the bric-à-brac; and we may well believe that examples so located, are tolerably sure to present interest of some kind, and are always worth more than cursory examination. Mr. G. C. Haité possesses numerous specimens, carelessly bestowed on



OLD ENGLISH CHANDELIER.





BASE OF A GERMAN FLOREATED GRAVE CROSS.

shelves and in odd corners, works full of quaint suggestiveness, reminders of earlier, more leisurely, days. The majority of the objects collected are Flemish. Among the most interesting is the old oak double window casement, which he has fitted up with its original shutters and ironwork almost complete. This consists of the fixed frame to which the glazed casement sashes were hinged, as well as the shutters which covered the glass to regulate the light in the absence of blinds. All the woodwork is flush on one face, and the hinges are composite, each with three knuckles, opening inwards. They are arranged to enable the casement and shutter to open as one, or the shutter of two leaves to open separately and fold back, while the casement remains closed. These hinges are very typical, strap-shaped, with foliated ends, and subsidiary straps bent at right angles following the frames. There are rectangular clamps at the opposite angles to strengthen the woodwork, and corresponding in design. The fastenings are equally complicated, and consist of a pierced plate on the fixed frame between the casements, holding a pair of vertical spring catches, released by pressure when the casement is required to be opened; while pierced plates with catches on the casement frames,

one of which is missing, hold the lifting latches which secure the shutters. This complex mechanism, with its boldly designed pierced work, forms a rich centre to the fine set of hinges, and, together with them, covers so much of the woodwork that the window spaces with closed shutters must have been the brightest spots in the room by night, as well as by day. It is full fifteen years since architects have recognised the decorative importance of finely-designed door and shutter furniture of bright iron, but the upholsterer is only at this moment discovering its value. An object more rarely seen in collections in this country, is the *tire-liard*, or the cylindrical alms-box, strongly clamped with iron and secured by lock and padlock. It is both more picturesque and more serviceable than the modern enlarged children's money-box fixed by a nail to the church wall. The curious

specimen of flat-beaten ironwork beside it is an example of a kind of work rarely used in this country, but extremely decorative and valuable in certain positions. The design would make a good finish to a cresting, gable-end, or chimney-pot. The two openwork crosses, of Gothic feeling with fleur-de-lis terminals, are such as may still be seen on turrets and gable ends of old buildings throughout French Flanders and the Netherlands, and in museums abroad, but which we should search for in vain at South Kensington. They are simple, but excellent in design, and put together in a workmanlike and substantial way. The difference in spirit between these and the more florid but no less picturesque base of a cross from South Germany will be appreciated at once. Neither a Netherlander nor an English smith would have conceived the curious spiky thistle leaves with which every scroll terminates. They are peculiar to the German imagination, and, though of the seventeenth century, breathe a mediæval spirit. The flowers are easily and simply made of straps beaten out and notched, placed one over another, and fixed by the central spike. All the rest is welded. The break in the scrolls, with its rudely scored lines, is very effective. Again, the handsome set



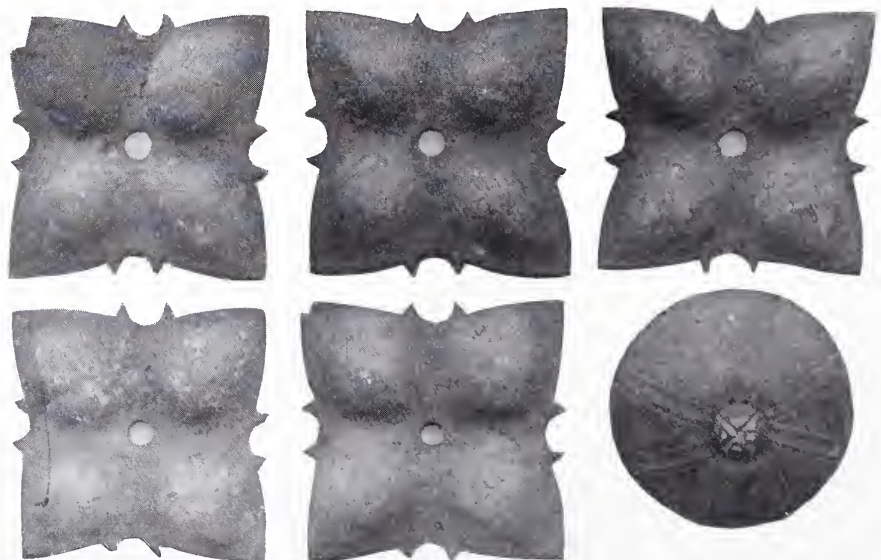
SWING LAMP, PROBABLY FOR SHIP'S USE.

of nails, one shaped like a half melon, and the others quadrate, are most suggestive of a decoration never properly made use of in this country, but which every Continental nation thoroughly understood how to utilise. No one who has visited Spain or North Italy will fail to recall the fine effect of the great gates studded with these richly worked bosses, which once stood out in gold or silver plate on blue or crimson grounds, forming the doors to the marble porch of a palace or cathedral. They are formed of stout plate, embossed and lined, and are merely washers to the actual nail which passes through them. Three of our illustrations are from remarkably picturesque, if humble, domestic utensils. Nothing could be more homely than the hoop of iron suspended by a cage-like dome of flat, split, bent straps, and furnished with arms ending in iron straps bent in the most primitive way, yet quite efficient to hold candles. It looks thoroughly suited to a seafaring or fisherman's home, and suggests innumerable variations which might fit

it, say in dull polished iron, for even a mansion. The singular hinged spherical cage-like object is also intended to be suspended from a low ceiling; and, like the Dutch Couronne d'offices, to which birds and small game were hung, would look well in any interior. Of even greater simplicity of workmanship and outline is the flat ring, on the upper face of which plain iron pans and nozzles are fixed, connected by a triangular strap, and hung on three rods, which may perhaps replace the original chains. Primitive as this is, it is probable that even royal palaces in England were lighted with nothing more pretentious down to the time of Edward IV. Though now neglected, the flat ring is far more practical and picturesque than the usual church corona formed of a ring on edge, and, with some rosettes and suitable chains and canopy, might form the basis of innumerable designs for chandeliers of simple and agreeable character. Such objects as these are only appreciated by the very artistic, but, nevertheless, they contain the elementary principles of design, and, as object lessons, are invaluable and even essential to

the student. A collection of this kind, rather than of more elaborate specimens, is just what the art schools require.

Perfectly unique, and undoubtedly the gem of the collection, is a small, chiselled iron alms-box, bearing the royal arms of England in high relief. Contrasted with the abundance of contemporary French work, fine Tudor ironwork is extremely rare. English work also differs, in seldom bearing any kind of emblazonry. The design is in the taste of Henry VII., and fixes the date as Early



SPANISH NAIL HEADS.



Tudor. It is evidently one of the small portable boxes which were fixed to a stick or rod and passed about when money had to be collected. It measures but 5½ in. in height and 3 in. in breadth, is rectangular, with richly-worked buttresses rising into short pinnacles at the angles, and standing on moulded feet, with moulded plinth and architrave, and some remains of a trefoil cresting. The sides thus form panels, which are intersected by a four-centred arch rising into a high foliated

terminal. There is a large fleur-de-lis on either hand above the arch, and within it the three lions of England, and a smaller fleur-de-lis with rosettes beneath. In workmanship this curious specimen corresponds with the best contemporary French locksmithing, though evidently produced in England. Though alms-boxes are not rare in the Low Countries, and many still exist in France, no other English example of mediæval date is known, except the magnificent and nearly contemporary one standing by the entrance to St. George's Chapel, at Windsor. This was also made for Henry VII., but bears the initial H. in lieu of arms.

## MR. JOHN RUSKIN AND "THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW."

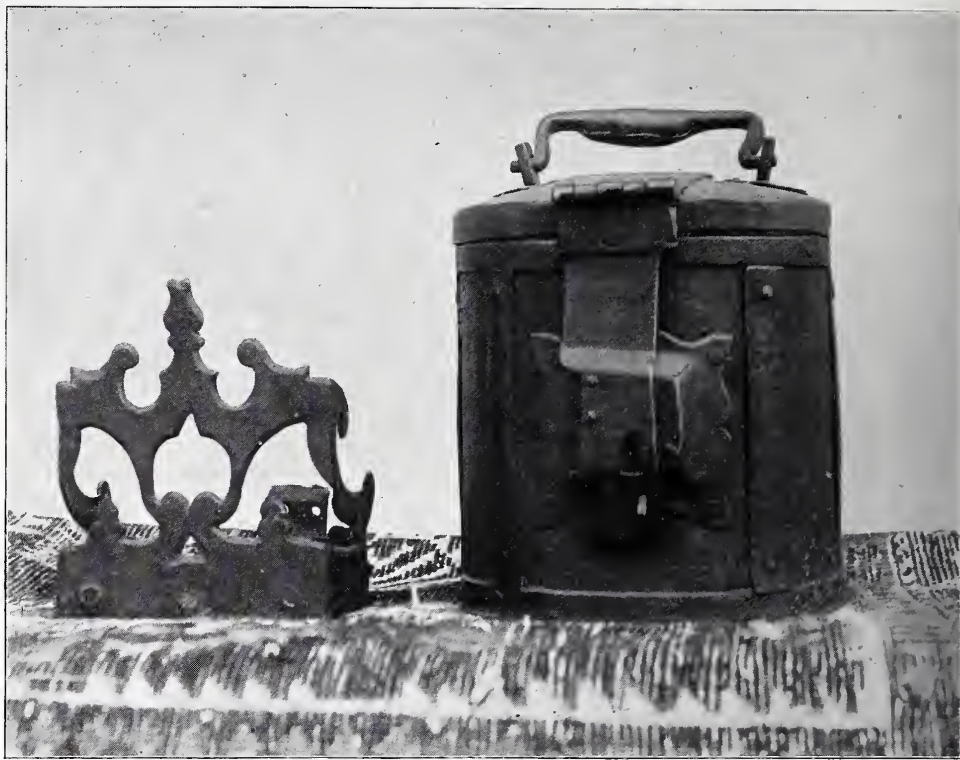
THE Christmas Double Number of THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW contained the reproduction of a drawing by Mr. John Ruskin, entitled, "Budding Sycamore, Sketched at Greta Bridge." The following letter has been received:—

Brantwood, Coniston Lake.

DEAR SIR,—I gave THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW to Mr. Ruskin, who desires me to thank you very much. He has looked through it all with great interest and pleasure, and says he considers the reproduction of his own drawing quite admirably done.

The letter is signed "Joan Ruskin Severn."

It will be of further interest to our readers to know that Mr. Ruskin has placed a number of drawings at the disposal of the Editor of THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW, many of these illustrative of Venice.



SPANISH BRACKET AND FLEMISH ALMS BOX.

## A SOMERSETSHIRE CHURCH AND ITS CARVING: ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY T. E. GOODALL.

FEW counties in England can boast of more interesting churches than Somerset, not only on account of those church towers for which the county is so famous, but by reason of a richness in wood carving and by the number of old church books, which throw so strong a light on the parochial history of the Middle Ages. Among the most interesting of these churches is that of Croscombe, situated a few miles from the city of Wells. Croscombe Church is dedicated to St. Mary, and is built of Mendip lias, with dressing of Doulting stone. It consists of a chancel, clerestoried nave of four bays, north and south aisles, south porch, two small chapels, and an embattled tower, with crocketed pinnacles and spire. It is mainly a fifteenth century building, although the south porch, the north door (now blocked up), and probably the chancel arch, are of the fourteenth. The glory of this church is undoubtedly its wonderful wealth of carving, particularly its chancel screen, which was erected in the year 1616—at least, that is the date it bears; and, it is one of the most beautiful Jacobean screens in the country. This grand piece of woodwork was given by Hugh Fortescue, whose marriage with Mary Rolle is indicated on the escutcheon on the south half of the screen, and who died in 1661.





A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF CROSCOMBE CHURCH, SOMERSETSHIRE.

It is much to be regretted that the lower portion was removed one bay eastward some fifty or sixty years ago, to enlarge the nave at the expense of the beautiful chancel, although, happily, from an antiquarian point of view the woodwork remains intact. The pulpit bears the same date as the chancel screen, and its details are of similar design, and form part of the same benefaction, as the arms of Fortescue on the pulpit door clearly show. The arms of Bishop Blake (1616-26) are also portrayed on the west panel of the pulpit. On the top of the sounding-board of the pulpit is a pelican, which was probably over the altar, as it was frequently placed there to symbolise the Holy Communion. The detail of these excellent carvings is worthy of the most careful examination. Strange to say, although every effort has been made to discover the name of the craftsman, the research has been unavailing. The chancel roof is also a fine piece of Jacobean work, as the tablet on the north wall, close under the wall-plate, may be taken as giving its date and donor. It bears three escutcheons: (1) Fortescue, (2) Fortescue and Granville, (3) Fortescue, Granville, and Northcote, date 1664.

The screen and pulpit, beautiful as they are, are by no means the only pieces of carving worthy of examination. There are the fifteenth century

carved-end benches in the nave, which, although they do not contain so much detail, yet present a very striking appearance and add much to the beauty of the Church. There is the waggon roof of the fifteenth century nave with its well-carved bosses, one of which bears the arms of the Palton family, although the most beautiful one is that through which the chain of the brass chandelier goes; this bears the figure of a sacred personage with right arm uplifted in the act of benediction. On two others are depicted two kneeling figures, male and female, surrounded by rolls which may be guessed to represent rolls of cloth, the cloth trade being the chief industry in Croscombe throughout the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The Palton Chapel, at the east end of the south aisle, where it overlaps the chancel, was afterwards known as the treasure house and vestry, and is worth noticing. The Chapel of St. George, also a transeptal one, has a fine roof, and its vaulting is supported on stone ribs. Its walls clearly exhibit marks of an inner chamber, probably used for the stowage of church furniture. The exterior of this church, although by no means devoid of beauty, possessing rather a fine spire, does not deserve that attention which the interior demands.





INTERIOR OF CROSCOMBE  
CHURCH: SHEWING JACOBEOAN  
SCREEN AND PULPIT.



THE TECHNIQUE OF GREEK COINS: ILLUSTRATED BY SPECIMENS IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM: BY G. F. HILL: CONTINUED FROM PAGE 273, VOL. II.

THE square shape of the incuse on the reverse is, in the west, only found on a few of the earliest coins of Sicily, where it gives place very soon to a



COIN OF AGRIGENTUM:  
BUNBURY COLLECTION.

TWO DIAMETERS.

circular design, such as, in other parts of the Greek world, was quite exceptional until the end of the fifth century. In thus early adopting the circular punch, the Western Greeks were presumably guided by the feeling that a square design was unsuitable to a circular *flan*—a feeling which the success of other artists shows to have been not quite so true as it is natural.

The principles according to which the field of the Greek coin is decorated are those ordinarily belonging to sculpture in relief. Before dealing with the more advanced types, we may glance at the purely decorative treatment of the incuse square. For this, which by no means always contained an independent type, could not be left in the rude condition in which we find it on the earliest coins, such as that with the striated obverse; or another,



COIN OF CATANA:  
BUNBURY COLLECTION.

TWO DIAMETERS.

with the heraldic arrangement of two lions, to which we shall presently refer.

Several simple methods of decoration were accordingly adopted. The field was divided up by means of bars into four equal squares, or into four or eight triangles. By sloping the surface of each of the four squares was produced what is known as the "mill-sail" incuse. This may be seen at its best on the coins of Cyzicus, such as that with the archaic winged running figure on the obverse.\* Another form of decoration is the "swastika" incuse, which appears on the early Corinthian coinage already described.

But we may pass from these comparatively primitive schemes of decoration to the more developed types. The problem before the artist was, of course, that of fitting his type into the field. Very exceptionally, he so treated the field as to make it fit the type, as in the remarkable coin of Calymna, in which the edges of the incuse impression follow closely the outlines of the lyre. The majority of the early types are, however, animals, and these are, as a rule, treated in various conventional ways. The most striking, because



COIN OF METAPONTUM:

TWO DIAMETERS.

the least artistic, method adopted is that of distortion. In order to fit the circular space of the obverse, the head of the animal (it is meant for a bull) on the electrum coin of Samos, which is illustrated, is turned back in a possible but somewhat strained position. The winged figure on the coin of Cyzicus, already alluded to, is not meant to be kneeling, but running, and the natural bending of the knees in this action is exaggerated, probably in order to fit the figure into the circular space available. These naïve conventions, of course, mostly disappear with time. On later coins the difficulty of adequately filling the space is surmounted by means of adjuncts in the field—symbols, sometimes attributes of the type, sometimes the signet of the

\* See the illustrations on page 271, Vol. II.



authority responsible for the issue of the coin, are placed in the field—and the disposition of the letters of the legend is of great service in filling the vacant space. The early ten-drachm piece of Syracuse (struck immediately after the great defeat of the Carthaginians at Himera, in 480 B.C.) is a good instance of the bold use of all these means. On this coin the four dolphins, the legend, the figure of Victory, and the lion all have a historic or religious meaning, but their value from an artistic point of view is also obvious. In spite, or perhaps because, of the archaic character of the work, this coin is one of the most fascinating in the Greek series. The later ten-drachm pieces of Syracuse, struck after the defeat of the Athenians at the River Assinarus, are more showy, but hardly more interesting. The head of Persephone crowned with corn (on the coin made by Evaenetus) and that of Arethusa (on Cimon's piece) are larger in proportion to the dolphins and the lettering; the relief is, of course, executed in the finest style and without a trace of archaism. Compare the treatment of the chariot and horses on Cimon's decadrachm (illustrated here) with that on the archaic decadrachm (p. 272). But while it is perhaps possible to tire of these coins, especially of Cimon's, their predecessors never lose the charm of an honest and promising attempt to surmount difficulties. And some fault may, perhaps, justly be found with the way in which the legend on the later coins has been reduced to insignificance. On the other hand, the disposition of the legend and symbol (a bell) on the charming coin of Catana, which is figured here, is thoroughly effective. As a characteristic specimen of the composition of types towards the close of the fine period, we may pass to a coin struck more than a century later than those of Cimon and Evaenetus. Lysimachus, king of Thrace, placed on his coins an idealised head of Alexander the Great, decorated with the ram's horn of Zeus Ammon; on the reverse he represented Athena seated, with shield and spear, and holding a little Victory; his name and royal title are written in two parallel lines; and the remainder of the field is more or less occupied by varying letters and monograms, denoting the mint of emission or the name of the mint official (p. 271). The exact significance of these symbols and letters is more often than not a matter of great obscurity.



DECADRACHM:  
BY CIMON.

TWO DIAMETERS.

If we seek among Greek coins for a specimen of the perfect adaptation of a type to the circular field, we may perhaps find it in the coin of Elis, which bears a representation of a circular shield charged with an eagle rending a hare. Here the natural attitude of the bird lends itself perfectly to the space which it is required to fill. Or, take again the two eagles standing on a hare, the type of a coin of Agrigentum (figured here). The scene is perhaps more vigorously rendered than any other on a Greek coin, and the arrangement within the circular field is faultless.

More artistic than the principle of distortion is that of opposition, which, by the modern mind, accustomed to the heraldic character of modern coin-types, might have been looked for more often than it is found on Greek coins. The coins attributed to Cræsus, the fabulously wealthy king of Lydia, bear on the obverse the foreparts of a lion and a bull opposed. An electrum coin of about the same time, but of uncertain attribution, bears a heraldic scheme of two lions, which, as may be seen from the plate (p. 271), closely resembles the arrangement on the Gate of Lions at Mycenæ. The heads of the lions are reverted; but this is only due to the artist's inability to represent them facing, as they were once represented on the Gate of the Lions. Occasionally we find two dolphins swimming in opposite directions. From Lycia, where they made many experiments in types, comes a coin in which the

foreparts of two boars are represented conjoined, and moving (or rather, like the crews in Mr. Punch's boat-race, trying to move) in opposite directions. Finally, the janiform head, whatever may be its significance, is not infrequently used as a type.

Although these conventions of distortion and opposition occasionally endure into the fine period (of course, in a very much modified form), the artist, as we have said, is usually enabled to dispense with them, by his greater skill, and by the employment of other means of filling the field. As regards the obverse, the human head—always the most difficult object to reproduce—became, in the end, the usual type. But the composition of the reverse (as those acquainted with modern medals will easily realise) is the test of genius. No better instance of a successful disposition of very simple materials could be found than the reverse of the

coins of Amphipolis in Macedonia. The legend is arranged on a square frame, within which is the race-torch, alluding to the races celebrated at Amphipolis. The flame, it will be noticed, is blown back as though the torch were actually being carried by a runner; and the balance of the design is preserved by the mint-letter A being placed in the opposite corner of the square. The ordinary use of symbols may be illustrated by the plough on the reverse of the coin of Metapontum, in Southern Italy, here illustrated. More elaborate are the symbols on the coin of Catana in Sicily, figured in the plate. The god of the river on which the town stands is represented by a human-headed bull, while above him is a water-bird, below him a fish. Here, then, the upper symbol symbolises the surface, the lower the depths of the waters, which are represented by the bull himself. It would be easy to multiply instances of quaint devices of this kind, but those who wish to pursue the subject must turn to the pages of Gardner's *Types of Greek Coins*, in which this, and indeed most of the points with which we are dealing, are treated in great detail by a master of the subject. The large coins of Mithradates the Great may be taken as characteristic of the way in which the pieces of the "late decline" of Greek art were decorated. On the reverse of the silver four-drachm piece (its obverse, which is not shown here, bears the clever head of the king reproduced in Ruskin's *Aratra Pentelici*) we find, in the first place, a very much conventionalised ivy-wreath. Within is a browsing stag, surrounded by the legend ("Of the king Mithradates Eupator"), the constant royal symbol of the star and crescent, the year and month (in this case the ninth month of the year 222 of the Pontic era, *i.e.*, 75 B.C.), and two monograms of monetary officials. The inscription is here written in straight lines, and this method is, on the whole, the more common in Greek coins, except those of Sicily, until Imperial times, when the circular legend becomes almost universal. We must not, however, trespass on the subject of the Imperial coinage, which, except in Rome itself, has exceedingly little artistic interest, great as may be its historical importance.

Of the process of preparing the dies of the coins with which we have been dealing, so little is known that it is not advisable to speak at length, this being a point on which the evidence of the coin is not always easily understood. We have already spoken of the softness of the material, and the resulting variety of type and detail. The comparative ease with which such soft material could be worked is partly responsible for the careless workmanship by which so many coins, which are really of fine style, are disfigured. A slovenliness, combined with great cleverness, similar to that which everyone must have noticed on Greek vases, especially of the later

periods, is found on too many Greek coins, after the archaic period.

The instrument used for engraving dies seems to have been, at any rate in Greek times, the wheel. The round sinkings left in the die were smoothed away by the more careful workman. They are generally more or less noticeable, however, in the lettering, where the ends of the letters are slightly blobbed (for instance, on the early ten-drachm piece of Syracuse already described). The blobs are no disfigurement when kept down in size and numbers, but in late times and outlying districts it is not uncommon to find the letters reduced to a series of groups of pellets, which it needs a highly-trained eye to decipher.

Without actually handling the original coins it may be difficult to appreciate many of their qualities which I have endeavoured to describe. But one feature of Greek coins will, I hope, have become obvious in the course of this paper. It is the freshness of style, the evidence of the workman's individuality, which are obscured by the modern process of engraving and striking. Even in the case of a mere border of dots—which in the Greek coin are arranged by hand, while the modern engraver first draws his circle with a pair of compasses—the difference in favour of the Greek artist is sufficiently clear and instructive. Still, the modern die engraver, perhaps, deserves our pity more than the abuse which generally falls to his lot. His task, if he set about producing a real work of art, is so much more difficult than that of his predecessor, as his work is reproduced in enormous quantities by machinery, and as any little deviation from mechanical tradition, any slight evidence of genius, would call down criticism from a quarter more to be dreaded than that from which he at present suffers it.

JOHN BELCHER AND MERVYN E. MACARTNEY'S "LATER RENAISSANCE ARCHITECTURE IN ENGLAND:"  
BY HALSEY RICARDO.

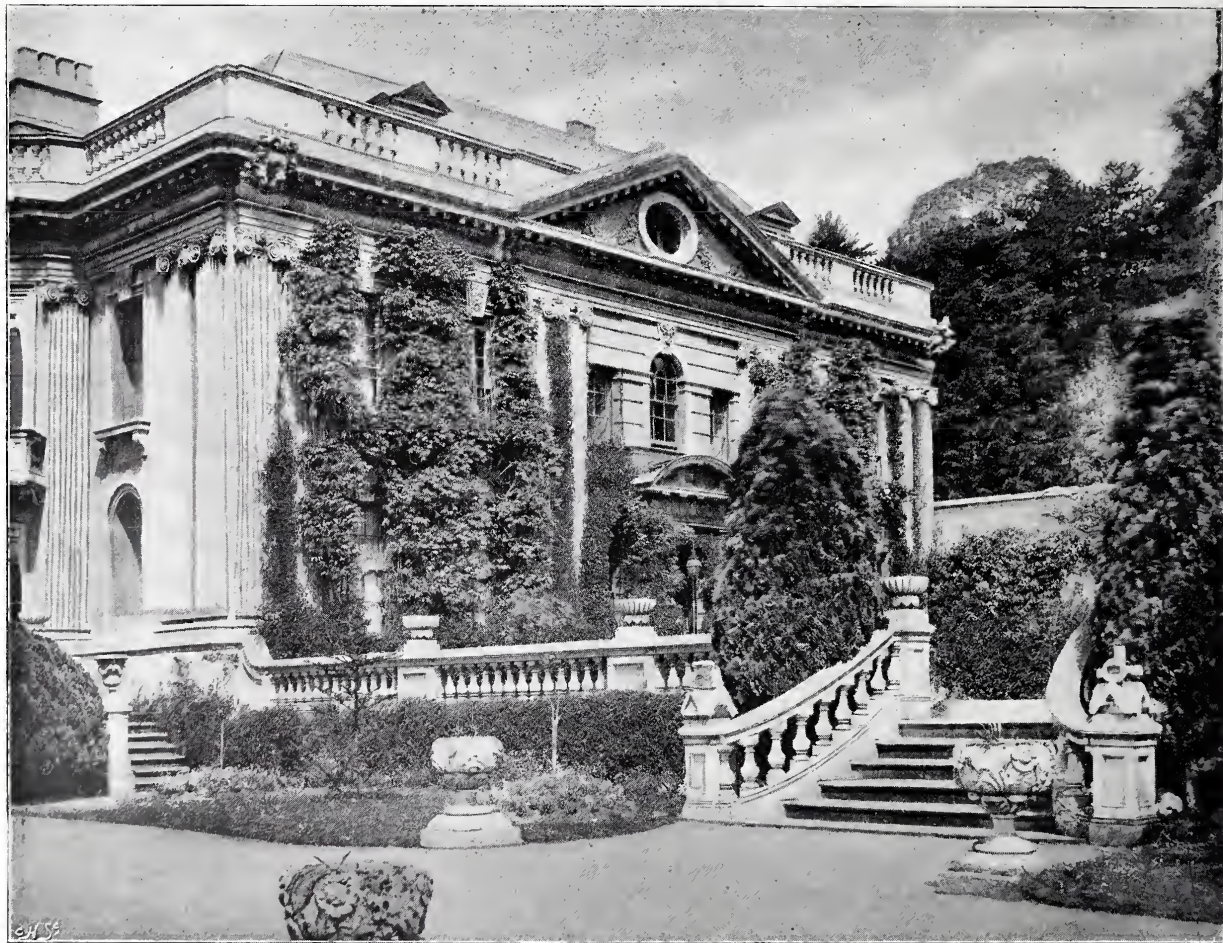
THIS is a very sumptuous and beautiful publication, the subjects chosen—judging by the first two parts already issued—with considerable discrimination, and presented in such a way as to make one exclaim (were one not warned by past experience as to the rashness of such statements) that this must surely be the "non plus ultra" in the way of illustration. The editors, in their brief "Introduction," seem to recognise the carrying power of their examples; and, with something of the same feeling that caused the late Mr. Ducrow to rein in his assistants with

"Later Renaissance Architecture in England," by John Belcher and Mervyn E. Macartney. London: B. T. Batsford.



monition to "cut short the cackle and come to the horses," have realised that the horses in their circus (with respect be it spoken) are the real attraction, and have curbed their powers of description almost within the least possible quantity desirable. Apart from the technical difficulties of securing, by photograph, such exceedingly awkward subjects as, for instance, the interior view of the Radcliffe and Trinity College libraries, the Skinners' Hall interior, the staircase in a house at Guildford, and the corridor in the house at Epsom, which seem to us

earlier work, this is undiscoverable from his photograph. Here, the value of guidance is shown. How well is the stately pile of Hampton Court Palace displayed in the view of the river front! Take, for another example, that beautiful view of the interior of the Palladian Bridge at Wilton. This latter seems supreme as a representation of Architecture. That subtle and evasive spirit that flickers over a building—the poetry and enthusiasm of the mind that created the building—seems now caught and fixed. We seem to feel the



WIDCOMBE, BATH.

perfect triumphs of the camera, there is the important and too often overlooked necessity of securing a happy point of view: the point of view that shall do justice to, and exhibit the quality of the building. The unguided photographer's ideal is to represent the utmost possible of the building, or else some feature carefully disconnected and shut off from its setting, so that its main beauty, the way it stands to its surroundings, either by gathering up the charms scattered elsewhere and displaying them in rich concentration on itself, or by its simple ministration aiding the general effect; or again, if an interpolation, by its historical ingenuity in getting itself incorporated with the

warm touch of the hand, to hear the sound of the voice long still. It is a triumph of reproduction.

One plate only, the general view of Greenwich Hospital, seems to bring before us the error of distortion, that the camera is so sadly prone to. Of the other kind of distortion consequent on a single-eyed view of a building by a lens corrected to present all parts of the field in sharp focus, there is, so far as we know, no riddance. The brief introduction gives a slight summary of the architecture from the sixteenth to the nineteenth century (Inigo Jones, 1573-1653, to G. Dance, Jun., 1741-1825), with notices of the chief actors in this period.

We close the volume regretfully: the review of



the illustrations has been like witnessing the passage of some mighty army—gone now from us—forever gone. We can hear the tramp still, and faint snatches of the choral music are brought to us on the backs of the gusts of the wind; the heart of the army is gone, away over the horizon, with its pomp of music and colour—its armour multiplied the sunshine—the pennons fluttered gaily in the breeze the movement of the troop created—there was a riot of colour from mantle and flag—amid the rattle of the trumpets was the great diapason

enemies they fought, are not ours—they are a spectacle, romantic, picturesque, beautiful, but they are of us no more.

And yet we are the strict heirs of the Renaissance, the starved outcome of that movement which was to fold art within the shelter of enlightened taste, and to protect it from the licence of unordered enthusiasm. "Autumn came—the leaves were shed—and the eye was directed to the extremities of the delicate branches."\* "The Renaissance frosts came, and all perished."



HAM HOUSE, PETERSHAM: THE ENTRANCE FRONT.

of men's voices, shouting their battle-hymn, while the rhythmic throb of the drum beat a pulse to the whole host, audible to those in the rear. Even the last troops are now passed away: in the elysium of shadow some of them still survive; these we summon by book and bell, but the blood in their veins is mortal now no more. Ages of years were taken in the passing, and generation of men followed generation of men. Each man touched the one in front of him and called him father: throughout the long ranks one hails the other kin. They are passed, and between us and them is impassable space. The words of command that thrilled them on the drill ground and parade are meaningless sounds to us: their discipline, their evolutions, the

With deep insight and matchless power of explanation Ruskin has analysed for us in the "Stones of Venice" the peculiar qualities of the Renaissance, leaving—so fine is his discrimination and so rich his illustration—little to be said either in detail or development. But it has been a hard saying for us. So rich and beautiful were the hues of that "Autumn," so dainty and brilliant the crystal tracery of that "frost." What was amiss with an art that rears such supreme buildings, unsurpassed and unsurpassable, of their kind? It was art living on its own capital, and heading straight for bankruptcy. Capital is never so glittering, so brilliant,

\* Ruskin's "Stones of Venice," Chap. xx., Sect. xxxi.



so attractive as when, during the spendthrift's reign, it passes through his fingers. Let us view this aspect a little more specifically. When, with the revival of letters, came the changed attitude of mind that followed as a consequence—when the past, no longer buried, was to be the present and the future—it found the craftsmen heirs of traditions that reached back beyond the date of their history. Dante, for all his mythology, knew no Greek, but the builders of his time were masters of practices that were employed when Rome was a Republic. It is hard to sufficiently recognise the intense vitality of Roman institutions. The unbroken line of Cæsar came to an end within the memory of men living now. Roman law rules most of Europe. Roman language voices European thought, and sets in exact phrase modern science. And the Romans were mighty builders. They created. Step by step they encroached on the world of possibility—they entered the kingdom of faery and wrenched therefrom dreams of magnificence, whose ruins still overshadow us with the daring of their construction. They built with imagination, but it was imagination based on most minute and patient observation, coupled with shrewd homely gifts of ready resource. The imagination still survives, patent and vivid to even the careless spectator—but the subtle devices, the quick shifts, the ready evasions and dexterous alterations are not so obvious and require a trained eye and practised hand to appreciate them. Think what such a school implied. Think of the mass of experience founded for the use of posterity! Experience of the most varied kind, for the Romans built wherever they conquered. They had to adapt themselves and their buildings to climates that ranged from Scotland to the Equator—to the use of materials from granite to mud—their labour was mainly unskilled, and their buildings wrung from the unwilling hands of the tribes they held for the moment captive. True, much of this funded experience was dissipated by the ruin of life and occupation brought about by



INTERIOR, PALLADIAN BRIDGE: WILTON.

each incursion of the barbarian—still there, in Dante's time, were the buildings in a state of preservation and of a number that we can scarcely realise now—so fiercely have the mediæval builders plundered and robbed them. "Quod non fecerunt Barbari, fecere Barberini." Then came the period of what is loosely called the "Gothic" period. Here the builders found themselves face to face with new problems. Their materials were different from the Romans—their construction was based on an essentially different social principle from the Romans—the uses of their buildings were different, and, without in any way intending or desiring to, they originated a fresh style of architecture. They could not help it. They were face to face with fresh difficulties: each stone as they laid it had to be thought over and commented on, its behaviour watched as the weights grew upon it or as the centering was struck—logical deductions follow one another with vigorous insistence—one step forward can never be the last, it generates a



whole brood of descendants, direct and collateral. So far as past methods applied they were used; but the mediæval builders were in too close contact with their forces and materials to allow them to waste time or power by using constructions not directly applicable; they learnt what to acquire and what to discard. And for nearly 500 years their education went on. Out of the compact and observant welding of the material grew the form; and the guilds of craftsmen knew the humours and the possibilities of their materials to the bone. Then came—and we will concern ourselves with England only now—as the result of commercial prosperity a leisured class whose ambitions were not solely military, who travelled, cultivated the fine arts, and erected buildings in the taste they had acquired during their tours abroad. They brought back with them memories of Rome, of Florence, Padua, Venice, and Vicenza, and as a natural consequence of this attitude of potential patrons, there grew up the race of architects—such as we now understand the term—men who went abroad with sketch-book and rule, starting in most instances with no builder's training, and came back to direct works which were to have, when done, a literary and cultured form. Thus arose the veil of paper between the architect and his fellow craftsmen. For a time all went well, or rather the dissonance was so subtle as to escape observation. Inigo Jones could call upon his workmen to carry out his ideas and they could come, strong and versatile in their compact stores of tradition, and play up to him—play up to his slightest nod. Foreign workmen had for some time been attracted by the liberal pay of the English patron, and had influenced their fellow craftsmen of England by taking apprentices and other forms of instruction. With the Renaissance architects of Italy, their connection with the craftsmen, and their contact with the materials was closer than with their imitators in England, and their superiority is due in consequence of this connection. But the dissonance, though subtle, grew steadily. More and more the architect disdained co-operation—more and more came the instructions from headquarters to the craftsmen, of developments not originating beneath their hands and consonant to their observation; but abstruse, to them inconsequential, mysterious, until at last all growth and life in the building itself ceased. The workers no longer raised the living growth of groves, the passion and colour of flowers; they sought out of the honey of past years and past fragrances, to distill the honeycomb—perfect in workmanship, faultless in geometrical precision, flawless in its purity of colourlessness. The architect's arm, though it stretched out slowly, reached far. Gradually fell off, frost bitten, the masons, the carpenters, the joiners, the cabinet-makers, the

metal-workers, the silversmiths. Tradition died hard—was a long time a-dying. The Romantic movement, the Gothic revival, gave it its *coup de grace*. The attempt to put back the hands of the clock some 300 years by sudden process sent despair into the workshop. Strange forms of uncouth joinery startled the pupils of Sheraton. Decent plaster was hacked off the walls to lay bare the irregular jointing of the stones. Down innumerable channels sped this flush of revolt; and the spirit of enthusiasm and of vigour in fight against the cultivated accuracies of design, correct yet lifeless, was fine. And yet this onrush, magnificent though it was, *n'était pas la guerre*. It was not architecture. To throw away 300 years of this world's life—architecturally speaking—may not be unwise, if you see clearly what it is you are throwing away, and what, after the process of rejection, is to be the next step. As it proved, this move was no change in the music—only a change in the key. The master-mind was as far away as ever from the material he was shaping—the human tools he was using were as alien as ever—blind, not knowing how and where they were going; they could originate nothing. Nor was that in the master's scheme of things. They were to make a stone model of his paper model.

The art of building died. Architects of to-day are like schoolboys making their copy of verses—nineteenth century sentiments compressed into hexameters and pentameters, eked out and shaped with time-worn features from their note-books, as boys pad out their lines from their Gradus of time-worn epithets. Such things may have a scholarly, extrinsic interest, and as a training in the use of one's faculties may have its justification, but as an end in itself—conceive Ovid's opinion on the sentiments and aspect of a ballad by Swinburne done into Latin verse by a sixth form school-boy! It is not that pilaster, column, buttress, and shaft are dead features—not to be used any more, they are as much parts of our architectural speech as the Latin and Gothic words in our vocabulary, but our use of them now is as unreal and as academic as the use of such language was in the Pastorals of Pope's time, when nymphs and swains, retiring from the poms of cities, fed innocent sheep by the side of purling streams. When “groves” were “impenetrably dark,” cliffs “horrid,” and May was credited with a wealth of flowers possible only in the opening days of July at earliest. Virgilian epithets were clapped on to substantives in full English wear, regardless of times, climates, and the customs of alien races. In such an atmosphere of scholarship and varied culture, arose these exotic buildings, whose pictures we are now regarding, at first checked, tempered, and strengthened by the quantity of life there was then in the build-



ing world, the wholesome common sense of the great fund of tradition on which these buildings had to rely; and then, as this power of tradition gradually atrophied, and the check on individualism relaxed, the buildings stalked away into the land of pedantry. What passion there was in the small handful of men that protected the tiny territory of Greece from the clutches of the vast Persian host—that produced their poetry, religion, and philosophy, their patriotism and chivalry—these humourists did not seek to ascertain; but they copied their temples and monuments. What it was that gave birth to and kept together that strong Empire of Far Cathay they knew not, but they copied its pagodas. If you call upon us to rear cloud palaces, to quit this actual world and attempt to live in the realm of faery, let us be as phantastic as our minds can desire. Let us make our Architecture a cult, explicable only to the antiquarian and the scholar—our buildings shall be poems, the "frozen music" of the singers of the Past; our buildings shall be stately beautiful, reared in the schools of the Past; our buildings shall be romantic, charged with the enthusiasm of the Past. Ah! if it only could have been! "The earth has bubbles as the water has, and these are of them."

One cannot regret the experiment, it has been so interesting whilst at work—we do not believe it will have much interest for posterity—and in the end, though the lesson has involved the ruin of many priceless buildings, and we are terribly poorer in examples of past Art, we have learnt much. The mere fact that we must base ourselves on the actualities of this world has at last reached our convictions, and we are beginning to look round and see what our resources are. They are boundless. Part of the lovers' prayer is ours—we can "annihilate both time and space," but it has not brought happiness. The limitations of time, locality, carriage, construction, and expenditure are gone. We have, amongst the many new materials, steel, with all its attendant possibilities, scarcely touched upon. Like the Romans, we can command vast armies of labourers; our slaves, it is true, are not human, but our engines transport material, lift weights, crush stones, mix mortar even better than the human beings they represent, since they act with unanimity and concentration. In building the commonest and cheapest house in the London suburbs, the lime comes from the Surrey hills, the bricks from a dozen miles away, the stone trimmings from the Corsham quarries, the fir planks were sawn in the mills of Canada or

Norway, the hardware is sent from Birmingham. Less use of our resources would increase the cost. On the other hand this increased facility in building has its own evils. Our various methods of annihilating space have brought a hurried and restless temper into our life—the labour market is open to all and sundry, and the rate of wages is decided by the minimum upon which a scamp can live. The system of apprenticeship is dying out; new methods of construction, new materials and their humours, bewilder the ignorant mechanic, who has no tradition or experience to fall back on. Our buildings speak only of the designer—the designer who sits before a drawing-board in an office—nothing of the locality—nothing of the craftsmen: when erected they, with their imported materials and foreign ways, might have occurred anywhere else, in this responding to their transient foreign owners. Like the novels and plays of our own time, they have a special interest to us; greater for the moment than the master-pieces of the past. They treat of passing contemporary hopes and fears, the little passions and opinions of to-day, and, though the last new novel issuing warm from the press claims its paramount attention and its thousand readers, we know that such regard is only temporal; and whilst the classics of fiction range themselves stately on our shelves, our descendants will have to disturb the dust of our reference libraries to discover what were the topics we fretted our idle moments with. Our houses burst, like Athene, from the brain of Jove, inasmuch at least that they have no past. Their stones are laid without history and their finishings unfold the inhumanity of the machine; and the result is that, speaking generally (except perhaps their designers), we care nothing for them. So far as they reveal any guiding principles, they exhibit either the affectation of the "æsthete" or the pedant; or else they respond to the wilful humours of the moment. It is not enough to reveal history, if that history is to be merely commonplace and ignoble: we must make history before we can build. And the quiet acceptance of the problems and methods of our day will suffice, at least for such building as, say, in the somewhat parallel time of the early Romanesque work, if, with resolute avoidance of all that is trivial, we set to work to evolve out of the materials themselves, each craftsman helping the other, a tradition that shall be as buckler and shield to us as we go on in our road of endeavour; and the time shall come when the Renaissance of *building* will be the subject of future illustrations and future reviews.

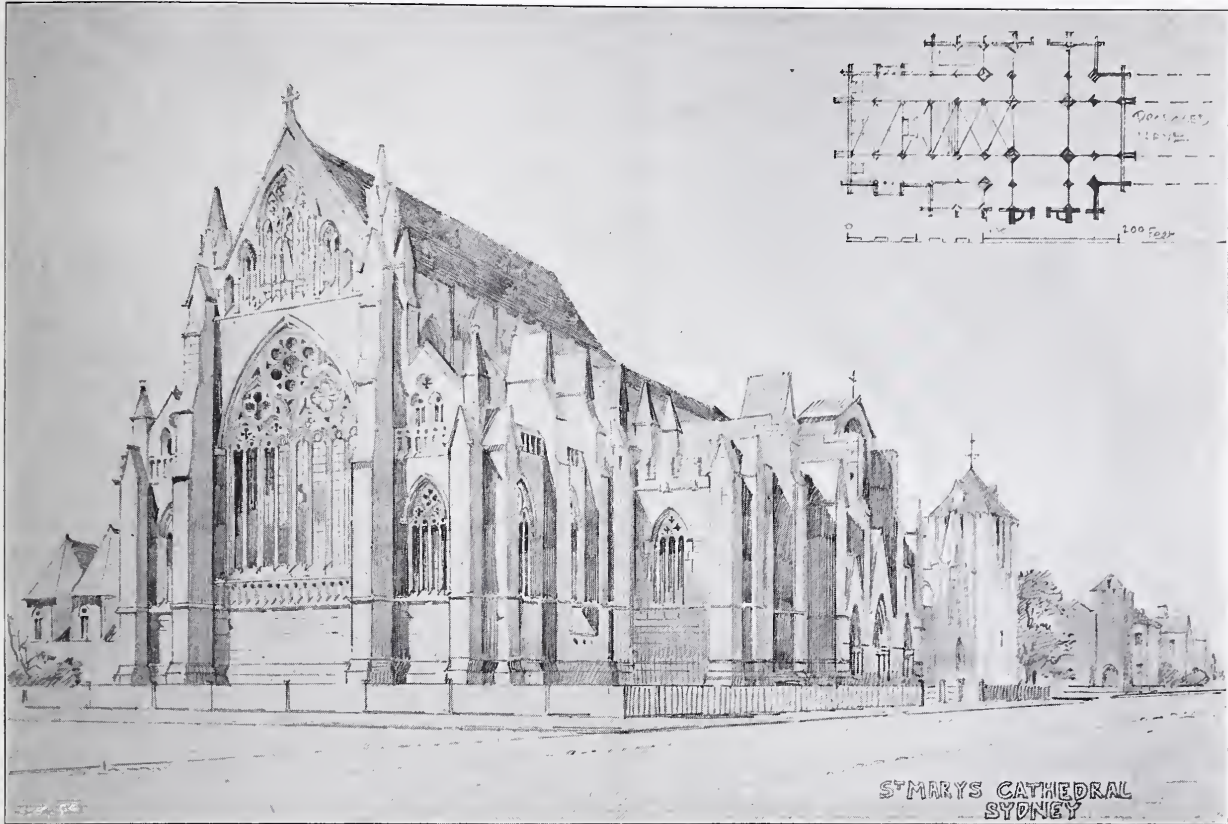






MELBOURNE CATHEDRAL:  
FROM A WASH DRAWING  
BY C. A. NICHOLSON.





ST. MARY'S CATHEDRAL  
SYDNEY

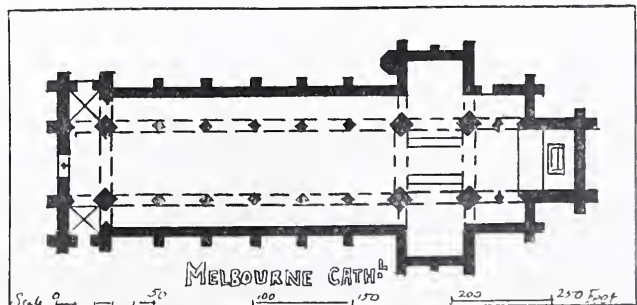
**N**OTES ON AUSTRALIAN  
ARCHITECTURE: SPECIALLY  
SKETCHED AND WRITTEN  
FOR "THE REVIEW" BY C. A.  
NICHOLSON, M.A.

THE city of Hobart, in Tasmania, is one of the oldest of the Australasian settlements, and, as it has grown up in a somewhat haphazard manner, it has more the air of an English town than many Australian towns, the older parts of the city, with their "Strawberry Hill" villas and Classic or eighteenth century Gothic churches, reminding one somewhat of such places as St. John's Wood or the city of Bath. The situation of Hobart is magnificent. At the head of a noble harbour, and under the snow-covered slopes of Mount Wellington, the buildings stand terrace above terrace, and, though these may not be of much merit in themselves, the city may almost be called a beautiful one.

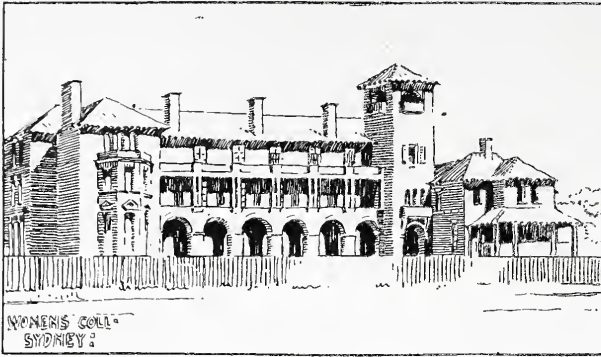
On one side of the harbour is a bold promontory, and upon this stands a large classic church of the St. Pancras type, the other churches in the city being mostly Perpendicular in character, one of these possessing considerable dignity of outline, with square, pinnacled tower, and lofty, embattled nave. But the Cathedral of St. David is the most interesting building in Hobart. Begun in 1868, from the designs of Mr. Bodley, it is a cruciform church of fair size, with aisles to both nave and choir, and is built of stone throughout. The

windows are large, and those in the clerestories are very close together, recalling those in some Norfolk clerestories. There is a large but rather thin-looking west portico, and a charming turret at the corner of the south transept, but no tower at present. The roofs are unusually steep, and covered with hideous purple slates, which do not improve the effect of the exterior; still, it is a stately building for its size.

Internally the effect is rather parochial than cathedral-like, probably because the transepts, whose roofs mitre with the nave roof externally, are masked internally by the nave arcades being carried across them in such a manner that the church appears inside to consist merely of nave and chancel, instead of being, as it really is, a cruciform building. There is a strongly marked chancel arch, and the chancel is barrel-ceiled and of admirable proportion as regards its cross section. It is of four very narrow bays, the piers being unusually thin from east to west, and deep







from north to south. The south choir aisle is fitted up as a chapel and its low-pitched lean-to roof is carried on stone arches. The nave is less original in design than the choir, having ordinary clustered columns, moulded arches, decorated traceries, and a steep open roof. Unfortunately, the supervision of the actual building of this cathedral appears to have been entrusted to hands other than those of its gifted designer. Thus the roofs are covered with diagonal match boarding and are besmeared with treacly varnish, the ashlar masonry of the chancel is of uniform sized blocks of stone scraped and dragged down to the texture of Keene's cement and neatly pointed with staring white mortar, and in the nave the walls intended for plastering have not been plastered and consequently the wrought stone dressings project considerably from the walls, with most unfortunate effect. Some of the fittings, too, are unworthy of the building, so that is impossible not to regret that, where there is so much to admire, there should be defects in detail which mar the effect of this fine interior.

Another church in Hobart is attributed to the late G. E. Street, but this again has been altered in execution and spoiled. The government buildings form a large irregular pile close to the cathedral, and are built of stone with flat roofs and open arcades in the Italian manner, but are not very striking in design. There are some good solid warehouses, about eighty years old, close to the quay, plain and unpretending and therefore admirable, and the small houses of the old settlers, a few of which are left in Hobart itself, and of which there are several in the suburbs, are often very simple and satisfactory, being usually plain weather-boarded cottages with sash windows, verandahs, and steep shingled roofs. One is struck in Tasmania with the gardens, which, unlike most of those in Australia, are neatly kept and well cared for.

A railroad crosses the island to Launceston, which is a few hours' sail from Melbourne. The scenery of the interior of the island is very much varied, and often very fine; at long distant intervals are good sized villages, some of them with little stone churches of the Pugin school, with plain

walls and roofs and small traceried windows. But the railroad passes also a rather effective church of Lombardic character, besides also a "Norman" building with two west towers and a corrugated iron roof!

Launceston is a most uninviting place, but the first part of the journey to Melbourne, down the river Tamar, is pleasant enough, the banks of the river being hilly and well wooded, and unspoiled by the architect. The approach to Melbourne is flat and uninteresting, and the first glimpse of the city is one of a chaotic collection of gasworks, factories, and mammoth hotels. The streets of Melbourne are laid out in chessboard fashion, and absolutely without regard to the levels of the ground. They run up hills and down dales in a manner which must be as inconvenient as it is ugly. The buildings which line these streets are high and florid, each trying as it were to outshout its neighbours. Foot passengers jostle each other upon the pavements, and carts in the roadways, while through the midst of all the confusion an endless succession of cable trams dash here, there, and everywhere the whole day long. One turns from all this hurly-burly into Butterfield's quiet cathedral, an embodiment in stone of everything that Melbourne is not. Needless to tell of the



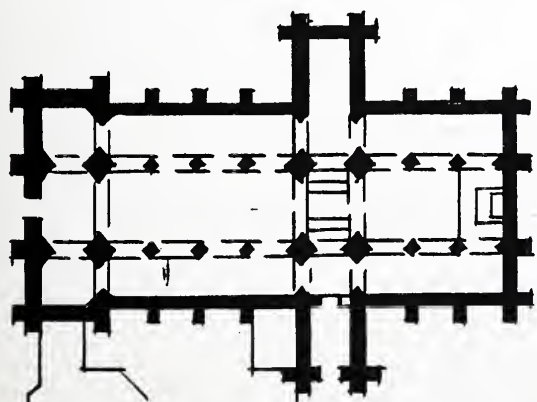
soaring proportions, the noble arches, the darkened sanctuary of its interior; the same qualities are to be seen in greater or less degree at All Saints,



St. Alban's, St. Clement's, and a dozen other of Butterfield's churches, but the colour at Melbourne is unusually successful, and the scale is magnificent. Unhappily however, as in the case of Hobart Cathedral, the building has been barbarously disfigured in execution. The stonework is apparently pretty much as Butterfield designed it, the exterior being plain and dignified in character, excellently proportioned, and built in bluish-grey stonework. It is a cruciform church with the stumps of three unfinished spires. The interior is built of yellowish stone, something like Ham Hill in colour, with bands and springers of dark-grey stone. There are fine, powerful tower arches at the crossing, and the sanctuary is kept extremely dark. The western bay of the nave is cut off from the rest by a stone arch, and forms a sort of ante-church, recalling the unsurpassed design of the west end of St. Alban's, Holborn. The roof is, perhaps, the least successful feature of the interior of Melbourne Cathedral,

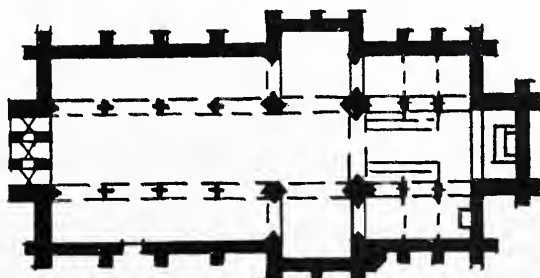
being an ordinary canted ceiling panelled with diagonal boards and with rather thin-looking arched principals. Altogether, the treatment of this roof is much less monumental than is usually the case in Butterfield's work, and it looks as if the design had been tampered with. The whole of the windows of the cathedral, except the nave clerestory, are glazed with Clayton and Bell's stained glass, rich and good in colour, if commonplace in design.

Unfortunately, instead of one of Butterfield's magnificently treated pavements, the floor here is laid with a perfect ocean of hideous encaustic tiles, without a single plain piece of stone or tiling to relieve the monotony of the vast expanse of meretricious ornament. The dados, too, are of shiny tiles of a sickly-green colour. The fittings—gas standards, benches, stalls, pulpit, sedilia, font, and organ case—defy description, and have been omitted from the drawing of the interior of the cathedral in consequence. As a whole, the



SYDNEY CATHEDRAL

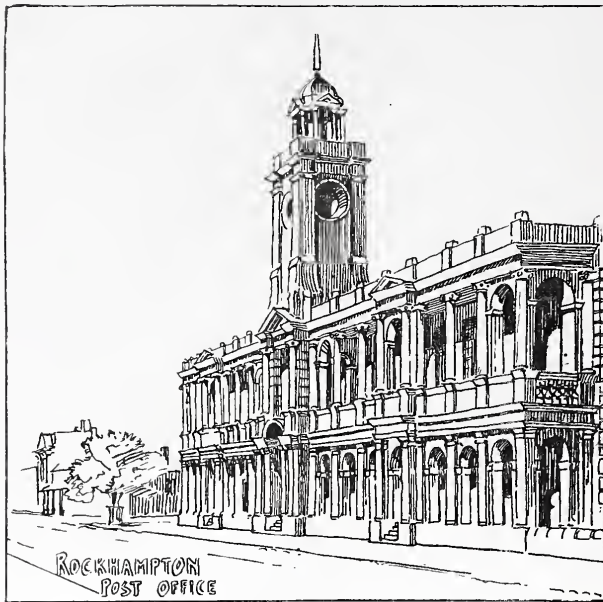
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HOBART CATHEDRAL

Scale 0 50 100 150 Feet



ROCKHAMPTON  
POST OFFICE

interior is most successful; pity it is that so noble a building should have been disfigured so barbarously as the result of a squabble between its designer and his employers.

The railway journey from Melbourne to Sydney is a long and, for the most part, uninteresting one; the last few miles of it lie through the dull and hideous suburbs of the latter city. No contrast could be imagined more striking than that between Sydney, the mother-city of Australia, and its young and gaudy rival Melbourne. Sydney is a city of winding, ill-paved streets, and of many spires and domes, and has quite an old world air as compared with most Australian towns. This is particularly evident in some of the smaller streets, and the architecture of the city is upon the whole of a far more refined and original character than that one meets with elsewhere in Australia. Of course, the great lion of Sydney is the harbour, which is certainly beautiful with its numerous indentations,



BRISBANE PARLIAMENT HOUSE

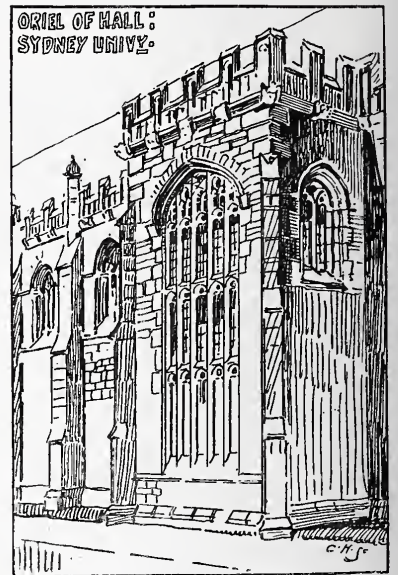
and its low wooded hills; still it lacks the charm of dominating mountains, such as one finds at Hobart, or even at Wellington.

The Government buildings and the town hall at Sydney are large and substantially built of local sandstone, but are quite commonplace in design and detail. Most of them possess tall and rather Dutch-looking towers, which, though perfectly useless, give some interest to the skyline of the city. Perhaps the best of these official buildings is the Post Office, with a long covered loggia on the ground storey, but its tower is less pleasing than that of the Lands Office, which is crowned with a queer bulbous dome, not ineffective from a distance. The most pretentious buildings in Sydney are those of the city markets in course of erection. They form a large rectangular block, the ground stage being an almost endless row of girdered shop fronts, and the upper stories being treated with groups of commonplace

windows underneath tall arced. Above the parapet rise some eighty large and small domes. The whole of the building is most lavishly bedecked with ornament culled from American Romanesque sources, but the execution of the carving is not commensurate with its prodigality.

At the same time the domes are of good outline, and look well from certain points of view. Imitations of Yankee architecture are to be met with all over Sydney, some of the banks being strange examples of this taste, while close to the Post Office there stands an immense "sky scraper" building belonging to an American insurance company, very massively treated with large blocks of rough stone. The most satisfactory of these "Americanese" buildings are perhaps some of the brick warehouses and offices, they are generally treated in a common sense and unpretending fashion, with an absence of conscious design, pleasanter to look upon than the pretentious ornamentation of the more ambitious buildings.

By far the most interesting buildings, however, in Sydney are the group of churches and the university buildings, designed by the late G. Blackett, the Pugin of Australia. The son of a

ORIEL OF HALL:  
SYDNEY UNIV.





UNIVERSITY HALL  
SYDNEY

UNIVERSITY HALL,  
SYDNEY: DRAWN  
BY C. A. NICHOLSON.



Wesleyan minister, Blackett practised in Sydney in the comparatively early days of the colony. His buildings are invariably designed on Gothic lines, and belong, of course, to the imitative school, as far as their detail is concerned; but the grouping of their masses and the tasteful adaption of the details show the handiwork of no mean artist. Sydney Cathedral was commenced in 1820, but nothing seems to have been done in earnest till Blackett was called in to carry on the work some twenty years later. He entirely recast the original design, and carried out the building as it stands at present. Although small in scale, Sydney Cathedral is solid and dignified, particularly inside, moreover it is essentially cathedral-like, and not merely a magnified parish church. It is of orthodox cruciform plan, with narrow deep transepts, two western towers, and a stump tower at the crossing. The style of the work is perpendicular, of about the same calibre as our own Houses of Parliament as to detail, the west front being a modified copy of that of Beverley Minster, but the interior is finer than the outside, with bold clustered piers and finely-proportioned arches at the crossing. The choir is under the central tower and the organ effectively arranged over a porch at the end of the south transept. The inside is lined throughout with ashlar, and except for a hideous tile dado and some objectionable pews, there is very little to detract from the dignity of the building. The stained glass which fills all the windows, except those of the clerestory, is by Hardman, and good of its kind; and the high-pitched hammer beam roof is decorated throughout in colour, the boarding being painted blue and powdered with stars; the rafters and principals are treated with red, white, and black. There are few churches in the Australian colonies which surpass Sydney Cathedral in completeness of arrangement, in appropriateness of detail, or in solemnity of effect. Other churches by Blackett, designed in the same manner as the cathedral, nearly all show some interesting features either in general arrangement or in detail. Witness Christ Church, near the railway station, commonplace enough outside, but internally effectively arranged with heavy timber arcades, which, with the roofs, are decorated throughout in colour. The Church of St. Philip on Gallows Hill is another fine example of Blackett's work, built solidly in Perpendicular manner, with a fine western tower and magnificent deeply splayed clerestory windows. Blackett's masterpiece is the University Building, a long range of Tudor buildings with a solid tower in the centre and a large hall at one end. It stands well upon a broad terrace at the end of a long avenue, on the top of a low hill overlooking the city. There is some fine detail in the central tower, but the best part of the building is the great

hall, with its fine oriel and magnificent hammer beam roof of cedar. This is adapted from that at Westminster Hall, though at Sydney the space is only 45ft., but the proportions of the hall are a good deal loftier than those at Westminster. The Sydney roof is wonderfully solid and good considering its date, but the carving of the angels is somewhat open to criticism. The greater part of this roof is left in the natural colour of the cedar, a little colour and gold being introduced in the carving. The hall is lined with warm brown ashlar, the stained windows being early works of Clayton and Bell, and the floor is of grey and white marble. On the right hand of the dais is a large groined oriel, and a smaller oriel is corbelled out into the hall over one of the entrances from the main buildings. The lower parts of the walls are hung with portraits and some fine Flemish tapestries. Throughout the University buildings one may trace much artistic ability, combined with endless care and patience on the part of the designer, and, what it is rare to find nowadays, a generous and large-minded spirit on the part of the founders. Their work stands a fair and abiding monument of the talent bestowed upon it, and the sacrifices made for it.

There are three colleges affiliated to the University: St. Paul's, the Church of England college, was designed by Blackett in an Early Gothic manner, and is homely and picturesque. St. John's, the Roman Catholic college, is in later style and of somewhat more dignified character. The Presbyterian college is less successful than either of these; but the Women's College, built of brick, with a pantile roof, in an unpretending Italian manner, is of some interest, because it shows some consideration for climatic requirements with its broad eaves and shady verandahs.

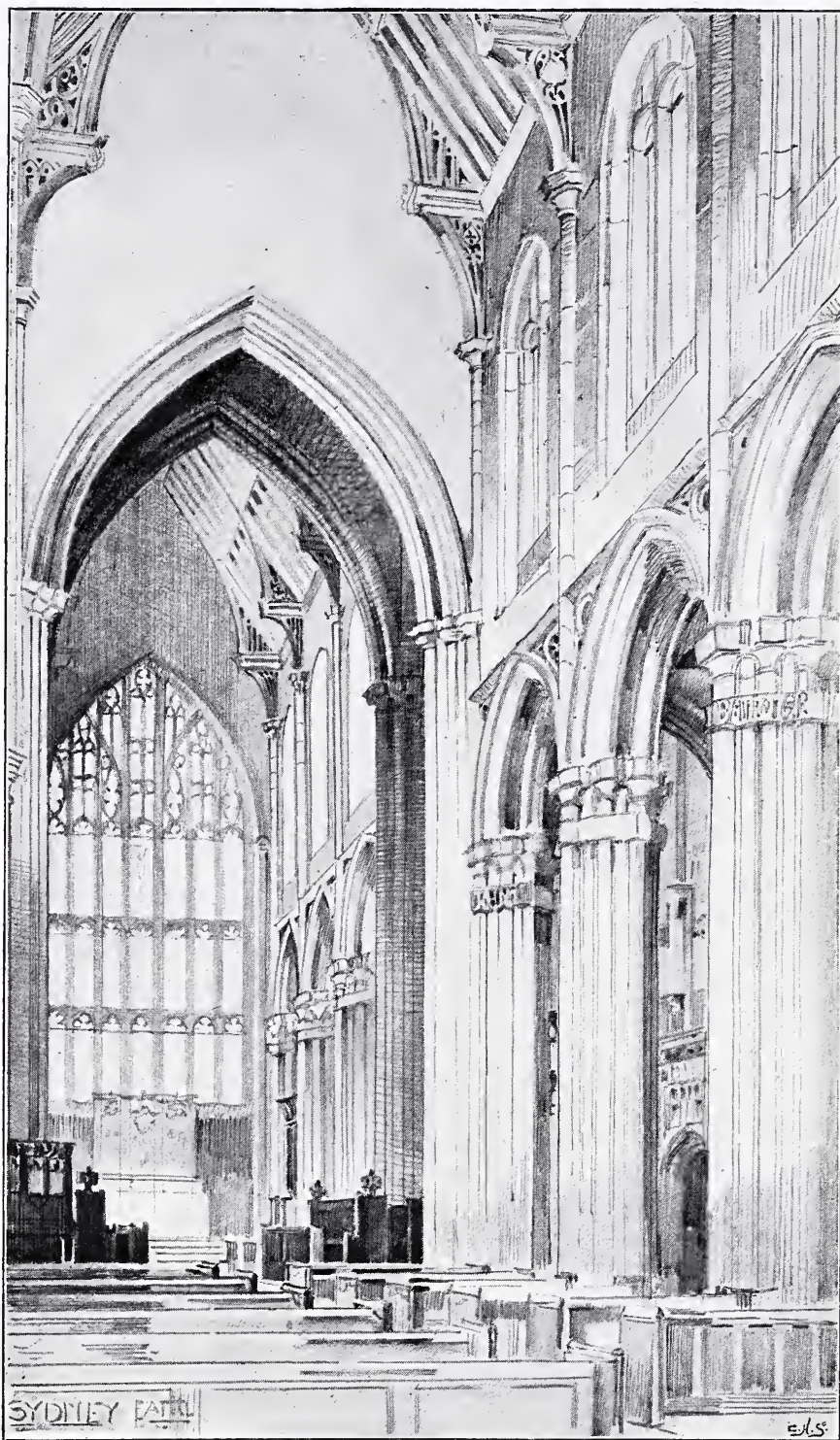
The largest and most ambitious church in Sydney is the incomplete Roman Catholic cathedral, planned on a noble scale, and recalling in its external design the choir of Lincoln. The choir is vaulted in timber and faced with ashlar inside and out. Outside it is distinctly imposing from its large scale and varied lines, but the detail is questionable. The effect of the interior in its present incomplete state is dark and solemn, the transept and nave being at present without clerestories. The proportions of the cross section are again studied from Lincoln, but the detail at Sydney is rather weak in parts. The various altars and reredoses are all in good and characteristic style, in fact there is scarcely anything in the building that can be said to offend, and the designer, a local architect named Wardell, may be congratulated on having built an impressive and cathedral-like church.

It is hardly to be expected that the youthful colony of Queensland should possess buildings



rivalling those of its parent New South Wales. The cities of Queensland are invariably laid out chessboard fashion, and the streets lined with more or less pretentious banks and offices, alternating with ramshackle wooden shanties already falling into decay. Brisbane, the capital of the colony, contains some large buildings, such as the Houses of Parliament, built with rather heavy loggie, and several commonplace banks. The late William Burges designed a cathedral for Brisbane, which, unfortunately, has never been built, and the present cathedral is a small church with nave and one aisle divided by a range of iron columns. There is the nave of a large Roman Catholic Church in the city, of which the less said the better, close to this is a small dis-used church almost in ruins, the best bit of church design in the city. It is modelled somewhat on the lines of Barfreestone, and prettily built of grey ashlar work, but there is nothing much in the design, perhaps it only pleases by contrast with its surroundings. The one really fine building in Brisbane is the Post Office, inconveniently planned in two blocks for the postal and telegraph services respectively, the whole surrounded by light open colonnades in two stories.

Even more successful than this is the Post Office at Rockhampton, which is not unlike its Brisbane rival in general arrangement, but which possesses a fine simple tower and cupola, giving some point to the design and binding the two main blocks of building together. These two post-offices are both admirably suited to the sub-tropical climate for which they are planned; but it is remarkable that no attention seems to have been paid to the nature of the climate in most Queensland buildings, the majority of which are of thin woodwork with iron roofs—(a low place must surely be reserved in the next world for the introducer of corrugated iron



into Australia)—or else are cumbersome imitations of the "Anglo-Italian" style. The light and graceful colonnades of the Brisbane and Rockhampton Post Offices, on the other hand, are integral portions of their design, and form, as it were, the key-notes of the whole buildings, marking them as designed for a climate where airiness and shadiness are the main desiderata in a building. The two cathedrals at Rockhampton are both designed in what is there supposed to be the "Decorated" Gothic manner, but are inconceivably mean and thin, the walls and arcades in both cases

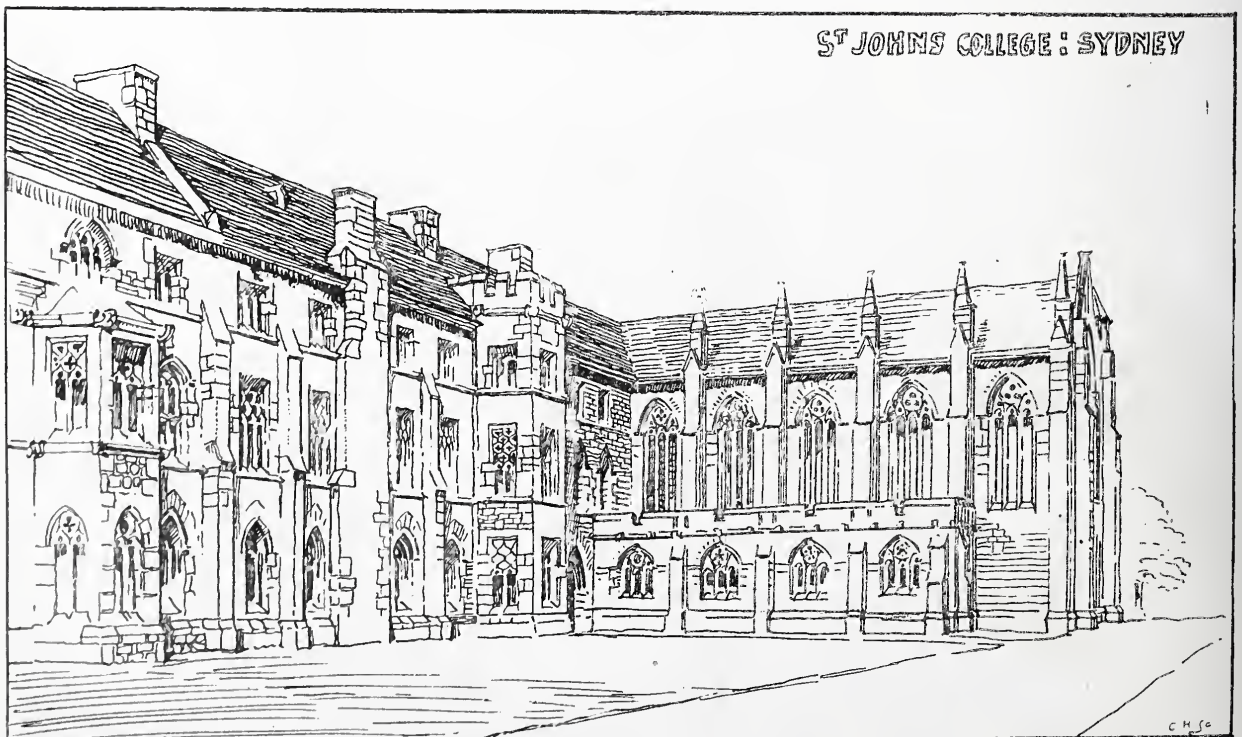




being not more than 18in. in thickness, and the roof of the English cathedral being of the flimsiest possible construction. The paltry pretentiousness

of these miserable but showy buildings can be adequately described neither in words nor by illustration—they must be seen to be appreciated at their true value—but even they are surpassed by a Roman Catholic church at Wellington, New Zealand, a full-blown vaulted building with flying buttresses, of wood (the flying buttresses of inch boarding), and painted a light and tasteful drab.

Here and there in the smaller towns of Queensland, as in the other Australian colonies, one occasionally meets with quietly, sensibly designed houses or banks, more rarely with churches, such as might have passed muster in England thirty or forty years ago; but these are few and far between, and the best work in Australia is to be found in the older cities. Of colonial designers' work it may be safely said that there is nothing in Australia that comes anywhere near the churches and collegiate buildings designed by Blackett in Sydney—the one criticism to which they are open is that they are not particularly adapted to the climate of New South Wales. But here and there there are indications that colonial builders are trying to grapple with the problem of the Australian climate; and, as it would seem that on such lines as these healthy progress is alone possible, it is to be hoped that these newer principles of design may in the end prevail. The elder school—copyists of good work—have died out, and their principles have been forgotten; a new school—copyists of oddities—has taken the place of these, it rests with sensible builders to endeavour rationally to provide for the requirements of the people, casting behind them the dry bones of the past, but not forgetful of its

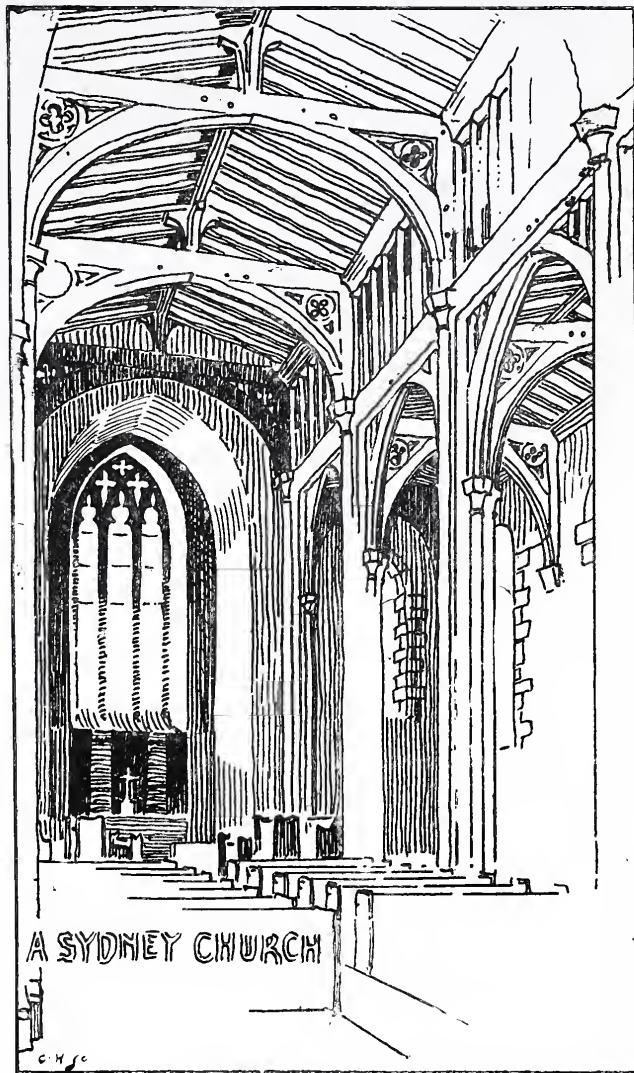




traditions. To such we must look for the Australian Architecture of to-morrow. May to-morrow speedily follow to-night !

## THE RELATION OF JOURNALISM TO THE ARTS :

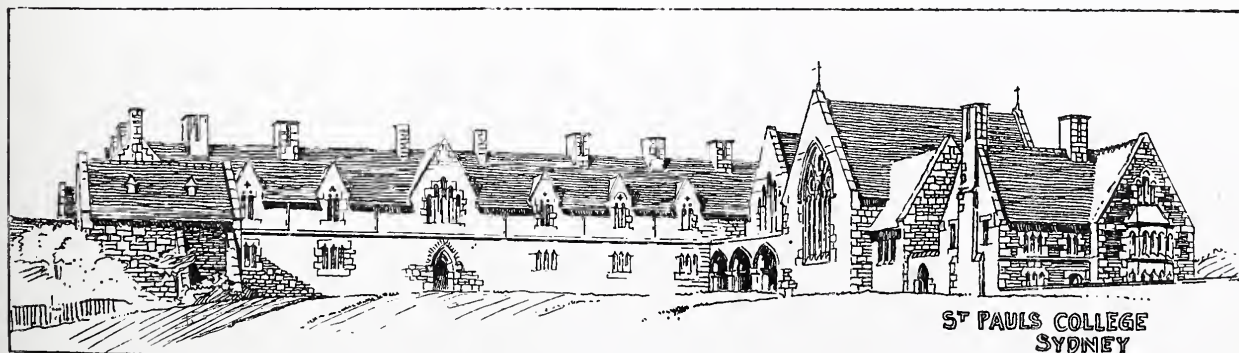
JOURNALISM, nourished on the railroad and telegraph, has imbibed somewhat of their mechanism. It might be called the poor relation of the Arts, since it claims a kinship with them, which is rarely acknowledged. The term journalism carries one's thoughts to the daily paper, but though the Press claims the title for her own, the other Arts—music, painting, and architecture—have each a special form of journalism adapted to their separate use. The popular and passing song is heard daily in our streets, though efforts have been made to suppress its principal organ. The painter and draughtsmen swell our papers and magazines with sketches, whose term of life is generally on a par with their period of gestation. But with the architect it is different. He, carried away with a necessity for popularity, and a need for the easy methods of attaining it, fills our streets with buildings we may not fire, erections that on the morrow, he, no less than we, would willingly be without ; more unsatisfactory are they than a yearly edition of a daily paper. William Morris, it is said, was troubled with the thought as to what should be done with the bricks, when the time came for acknowledging the folly of attempting journalism in architecture. Every year adds to the perplexity of that problem. The populace still goes into bathetic rapture over each new patchwork edifice, suitable, perhaps, in design for cardboard, absurd in brick or stone, and is as equally ready to condemn the same after a few years' standing. But whereas loud praise bears much fruit, condemnation is generally silent, and sows but little seed. Not only do we erect shallow and flashy new buildings, but are not content unless we turn our old buildings to ridicule, and in



A SYDNEY CHURCH

so doing, emulate the modern saints, who press the music-hall song into their daily services. In every street rise creations oozy with midnight oil, written over with worn colloquialisms and abraded forms of speech. We get visions of the tired worker on the drawing board, striving with a limited vocabulary to express the unlimited aspirations of his mind and the limited needs of his century.

KHEPR.



ST PAULS COLLEGE  
SYDNEY





MOSAIC FORMERLY OVER CENTRAL ARCHWAY :

COPIED BY ANGELO ALESSANDRI FROM A PICTURE BY GENTILE BELLINI, IN THE ACADEMY AT VENICE.

THE EARLY MOSAICS OF ST. MARK'S, VENICE: BY WILLIAM WHITE: ILLUSTRATED FROM DRAWINGS AND STUDIES IN THE RUSKIN MUSEUM.

THE modern revival in England of the art of mosaic-work is so full of interest and so extensive in its application, that the study of not only the history of the process of its production, from the industrial aspect, but of the ancient examples which were wrought in the best periods of the almost lost art, is of the greatest importance to architects at the present time, if not absolutely a necessity in the education of those of the rising generation among them.

Much has recently been written in several numbers of "The Review," and elsewhere in other illustrated periodicals, on this all-important subject, and much remains yet to be written in connection with it, especially from the point of view of *design*. The English spirit has not yet fully assimilated the art of mosaic. Before proceeding to establish clearly the truth of this assertion as briefly as may be possible in these pages, it will, I think, be well to recall a few facts respecting the art, which appears to have been either entirely undiscerned or forgotten, or, which is far worse, misrepresented.

The art is one as fascinating in its result as engrossing in its practice; its limitations so narrow, its decorative power so unrivalled, that it is not surprising so much interest attaches to it. What is strange is that with all the widespread interest in the matter there should be so much misconception as to the manner of the art. And what is

perhaps more strange is the fact that those misconceptions are no less common among those who profess to practise the ancient art. The many well-meaning but utterly inept examples of misused mosaic, spread over so many of our public buildings, prove this.

The word mosaic is directly derived from the Greek terms *Μούσιος*, and *μουσικός*, signifying *belonging to*, or *sacred to the Muses* (Latin, *Musa*), or *the Fine Arts*, the form *μουσική* representing *any Art* over which one of the nine Muses presided. And hence, in the early centuries of the Christian era, the association of the idea, in connection with Roman and formerly pagan basilicas, at the hands sometimes of Grecian artists, became naturally enough applied, in their own mind and language, to the highest form of mural decoration that had ever been conceived: and similarly to themselves also, the producers of such work, the *mosaicists*.

And, in the second place, I should like particularly to emphasise the fact that this method of decorating floors, walls, and ceilings alike, is most intimately associated with the earliest development of fresco-painting upon plastered walls, and panels, and ultimately culminating in painting upon portable canvas, or other suitable materials for various uses.\* Thus Architecture is to be considered as the parent source from which the twin sister Arts of Painting and Sculpture have directly sprung, to adorn and

\* The early altar-pieces of Cimabue are seen to be most closely akin in both character and sentiments to the Byzantine mosaics which were the immediate source of their conception. On this important connection between decoration and structure, between Painting and Architecture, see the writer's volume on "The Principles of Art, as illustrated in the Ruskin Museum," pp. xiv-xvii, 36-7, and throughout the section devoted to Architecture.



perfect it, as the two main branches of a tree, each with its branchlet, twigs, and shoots, and foliage, and yet the analogy is not complete.

I have said that a characteristic of modern British Art—I am speaking more especially of mosaic work—is poverty of design. The cause of this is, I think, mainly threefold: firstly, the breaking away from every traditional conventionality; secondly, the apparent lack of the faculty of real imagination; and thirdly, the apparent utter inability to conceive a scheme in true relative proportion and fitness to the decorative purpose of the design. It is impossible here to enter upon a critical disquisition on these national shortcomings—as they appear to be—in justification of these statements, as I would wish, and I must, therefore, be brief. It may be that our inability in these directions comes more from want of vivifying guiding power of a living style of architecture, an architecture produced on the sites of buildings, not brewed in tired brains over drawing-boards, an architecture which should afford elementary training in draughtsmanship and design, an architecture which should be a stimulus to all those who practise it or come within its ken; a fostering mother of all. Whatever the cause, the inability exists. This cannot be better demonstrated than by making a studious comparison, after ample preparation for the task, of the work of the old mosaicists of at least four, if not *fourteen*, centuries ago, with any of the best, even, of modern productions. Such a task, I am well aware, is diametrically at variance with the confident assurance of the comfortable creed of many among the headmasters of our existing art schools, that we have no need whatever in the present day of any other celestial lights to guide us than the artificial star systems of illumination that have been devised for special purposes, to suit a low horizon and a limited range of perception. We have long got beyond, it is supposed, and often proudly maintained, the blind gropings of past centuries in the “dark ages,” as they have mistakenly been designated, and have now emerged into the extraordinary

light of the master-teachers of “historic ornament,” and “artistic anatomy,” stumping and stippling from the antique, or the ponderous muscularity of Michael Angelo; and reproducing the photographic representation of the “still life” of bottles, jugs, and broken casks, or of any “model” of *inferior* form and type, whether it be, unfortunately, nude—“living,” or lifeless as stone, or draped *unnaturally*. The few imaginative geniuses of the present day are independent entirely of vapid academic influences, escaping centuries backward in intelligence to the times of real power and thought.

Of Sir Edward Burne-Jones's spirit I have observed elsewhere that he, almost alone in the present day, can be said to be a direct lineal descendant of the great poetic geniuses of at least three centuries before his time. Yet even his work cannot for a moment be compared with the old, because he only designs and does not execute a mosaic. The executed works are but translations, and so long as this is so will the art languish, so long will it fail of its full development. We must



MOSAICS AT RAVENNA CHURCH OF SAN APOLLINARE NUOVO: SAINTS CECILIA, EULALIA, AND AGNES: DRAWN BY T. M. ROOKE: ORIGINAL IN THE RUSKIN MUSEUM.



aim at the education of the mosaic worker; we must train him to a sense of the priceless value of his inheritance; show him that the art is one capable of the most wonderful results; that the possibilities of it are not yet exhausted; that undying fame lies before the man or men who can re-conquer this medium. Yet one fears there may never be an art like that of mosaic. An art like mosaic is not personal, like the art of a painter; it is the art of a community, and until we get communities who desire mosaic, it seems hopeless to expect it to be produced by a few individuals.

Although Mr. Walter Crane, by his series of illustrations to Spenser's "*Fairie Queene*," has proved himself to possess the power of expressing the symbolical imagery and figurative personifications conceived by our great fourteenth century poet to such a degree as has never before been attained by an English artist, he has nevertheless nowhere yet been employed, I believe, as a designer for mosaic work.

There are other men who have by no means received the recognition they merit, for their imaginative faculty, and it is much to be regretted that such genius has not been hitherto directed to greater spiritual purposes and fruition, in higher achievements of decorative design.

But, apparently because such men of mind as these do not come within the pale of a fashionable faction, it is the custom to imagine that their art-powers are inefficient, whereas they are as unconfined and unlimited as their imaginative faculties, *because* untrammelled by the dwarfing instruction of a restricted school.

Of the tried men of recent times who have been employed in England for mosaic work—Alfred Stevens, W. B. Richmond, G. F. Watts, W. E. F. Britten—it would be, perhaps, ungrateful to speak disparagingly. The ages to come will judge of their merits in comparison with earlier work in this "*vera pittura per l'eternita*," as a mosaicist of the fifteenth century, Domenico Ghirlandajo, aptly termed this pictorial method. Yet it is only too probable that the verdict upon their attempts will be that pronounced upon the later mosaics, upon the St. Mark's façade of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Whether we are all able to agree with recently executed mosaics or not, certain it is that in some recent work, the designs for which have required so many deliberations and alterations, we have still as yet nothing but a revival of the *inferior* work of the best Italian artists of the late sixteenth century, with *their* utter lack of soul.



THE CENTRAL DOME: THREE OF THE APOSTLES  
WITNESSING THE ASCENSION: DRAWN BY  
T. M. ROOKE: ORIGINAL IN THE RUSKIN MUSEUM.





THE CENTRAL (ASCENSION) DOME : TWO OF THE VIRTUES  
(SERIES BELOW THE APOSTLES) : DRAWN BY T. M. ROOKE.

ORIGINAL IN THE RUSKIN MUSEUM.

But the fact remains, as long pointed out by Professor Ruskin, that, while "foolish modern critics have seen nothing in the Byzantine school but a barbarism to be conquered and forgotten, that school brought to the art scholars of the thirteenth century, laws which had been serviceable to Phidias, and symbols which had been beautiful to Homer, and methods and habits of pictorial scholarship which gave refinement of manner to the work of the simplest craftsman; that became an education to the higher artists which no discipline of literature can now bestow; and developed themselves in the effort to decipher, and the impulse to re-interpret the Eleusinian divinity of Byzantine tradition."\* However grotesque we may consider the attitude of the figures in these primitive representations, "in strong contrast with modern productions, the character of the features is almost always fine, the expression stern and quiet and very solemn, the attitudes and draperies always majestic in the single figures, and in those of the groups which are not in violent action; while the bright colouring and disregard of chiaroscuro cannot be regarded as imperfections, since they are the only means by which the figures could be rendered clearly intelligible in the distance and darkness of the vaulting. So far am I from considering them barbarous, that I believe, of all works of religious Art whatsoever, these, and such as these, have been the most effective."†

It would be easy to quote page after page of Mr. Ruskin's interesting descriptions in exposition of the famous mosaics of St. Mark's, and elsewhere in

Italy; but, having devoted a separate section to the subject in my volume on "The Principles of Art," in which I have given ample reference to his writings, I must limit myself here to a further description of the examples now reproduced for the first time, by permission of the Trustees of the St. George's Guild, from the unique series of drawings which Mr. Ruskin had specially produced for him in 1879, in connection with the fund which he opened for the purpose of making such valuable records; and which drawings are included in the general collection of the museum which now bears his name.

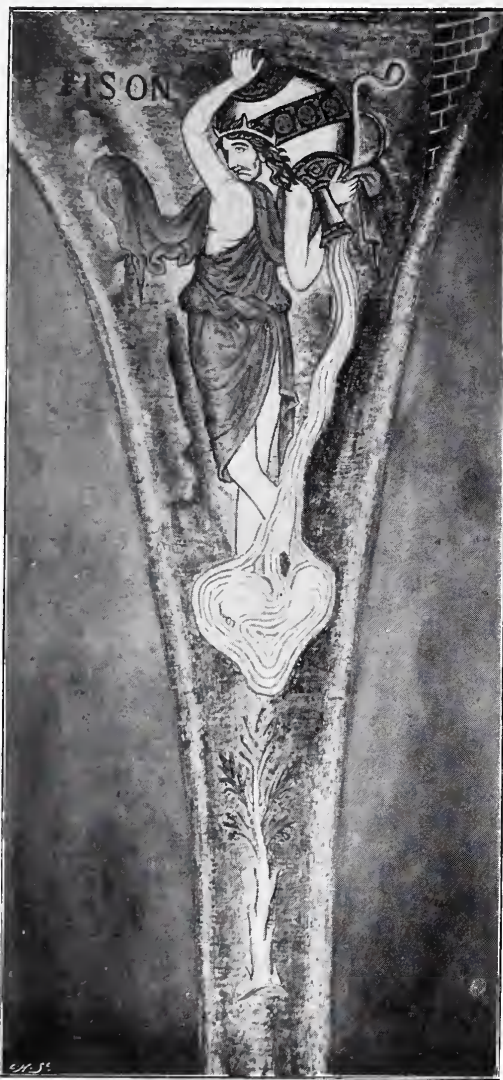
In evidence of the traditional connection between the work of the Greek mosaicists employed upon the earliest of the St. Mark's mosaics, and the productions of six or seven centuries earlier at Ravenna, an example is first given from the basilican church of San Apollinare Nuovo, consisting of three of the twenty-two virgin martyrs in procession along the frieze of the northern wall, above the arches of the nave. This church having been originally erected in the fifth century by the great Theodoric, as a Royal Chapel attached to his Palace, bore a similar relation to that existing between the Ducal Palace and Church at Venice.‡ Other fine examples at Ravenna, of about the same period, have already appeared in the number of this journal for April of last year, in connection with Mr. Schultz's second article on Byzantine Art (pages 248-255). All those ancient mosaics are infinitely superior to the replaced work of recent centuries, and which now challenge comparison in those other churches in the same city, which have been through the hands of "restorers," such

\* "Val d'Arno," § 87.

† "The Stones of Venice," Vol. II., p. 108; see also p. 69 in the same volume.

‡ The first church on the site of St. Mark's, which was erected in the year 813, was dedicated to St. Theodore.





THE FIRST OF THE FOUR RIVERS  
OF PARADISE (PISON): CENTRAL  
DOME: DRAWN BY T. M. ROOKE.

as the Duomo and San Apollinare Dentro; yet they belong to a period even longer before Cimabue and Giotto—by more than a hundred years—than has elapsed between the time of those earliest of Florentine artists and the present day. In the portion here reproduced the three sainted maidens, Cecilia, Eulalia, and Agnes, are represented advancing with stately grace and dignity, led by the three Magi, along a grove of fruitful palm trees, to the throne where the Madonna and their Infant Saviour await to receive the laurel crowns of gold they bear in their hands, which they had won under the Roman persecution of less than three centuries before. That is the conception intended to be conveyed in brilliant hues of the richest marbles of the earth, and glowing gold, as a perpetual memorial to Christian martyrs. Since those days the doctrines of “the Church” have undergone many strange changes, and the pictorial embellishments of her sanctuaries have suffered

similar alterations from time to time, until faith in sanctity could no longer be proclaimed upon her walls.

Of the original mosaics of St. Mark's, though several centuries later than those at Ravenna, few now remain, they having been replaced, apparently, at different periods. For instance, we may infer from certain data, which, I believe, have not hitherto been brought together connectedly, that there have been on the façade three or four successive *subjects* upon the semi-dome of the central archway. Firstly,—more properly *lastly*,—in reversal of the actual historical order, we have the existing mosaic, one of those examples which Mr. Ruskin has described as “a flaunting glare of Venetian art in its ruin,” and which was executed from the design of Latanzio Quareno, by Salviati, as recently as the year 1836. This, according to Count Zorzi, was merely a reproduction of a sixteenth century mosaic of the same subject, “The Last Judgment,” by either Titian or Tintoretto. Again, we know from the large procession picture by Gentile Bellini, painted in the year 1496 (and now in the Academy at Venice), that there was then on this tympanum a far simpler and more majestic treatment of the subject. Lastly, it appears from the northernmost of the mosaics over these porches—and the only original one of the thirteenth century now remaining on the façade—that still earlier the usual half-length figure of Christ alone, with a Bible supported by a small angel, held this central position as the only mosaic on the exterior of the building. The fourteenth or fifteenth century subject, as represented by Bellini, is here reproduced from a most careful water-colour drawing by Signor Angelo Alessandri, of Venice.

Probably the earliest mosaics in the interior of St. Mark's are those on the vaulting of the vestibule, on the walls of the choir, and the central dome. Where there has been so constant a succession of operations during so many centuries as at St. Mark's, with all the alterations and restorations to which they have been subjected, it is now impossible to define precisely to what century, even, the early work belongs. But this difficulty is rendered of comparatively little importance by the astonishing fact that there was scarcely any variation in the quality of either the designs or the workmanship of the Byzantine mosaicists, and their successors, for well-nigh a thousand years. At all events, it was not until the beginning of the sixteenth century, if so early, that any change of the nature of a development is recognisable; though later in that century it became so greatly marked, under the influence of the Florentine and Venetian painters whose names became directly associated with the “eternal” Art. As has been well said by



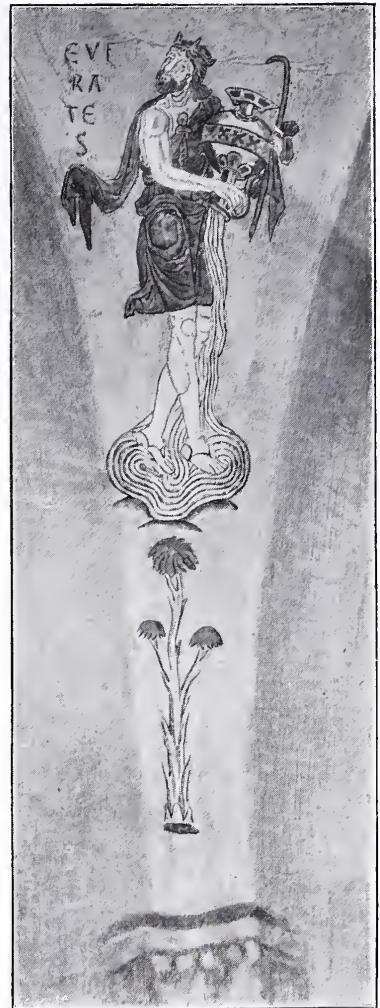
an expert authority on this subject, Herr Gerspach : "A hundred years before Nicolas of Pisa, still longer before Cimabue and Giotto, the mosaicists created better-designed figures, larger and freer compositions, than those of the first Tuscan masters. Posterity has forgotten their names : gratitude is heaped upon the sculptors of Pisa and upon painters of great merit, doubtless, but who in reality have been preceded, by more than a century, by our rude and valiant mosaicists of the middle ages. The work of the twelfth century is not sufficiently appreciated ; it was a time of dawn, and it is to the unknown mosaicists of this time that the halo of glory returned, to prepare the way for the first Renaissance." \*

It is to the workmanship of this period that we must turn for inspiration in this obscure and difficult Art. It is not necessary for any designer to be at the pains to make an elaborate experiment on colours in juxtaposition and other such matters of technique, as if he had to discover everything for himself *de novo*—greatly as we might admire him, indeed, for such devotion ; but had designers studied more exclusively the traditions of the old mosaic monuments, such attempts to make work in this method resemble fresco or canvas work would not have occurred.

Let us examine some examples of the middle period, as seen, for instance, in the great central dome of St. Mark's. Here the subject of the upper part is a representation of the Ascension : Christ, being borne aloft into the blue space of Heaven by four angels, occupies the centre of the dome ; beneath are ranged around the twelve Apostles and the Madonna, with upturned heads, witnessing the miracle, and marvelling at the apparition of the two white-robed figures of the men who stood beside them ; while above are inscribed in Latin the words the latter uttered,—“Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into Heaven ? This Christ, the Son of God, as He is taken from you, shall so come, the arbiter of the earth, trusted to do judgment and justice.” Three of the disciples are shown here (from a drawing made for Professor Ruskin in 1879 by Mr. T. M. Rooke), each one separated by an olive, palm, or other tree, properly conventionalised.† This is twelfth century work, and it is most interesting to compare it—especially the trees—with the ancient work at Ravenna, executed eight hundred years earlier, as evidence of the strong conservative spirit in which such subjects were symbolically conceived, and represented decoratively, in accordance with the received traditions of the school.

It almost needs, perhaps, to be pointed out, in explanation of the attitudes of the figures, that the first two Apostles here represented are shielding their eyes with their hands from the too strong glare of the vision ; but, whatever may be said by incapable critics respecting “bad drawing,” or “grotesque action,” without any knowledge of the incidents introduced, or recognition of the circumstances of the case due to the method, I entirely doubt, after examining such drawings by Mr. Watts and the late Alfred Stevens—these have been reproduced in THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW,

—whether even *passable* drawing can be brought forward in modern academical days to compare with the solemn dignity expressed in these simple figures. The decorative flowing robes, no less than the countenances which stamp the individuality of each one, are full of admirably-studied character, and refinement of thought. “The man must be,” indeed, as Mr. Ruskin says, “little capable of receiving a religious impression of any kind, who, to this day, does not acknowledge some feeling of awe, or remains altogether untouched, by the majesty,” of such figures as these, as he looks up to the glorious domes of these illuminated temples of Italy. And we need to remember the fact, which he has so constantly enforced on our minds, that it is useless for an artist to attempt to give expression to any ennobled conceptions unless the beholders have also sufficient powers of imagination to grasp his meaning and purpose ; to those of no understanding it is but as the casting of pearls before swine.



ONE OF THE RIVERS OF PARADISE : CENTRAL DOME : DRAWN BY T. M. ROOKE.

\* Translated from “La Mosaique,” pp. 121-2.

† On the technique of this particular conventional treatment, see “The Stones of Venice,” Vol. III, pp. 173-9.





ONE OF THE RIVERS OF  
PARADISE: CENTRAL DOME:  
DRAWN BY T. M. ROOKE.

Beneath this circle of the chosen Apostles—as Christ's special witnesses of the ascension, and "of the virtue of the Holy Ghost to the ends of the earth,"—thus ranged around the dome, is a stately array of Christian Virtues, personified, each with her scroll of beatitude. This series, consisting of sixteen female figures, robed to the feet, with arms alone bare, forms a perfect decoration of the space of walls between the windows. The two Virtues here reproduced are seen to be immediately below the first two Apostles described above—Modesty and Constancy: the former bears in-

scribed on her unrolled scroll the words, "Beati eritis cum vos oderint homines" (Luke, ch. vi, v. 22), and the latter the two-fold message of blessing and promise, "Beati qui persecutionem patiuntur propter justitiam" (Matt., ch. v, v. 10), and "Qui [autem] perseveraverit usque in finem [hic] salvus erit," (Matt., ch. x, v. 22, and repeated ch. xxiv, v. 13). "Modesty," it is to be noted, does not here stand for "shamefacedness" merely as elsewhere, though it may include that feature, but (as Mr. Ruskin puts it) "it is contentment in being thought little of, or hated, when one thinks one ought to be made much of—a very difficult virtue to acquire, indeed. A peculiarity concerning the representation of "Constancy" consists in the circles of divinities on each side of her; and this is of special interest, because, although they are doubtless intended as representing God the Father and God the Son, including the head alone, precisely in the manner of the ancient Greek representations upon their coins, they bear evidence of the Byzantine character which persisted so

strongly through so many centuries, carrying along with it the old traditional symbols of the ancient Greek theology. Each head has its nimbus (as have the Virtues themselves), that on the figure's left consisting of rays identical in character with those of Helios, Apollo, and Dionysius, of the second and third centuries before Christ, or even earlier.

The nimbus of the head in the other circlet (on the right hand side of the figure) is cruciform, in the usual form of the emblem of either God the Father or the Son, which had similarly been a pre-Christian symbol of divinity. The Virtues are also crowned very similarly to the divinities of the Greeks, the crown of Constancy resembling the coronet of Hera, but with the addition of gems, and that upon the head of Modesty is distinguished by a large crescent moon. The goddess Hera (Juno, of the Romans,) is represented in the "Iliad" as being treated by the Olympian gods with the same reverence as Zeus (Jupiter), her husband. At a later date she became invested with regal wealth and power, equal to that of Zeus himself, and she was then called "the Queen of Heaven," a most notable fact when considered in relation to the bestowal of the same title upon the Madonna of the Roman Church, after her Assumption. This fine series of Virtues is seen, therefore, to be wonderfully archaic in type, yet they cannot be more than a century earlier than the mosaics above them, as computed by some authors, if so early. It is most interesting to compare them with the sculptured Virtues over the central doorway, which are somewhat different in character, as they are also more directly local in actual workmanship, although subject to the same Byzantine influence; but these latter, while they still carry a scroll, it is to be noted that they are without inscriptions (perhaps it was considered quite unnecessary). They possess also the added *symbolism* of a somewhat later date.

Below these figures, on the pendentives of the cupola, are the four Evangelists; and below them again, "as symbols of the sweetness and fulness of the Gospel which they declared," as Mr. Ruskin explains, are represented the four Rivers of Paradise—Pison, Gihon, Tigris, and Euphrates—each personified by a human figure bearing an inverted vase upon his shoulder, or in his arms, from which the perennial streams flow, while a tree fills the narrowest part of the spandril in each corner. This personification is very suggestive of the typical representation of Aquarius of the Zodiac, as may be seen from the accompanying illustrations of three of the rivers. These mosaics date from the twelfth century.

(TO BE CONTINUED).

THE LIFE AND WORK OF JEAN CARRIÈS, A LITTLE-KNOWN FRENCH SCULPTOR AND POTTER: BY M. EMILE HOVELLAQUE: PART THREE.

WITH Carriès every experience of life passed into his works. He had known want and isolation: he, too, stood perpetually on the edge of destitution: those waifs of the street were of the people like himself, brothers. But his penetrative sympathy needed no experience to divine and reproduce the legend of pain slowly written on those haggard faces by the inflexible finger of want. What Carriès felt, joy or sorrow, he felt with a passion, a violence that were almost terrible; his being was concentrated in the impressions of each moment and the memories they revived. All other natures by the side of his seemed inert—all other observation languid. Whatever passed into his brain seemed there to flame into intenser life; realities paled before his visions, the only reality for Carriès. His emotions, his experience, were transformed by his imagination into a generality, a depth, a completeness, which made his joy the very essence of joy, his pain significant of all suffering, every feeling the perfect type of that feeling. To watch Carriès at work, silent, or when he expressed in terse, flashing words, with sudden sober gesture, his admiration, contempt, or anger, to see his startling pallor grow yet paler, his strange opalescent eye dilate or fade, every muscle in his face and delicate throat quiver, the sudden gleams pass in waves over his features, was to feel oneself in the presence of a creature finer, more in-



EARLY STUDY OF A CHILD'S HEAD.



VASE IN DULL GLAZED WARE.

tense, vibrating to subtler influences than other men: it was visible music, the passion and piercing delicacy of a violin. And thus the resignation, anguish, pity, stupor, or hatred of those faces burnt by wind and rain, grey with want, lived in him with the force of a vision or eternal type; through their features shone intolerably the primal miseries of our nature, elsewhere disguised or attenuated. He gazed at them with an artistic sympathy so deep, it was akin to terror. He lived their lives in imagination, if not in reality. He became them. The rhythm of his passion, of all his being, passed into his work, giving it a musical intensity. He modelled the inert clay, transfigured by his emotion, with a nervous passion, a swift, a lightness and a force of modelling, a breadth and a delicacy of treatment that gave the gross reality of the street, a force and generality Baudelaire has alone attained in evoking the human wrecks of our great towns. And, like Baudelaire's verse, a red quivering fibre torn from life itself, his works had an exquisite anguish, something rich and rare, a mysteriousness which penetrated the mind with the sense of regions unvisited, of a strange world half divined, more charged with meaning and passion and colour than the world we know.

The casts were exhibited in 1881 at the Cercle des Arts Libéraux. They were not less novel



in execution than in feeling. Carriès' love of colour, his sense of the beauty and rarity of surfaces, his delight in the sumptuousness of material, were here manifested for the first time. Plaster, harsh and cold when new, sordid when old, was intolerable to him. But he had no means of using a nobler material. He disguised it under marvellous patinas of rich or faded browns, tones of old ivory or precious woods, delicate milky whites, flushed in the baby busts or women's heads with rosy tints. The miraculous *tour de main*, the sense of fitness Carriès possessed unapproachably, the firmness of the shaded tones, growing and fading in imperceptible lights and shadows, were a revelation. Each replica of a head, by the variety and taste of its patinas, became an individual work of Art, an unique and precious exemplar of the theme, and his casts reached prices never before attained by plasters.

His success was great. His busts excited admiration and contestation at once. As with Rodin, as with all who, like himself, startled tradition, he was accused of having exhibited casts from Nature. The certitude of construction, the reality of detail, the living skin, blinded the short-sighted to the still more visible stylisation of the heads. And yet in those early busts one of Carriès most striking characteristics was already manifest—his hatred of realistic treatment, his horror of *trompe-l'œil*, his delight in the imaginative and fanciful, his sense of rhythm. Nature was simply a document for him, at a time it was for nearly all around him a model slavishly copied. He was equally far from the meaningless and traditional interpretation of the Academies, which neither see nor feel Nature, and the realism of the rising school, which can see nothing else. He stood alone.

But sculptors like Dalou, Falguière, Mercié, Idrac, and other artists applauded and encouraged him by purchases, Jules Breton gave him an order for his portrait bust, Vacquerie followed. A new period of production opened before Carriès.

Ampler means for Carriès signified neither enjoyment nor rest, but new possibilities of discovery and risk. His plaster patinas had given him the desire for a material he could transform and beautify, which would give scope to his inventive instincts, and satisfaction to his enjoyment of texture and colour. He had long felt the fascination of bronze.

He had seen at the General Exhibition of 1878 the marvellous work of the Chinese and Japanese, and his latent sensibility to the possible sumptuousness of material had thrilled at the splendour of the ardent patinas which spread in angry flushes, in pale or golden glows, in clouded glories under the epiderm of resonant metal. He would discover by the aspiration of his desire, the lost secrets of an Art distilled by the effort of centuries. And he discovered them. Till his death he continued perfecting the mysterious patinas, unknown in Europe, forgotten in the East, which give



THE CHILD ST. LOUIS.

his last bronzes their sober splendour, to the precious metal an aspect as of faded petals, a magnificence of malachite, agate, or strange mossy stones enriched by the slow travail of Nature.

But the ordinary means of casting bronze were unsatisfactory to him. Two heads from sand moulds disgusted him for ever with such processes, too coarse for the refinement of his work. What he needed was the *fonte à cire perdue* by which the largest masses can be cast in one block with perfect fineness, which retains with absolute fidelity all the imperceptible caresses of the fingers, the perishable bloom of the modelling, a memory



THE MINER: STATUETTE  
IN WAXED PLASTER: BY  
JEAN CARRIÈS.





A WOMAN OF HOLLAND,  
CALLED ALSO MADAME  
HALS: BY JEAN CARRIÈS.



LOYSE LABÉ: BRONZE  
À CIRE PERDUE: BY  
JEAN CARRIÈS.



vibrant in the hard metal of the enjoyment of the hand which shaped the wax. For in that process alone the sculptor has no other collaborator than the flame; each model for the *fonte* retouched by him is an original destroyed by the metal in fusion; none can produce it but himself; each bears all the impress of all his care; it is his from beginning to end, and his alone. In Bingen, a master workman as ardent and poor as himself, who had discovered the lost secrets of the finest *fonte à cire perdue*, he found the "accomplice" he needed. M. Alexandre has preserved the memory of their first interview. It is too significative of both not to be quoted.

On October 18th, 1883, Carriès, in a fearfully shabby condition, went to Bingen's atelier. "Are you the man who casts *à la cire perdue*?"

"Yes, I'm the man; what's that to you?"

"My name is Carriès. Will you work with me?"

Bingen, who had heard of Carriès, looks at him, and, like all who loved him, was taken at once, without knowing why. "All right."

"When will you come and see my work?" "At once."

"It's a long way off." "We'll take the omnibus." — But it was pouring, and no omnibus was forthcoming.

"We'll go on foot," said Bingen. — "But there's all Paris to go through."

"Never mind." — At Carriès' atelier:

"Will you cast this?" said Carriès, pointing to a bust. "I'll cast them all," said Bingen, pointing to several. "I've no money just now, you know." "Nor have I, but let's begin by casting them. We'll talk of the rest after."\*

\* Arsène Alexandre, p. 72. The fusion between their two minds was instantaneous. Nothing can be nobler or more touching than the words in which Bingen constantly speaks of Carriès. When one day I expressed my astonishment at their immediate comprehension of each other and absolute unity of purpose, Bingen suddenly turned to me and said: "We bent over the same crucible, fell in, and the flame melted us into one."

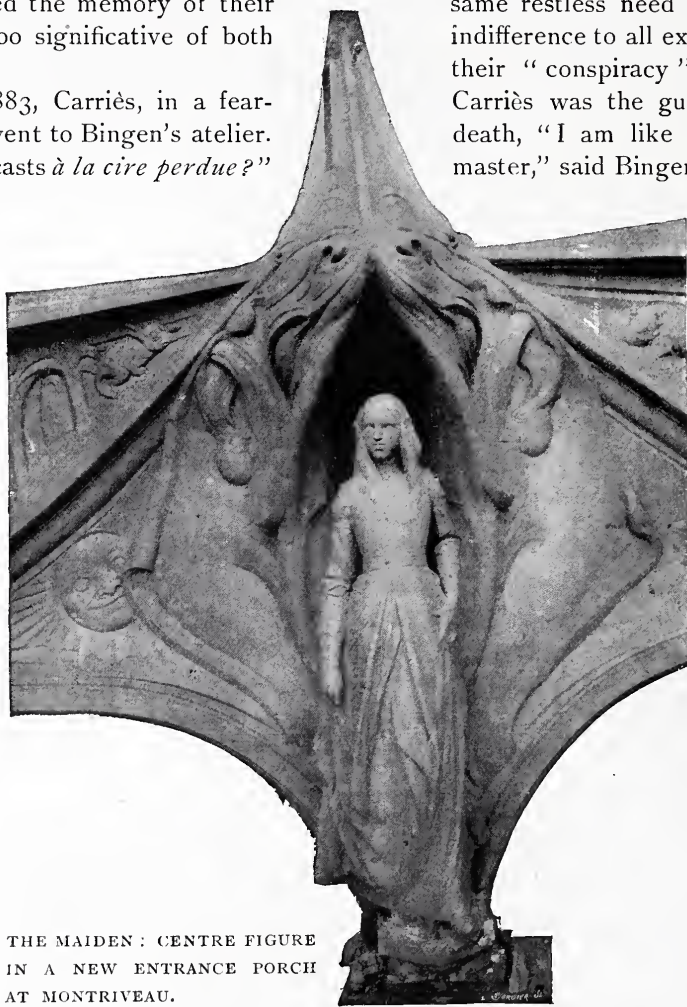
Bingen deserves more than a passing notice. I cannot refrain from quoting a few lines of a letter of Carriès in which he speaks of him: "I went to Bingen's atelier this evening to see an admirable bit of work he has just finished. I found the atelier empty (it's a melancholy thing, an empty atelier). Madame Bingen was working there alone. By her side sat her little girl preparing her school tasks. As

Carriès would angrily complain that no artisan, even of the humblest craft, knows his business nowadays, for all traditions, all secrets of craftsmanship have been lost, and none really care to seek for them. One of the most wearisome difficulties of his life was his having to teach their trade to the men he employed, whether the carvers in wood who made the finely decorative bases of his busts or the potters who executed his orders. But in Bingen he found a workman worthy of himself, consumed by the same fire, the same restless need of perfection, the same indifference to all except that perfection. In their "conspiracy" to use Carriès' word, Carriès was the guiding spirit. After his death, "I am like a dog that has lost his master," said Bingen most truly. By their

absolute understanding they produced those noble bronzes whose fineness and splendour could alone incarnate the delicacy and fantastic grace of Carriès' early works, "Loyse Labé," "La Hollandaise," "L'Infante," "Velazquez," "l'Evêque," "Franz Hals," the subtle expressiveness and nervous precision of his imagination. Between material, conception, and execution there was that alliance, that fitness, that secret understanding so frequent in ancient Art, which ever appropriated technique

to material, respecting and enhancing the individual beauty, the necessities of treatment of each, but which nowadays seem forgotten or unknown.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



THE MAIDEN: CENTRE FIGURE  
IN A NEW ENTRANCE PORCH  
AT MONTRIVEAU.

we talked she confessed her husband was worn out by the innumerable worries and anxieties accumulated on his strength. He begins to complain confidentially to his wife of his health—he, the rock. He's been tossed about for the last thirty years, it is true, half wild with trouble, poor dear old fellow. As for me who know him, who follow his efforts, who see him four times a week, I am astounded at such an amount of intellectual and animal force spent in the purest and most unassuming modesty. And what for? What for? For himself alone, since no one stretches out a helping hand to him. I am afraid *ce génie ouvrier* will soon be worn out and sink before his time. I'm sorry for it. He is my accomplice. If he sinks, why so shall I. No more splendid bronzes. *I shall turn potter.* It's a sad business."





SAINT FIDÈLE: BY  
JEAN CARRIÈS.





**T**HE WORK OF JOHN SEDDING,  
ARCHITECT: BY J. P. COOPER,  
ASSISTED BY H. WILSON: PART  
THREE.

ST. EVAL'S tower, illustrated in the preceding article, was rebuilt in 1727 ("we will hope," Sedding said in his report, "as much for the Glory of God

thoroughly rotten, was renewed, the timbers of the roof patched, and new bosses substituted for the old ones. A facetious workman carved a head of Gladstone on one of these bosses, making the hair and beard die away in foliage in true Cornish fashion. Sedding, only too pleased to find a man who could jest in his work, toned down the caricature, and had it put up with the rest. The roof of



HOLBETON CHURCH:

J. D. SEDDING.

as for the safety of their ships"). When called in to examine the building he found that "the gales had at different times stripped the slates off, and the wind sweeping along the roof, torn the timbers apart, bending them from eastward end to end." The interior presented striking contrasts; for, whilst the roof was left open to the weather, the Church had been re-seated with new pitch pine seats, in glory of grain and varnish, and some few of the old bench ends adorned with the emblems of the Passion had been fitted to them. The rain poured in on old and new alike. The wall plate, where

the neighbouring church of St. Merryn was in a similar condition, and was treated in the same way. Both churches were re-seated, the old bench ends of St. Eval were re-used, as were parts of bench ends and parts of the old wall plate, which were found under the floor at St. Merryn.

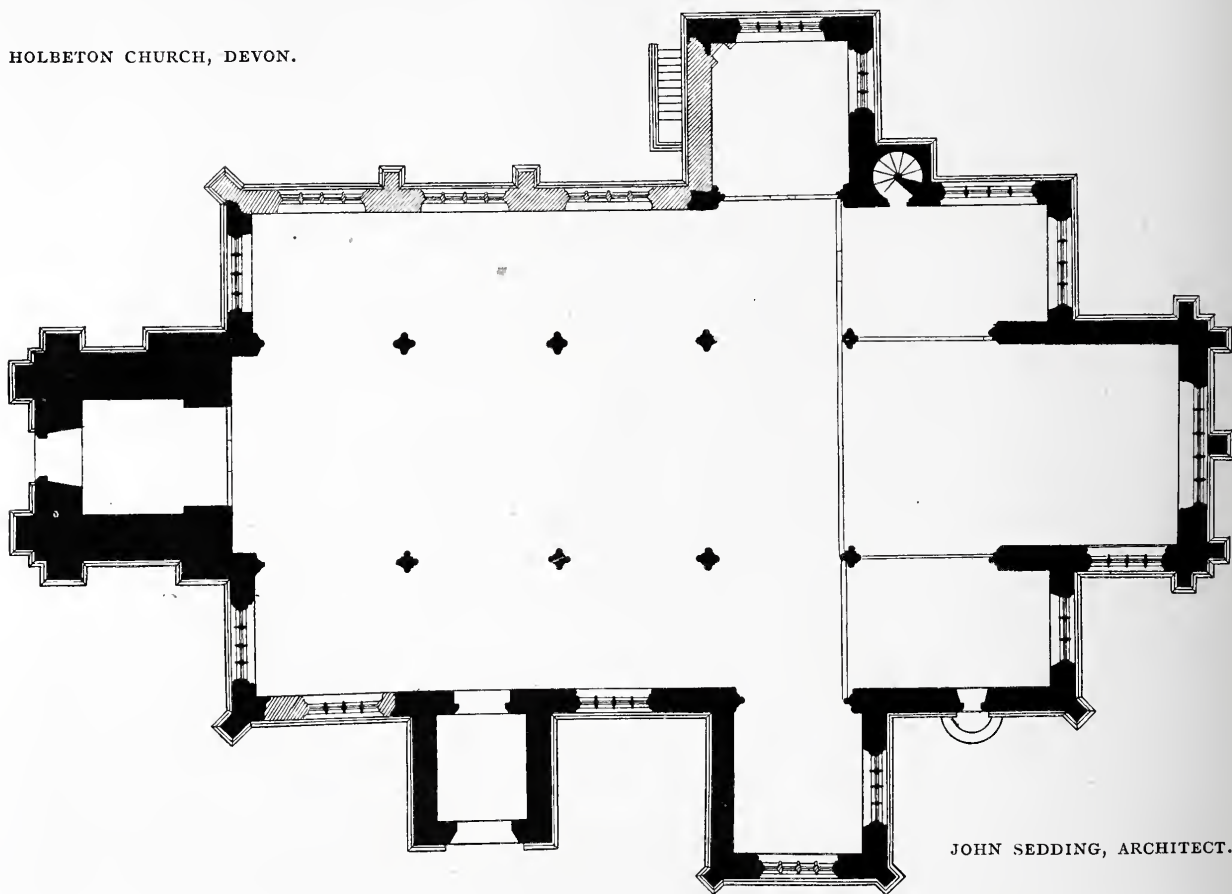
In examining the additions and repairs Sedding made to old churches, one invariably finds he has caught the tone and spirit of the building, and that without in any way binding himself as to "style." He worked as the old builders did, not changing the style according to the needs of the day, but catching



the spirit of the place, and trying to reproduce that. In his treatment of these old buildings we notice what a strong hold the Gothic revival had on him to the very last. In early Gothic days, all his work shows his fondness for "Perpendicular," and how deeply he had studied it. When there were additions to make to an old building he invariably used it, as if timid of showing more of his own personality than was inevitable in connection with work erected by the masters of old times. At Bovey Tracey and at Callington he added a second north aisle in this style. The church at Bovey Tracey, originally dedicated to St. Michael, had been rededicated to St. Thomas à Becket, it is

was repainted, the old scheme of colour being carefully followed. I do not think he would have done this when wider knowledge came. A new chancel pavement of Devonshire green and red marble, bordered with black and white, never probably highly polished, has had what polish it had worn off, and looks a sea of colour, and exceedingly beautiful. The broad north aisle here and at Callington suggest rather a careful restoration of the old than an entirely new piece of work. Built by the old workmen they would be perfect. That at Callington would seem to have borrowed something from the old market town itself. It is difficult to imagine it having been originally conceived other than it is, so well

HOLBETON CHURCH, DEVON.



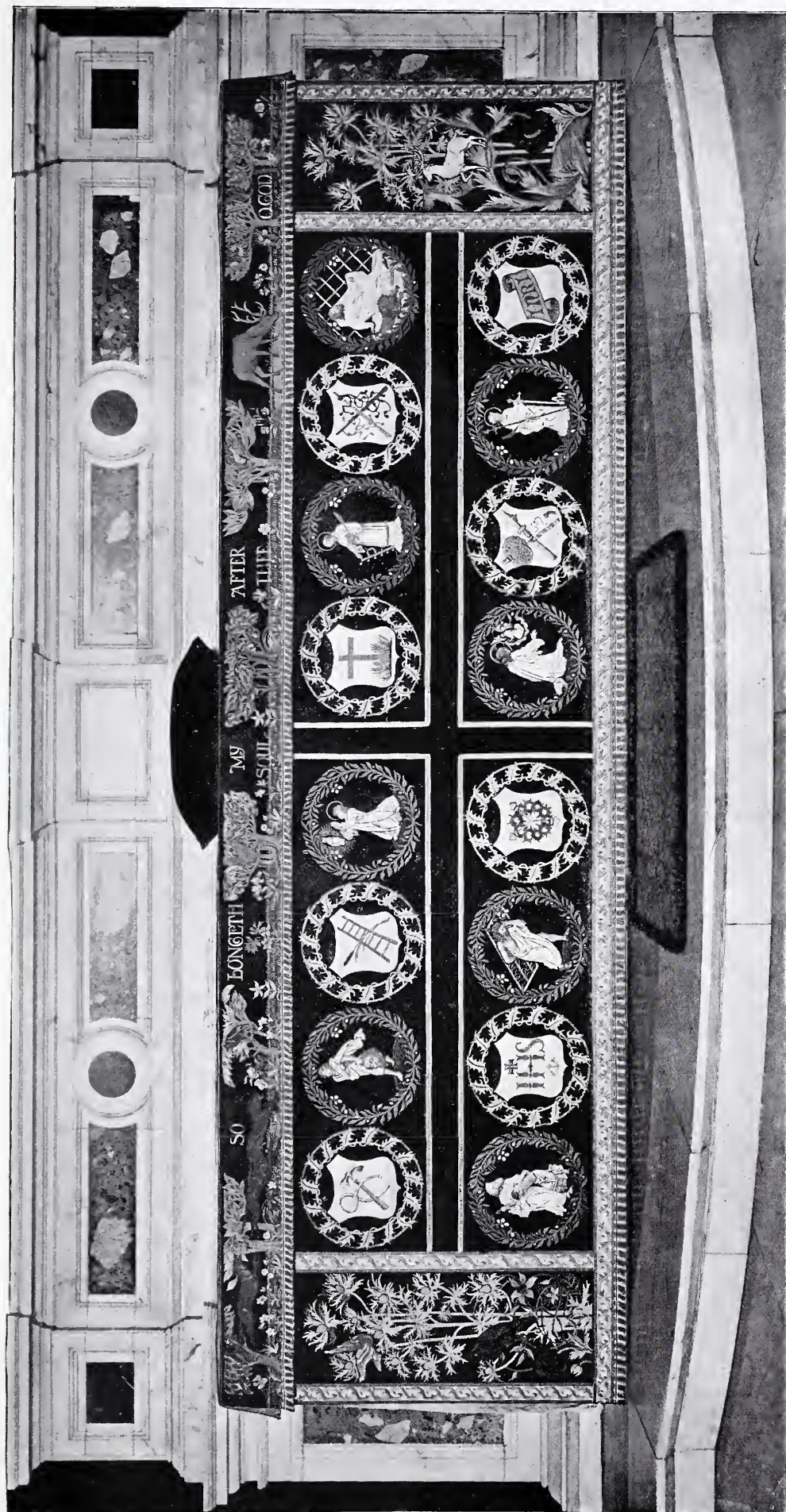
JOHN SEDDING, ARCHITECT.

supposed in expiation of the part Tracey took in his murder. It is delightfully situated on a hill up which the long village street winds, closing in with houses the view that bursts upon one on reaching the green which bounds the churchyard wall. The church had been restored in 1857, when some old mural decoration was discovered, badly copied, and covered up again with a new coat of plaster. The richly carved and painted roodscreen had been left untouched. Sedding found it in a very rotten condition. The decayed portions were replaced; nearly the whole band of carving running along the top was renewed, and the whole, with the exception of a series of painted figure panels at the bottom,

does it keep touch with the spirit of the place. The chancel was reseated, and a new chancel pavement added, the latter being an unsuccessful attempt to combine marble with encaustic tiles. This is, it would seem, the last time that Sedding used the latter. The choir stalls here and at Madron show the advance he was making in Decorative work, the stereotyped Gothic forms gradually disappearing, cusps and crockets changing into animals, birds, and bunches of foliage.

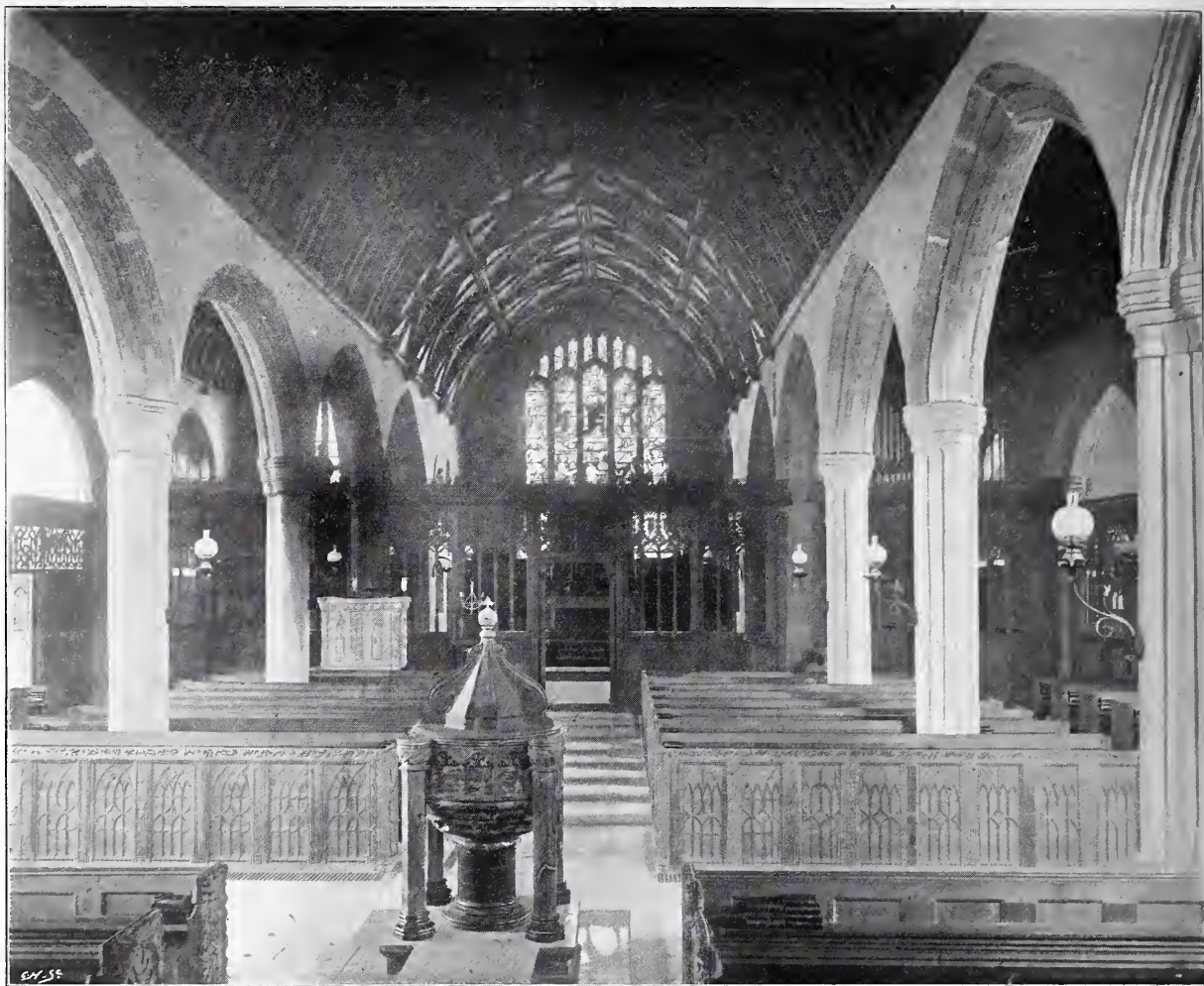
At Madron the church was reseated throughout, new stone windows were placed instead of the old wooden ones, and north and south porches—unlike any of the past, yet unmistakably Cornish in





LENTEN ALTAR FRONTAL:  
 HOLY TRINITY, SLOANE  
 STREET: DESIGNED BY  
 J. D. SEDDING.





HOLBETON CHURCH:

J. D. SEDDING.

design—were added. The only thing to mar the work was the removal of the old slates, which were replaced by new ones laid to a large lap. This, probably done at first to save expense, became a usual practice, and we find the same thing done at Holbeton and Ermington, where the excuse of saving could not be made. In the churchyard at Madron, overlooking Penzance and St. Michael's Mount, is the tombstone he erected to the memory of his brother Edmund, a plain slab shaped in the old way, with a cross growing from a heart cut upon it; a little sunk panel at the end bears the inscription: "This church was repaired in '83."

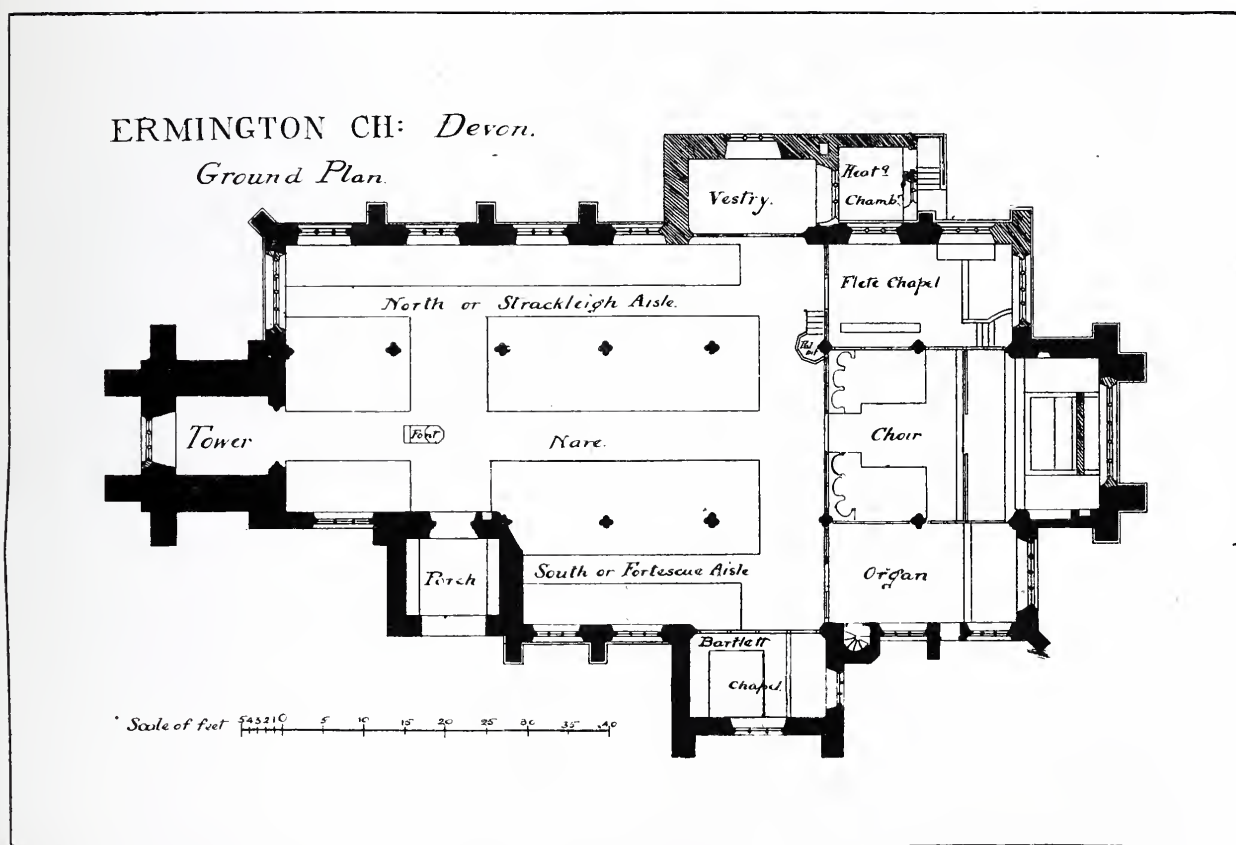
In '84 the chance he must have long wished for came. He had the opportunity at Holbeton of showing what could be done with an old building when untrammelled by want of money. The church stands in the centre of a small village built within an amphitheatre of hills. The village green slopes up to the churchyard, which is entered by a new lychgate and a double flight of steps. The church consists of a nave, north and south aisles, transepts, organ chamber, morning chapel, and a tower at the west end. On the outside the

roofs, the long sloping tops to the buttresses, and the south porch—which is richly carved, as if to prepare one for the wealth within—are new. One enters through doors of ironwork and enamel, excellent in design, but in execution bearing rather the mark of the mechanic than that of the craftsman. It is the what they might have been, one feels, inspired the saying: "He made the doors at Holbeton, and was an artist in his way." But the slight disappointment one experiences on the outside is at once obliterated by the interior. The main structure has hardly been touched. Enough of the old woodwork remains to show that the new work has been carried out in harmony with the old. The chancel screen is new, but its continuation across the aisles is old, and untouched save for the most careful patching, some of the pieces of wood let in are not more than an inch square. The tower has been shut off from the nave by a screen with bottle glazing in the upper part, very rich in effect. The north transept has been turned into a vestry, shut off from the rest of the church by another oak screen. The richness of woodwork has been carried round the church by means of

panelling the lower part of the walls; the aisle windows above the panelling are also glazed with bottle glazing, spots of colour being given by small medallions and panels of stained glass from designs by Heywood Sumner. The nave and chancel seats are all richly carved, the bench ends in the nave with panels of birds, animals, and foliage, alternating with tracery panels, the beads of the moulding which tie them in being twisted into a running pattern of leafwork. Rich as the general effect of this work is in the nave, it is still subordinated to that in the chancel. One might liken the nave to a garden full of flowers on either side, yet the eye is still drawn to the terrace beyond, where the ordered beds all

surrounded by a frame of oak, down the centre of which runs a metal moulding. The reredos frames an old picture of Christ with the crown of thorns; the frame is carved, with figures introduced, all richly coloured and gilded. The floor was relaid with marble. The church was reroofed throughout, the chancel roof being a continuation of that of the nave, but pannelled and embossed with gold bosses at the cross ribs, the panels spotted with stars, while angels support the ribs on either side.

Ermington, a sister church but a few miles off, was treated in much the same way. The church stands at the entrance to the village, as one enters it from Ivy Bridge, above and away from the road. A flight of steps, which jut out on to the road on



hold the rarer and richer growths. The chancel stalls are more finely carved with panels of lizards, squirrels, frogs, and every sort of creeping, thing, with birds and flowers innumerable. Beyond the stalls are the altar, reredos and east window, the one strong patch of colour in the church, from which the rest would seem to borrow its brilliancy—the nave windows seem like sparks thrown off from a huge fire, the font at the west end of many coloured marbles, looks a half extinguished brand. The altar panel is of dark red marble divided by strips of white marble from a wide band of lacquered gesso work, depicting the four Evangelists in circular medallions, bound together by a running pattern of roses, lilies, and poppies; the whole

either side, lead to the churchyard, through a granite lychgate, which in breadth, simplicity, and general design echoes the Jacobean screen within the church. On the outside the stonework has been patched, here and there stackpipe heads added, as at Holbeton. The old richly-carved roof over the crossing of the transepts tells of the wealth of the church in the past, and would seem to have given the key to the work Sedding did here. The seating throughout the church is new, there is a wealth of carving; but the Jacobean screen, with its columns and big frieze, give a broad character to the church other than that at Holbeton—the one tells by its intricacy and mass of details, the other by its very plainness and lack of them. The nave



bench-ends nearest the chancel have panels of lilies growing out of pots, and stand like guardians to mark the crossing of the transepts and the entrance to the chancel. The cusps everywhere end in twisted flower and leaf work. The spider-web glazing in the aisle windows has a magical effect, and gives great breadth to the church. The lower stage of the tower has been left open to the nave. Stone steps, bound by a low stone wall, lead from it to the tower, and a wooden staircase, panelled below, rises steeply from the dim floor-line to the belfry stage above. The north transept has been turned into a vestry. New parclose screens, chancel seats, and a delightful little com-

To the Artist it is more than a chant, it is an inspiration. It is not the work of the Archæologist, however talented; it is the work of one in touch with the forces of Nature, of one alive to the tendencies of the age, of one who, learning to see with his own eyes, sees also with the eyes of the generation in which he lives.

The work at Ermington was finished in 1889. In the year following, Sedding repaired and refitted the chancel and Lady chapel at St. Mary's Church, Stamford. Here he carried a step further ideas that were probably generated in his work at Holbeton and Ermington. The altar, executed by Stirling Lee, is of alabaster, with bronze



ST. MERRY CHURCH, CORNWALL.

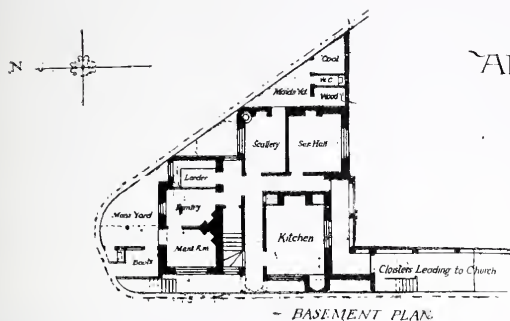
RESTORED BY J. D. SEDDING, ARCHITECT.

munion rail, with balusters and a broad band of carving running along the top have been added. The altar is of red marble, with an oak frame, behind which is a retablo, with red and green marble panels, white border, and capping. It is impossible to give an idea of the rich effect of these churches. The arrangement and design everywhere are admirable, the lavish ornamentation is what Sedding would have called "decorative masonry or carpentry." Whilst submitting to the "jet ascensionnel" of repeated lines and masses, one willingly acknowledges in looking at them that "*La sobriété en poésie est pauvrete.*"

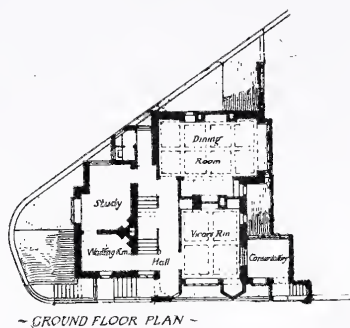
panels of the Apostles surrounding a circular medallion of Christ in the centre, bound together by bands of lapis lazuli. The pavement in front of this altar, and likewise that in the Lady chapel, is enriched by squares of cloisonné enamel.

Before the main altar is a panel of lilies bound in with a pattern of vine, before that in the Lady chapel a large fleur de lys, used with black and grey marble, so as to give the fullest effect to the broad masses of gold. The brilliant colour of the east window of the Lady chapel is repeated in more sombre tones in the small north window; they were both of them executed by Christopher Whall. The

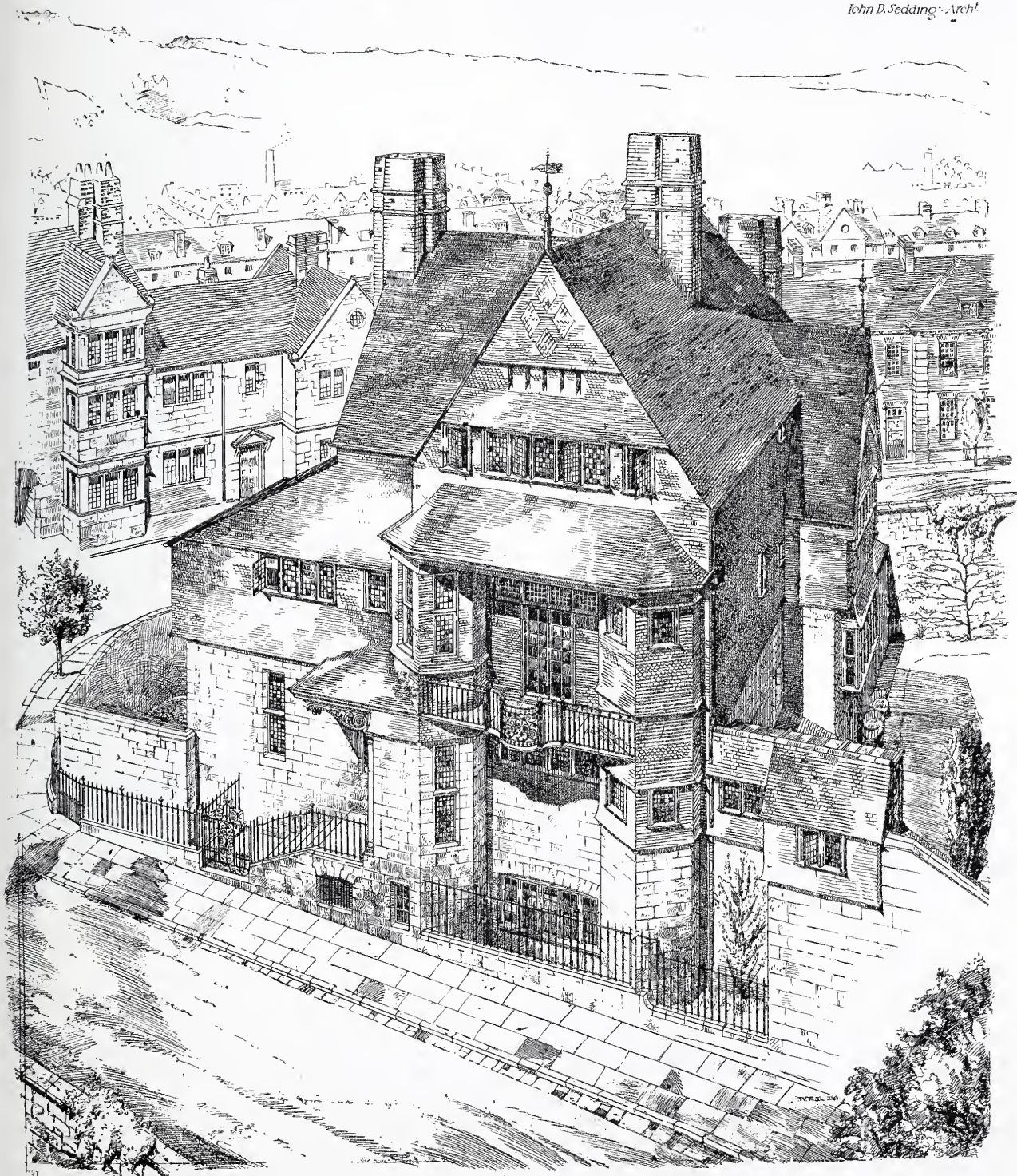




All Saints Vicarage  
PLYMOUTH



John D. Sedding, Arch<sup>t</sup>



ALL SAINTS VICARAGE,  
PLYMOUTH: J. D. SEDDING,  
ARCHITECT.



chancel roof was decorated with panels of foliage, alternating with monograms, whilst immediately above the cornice is a band of warrior angels. The chancel and Lady chapel are cut off from the nave by oak screens, the rood screen being but partially finished. The chancel seat-ends are carved in the likeness of the four Evangelists, with angels above them bearing shields, on which their names are written. Whilst the work here

gone bye. The south aisle windows still bear the hinges on which the shutters hung that used to protect the windows against the balls. Little was done here, but that little was all that was needed. The nave walls, which, seen from the inside, seem to modern eyes to lean dangerously outwards, were found, when the aisle roof was reopened, to have been built so intentionally, for the outside of the wall was almost perpendicular,



THE SISTERS' CLOISTER: ST. AGNES' HOME, BRISTOL.

J. D. SEDDING, ARCHITECT.

was being finished, Sedding was called in to see to the repairs of the little church at Winsford. Whilst driving here from Dulverton, eight miles off, along a windy valley, he caught a chill, and a few days after died. A quiet, out-of-the-world spot it is, hidden away amongst the hills. The churchyard is almost the only piece of flat ground in the neighbourhood, which may account for its having been used as a fives-court in days

the inside having been cut back to give the required effect—a fact which lends colour to the supposition that many of our old buildings, which have been pulled down during this century, to be rebuilt or not, have perished from the modern belief that all walls were originally plumb, and that any leaning must be owing to settlement, and not to intention on the part of the builder. It is this trusting to rule and line rather than to eye and common sense



that has levelled to unutterable dulness the floors of our cathedrals, and probably, but for Street, would have led to the loss of the sea-like pavement of St. Mark's, Venice. It was against this tendency Sedding fought all his life. If a pupil wished to enter his office, he would never ask for designs or measured drawings—pencil notes and sketches told him all he wanted to know. Architecture to him was an Art first, and as little of a business as possible. He would do all he could to prevent those who had to make their fortune by it from entering the profession. In the same way that he did all in his power to keep the commercial

dulness all over. . . . Here is no corresponding sign of lavish craft in the selection, the ordering, the manipulation of the materials—no obtaining of values from texture, colour, or scale in effortless but unerringly light, instinctive way traceable in the old structure.” The output of nervous force in teaching the craftsmen their crafts must have, one feels, been immense, for whatever workman he had to deal with, and he could not always choose his tools, he always managed to get some good out of them, to put some life into his work. He managed to give that touch which words cannot explain.



FLETE LODGE, HOLBETON, DEVON.

J. D. SEDDING, ARCHITECT.

spirit from entering the ranks, so he did his best to keep it out of his buildings. He was always on the outlook for conscientious workmen, and when found, he trained and kept them to his own work as much as possible. That his work failed in many respects he would have been the last to deny. “The design of the modern architect may be fussy and lack breadth, and his details be uninteresting—like enough! But who reared the walls and fashioned the wood and stone? . . . In the old buildings there is characteristic material and intelligent handicraft; in the modern is utter

“La vie ne se vérifie pas, elle se fait sentir, aimée admirer.”

In considering his later works, we shall see how he minimised the inevitable, the at present unsurmountable difficulties inherent in the structure of the building. In all his best work done in the old buildings he dealt with, we see that the structure was only patched by letting in pieces of stone where absolutely necessary, taking care that the new materials were of the same quality, and used • in the same manner as the old,



# ARCHITECTURAL SKETCHING : WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY ARNOLD MITCHELL.

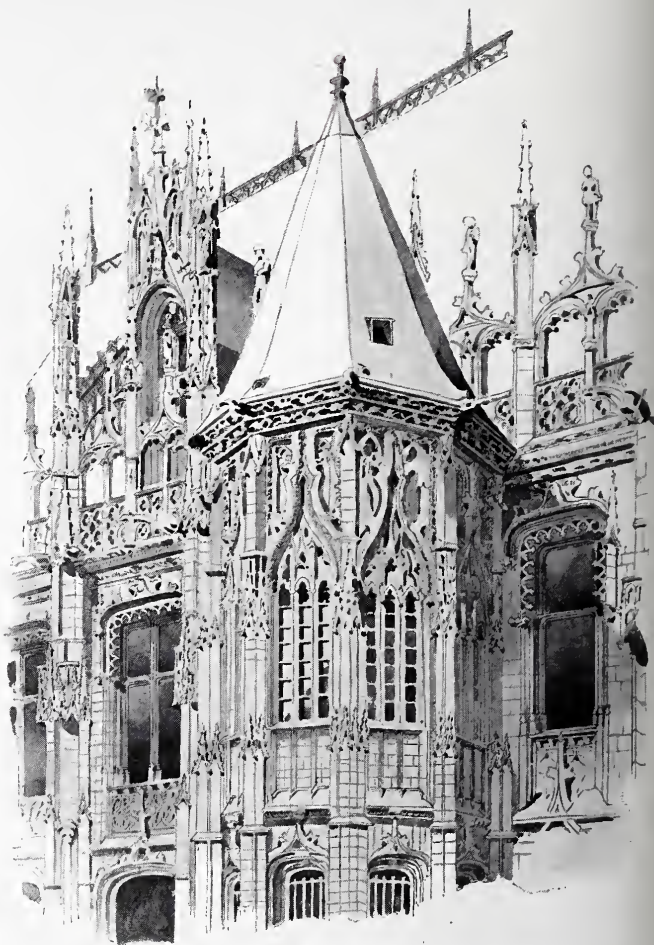
*The following paper on Architectural Sketching is one of a short series by different authors on that ever-fascinating subject. It is thought that discussion may elicit some valuable expressions of opinion, and help to clear the air of many false ideas. There can be little doubt, first, that the accustomed methods of study are not the most satisfactory ; secondly, that a great change has taken place in the attitude of many thoughtful minds towards the whole question of the value of sketching to students. The present paper will be followed by one from Mr. H. Wilson, who will deal with the whole question from a fresh point of view. It will be illustrated by many unpublished sketches.*

THE EDITOR, ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW.

ARCHITECTURAL sketching has formed the subject of many papers and articles, apart altogether from the not inconsiderable quantity of books wholly or in part devoted to this fascinating occupation. One further contribution can hardly add much to the common knowledge, except in so far that the experiences of each individual must necessarily differ in detail ; and it is perhaps



STAIRS TO ORGAN :  
S. MACLOU, ROUEN.



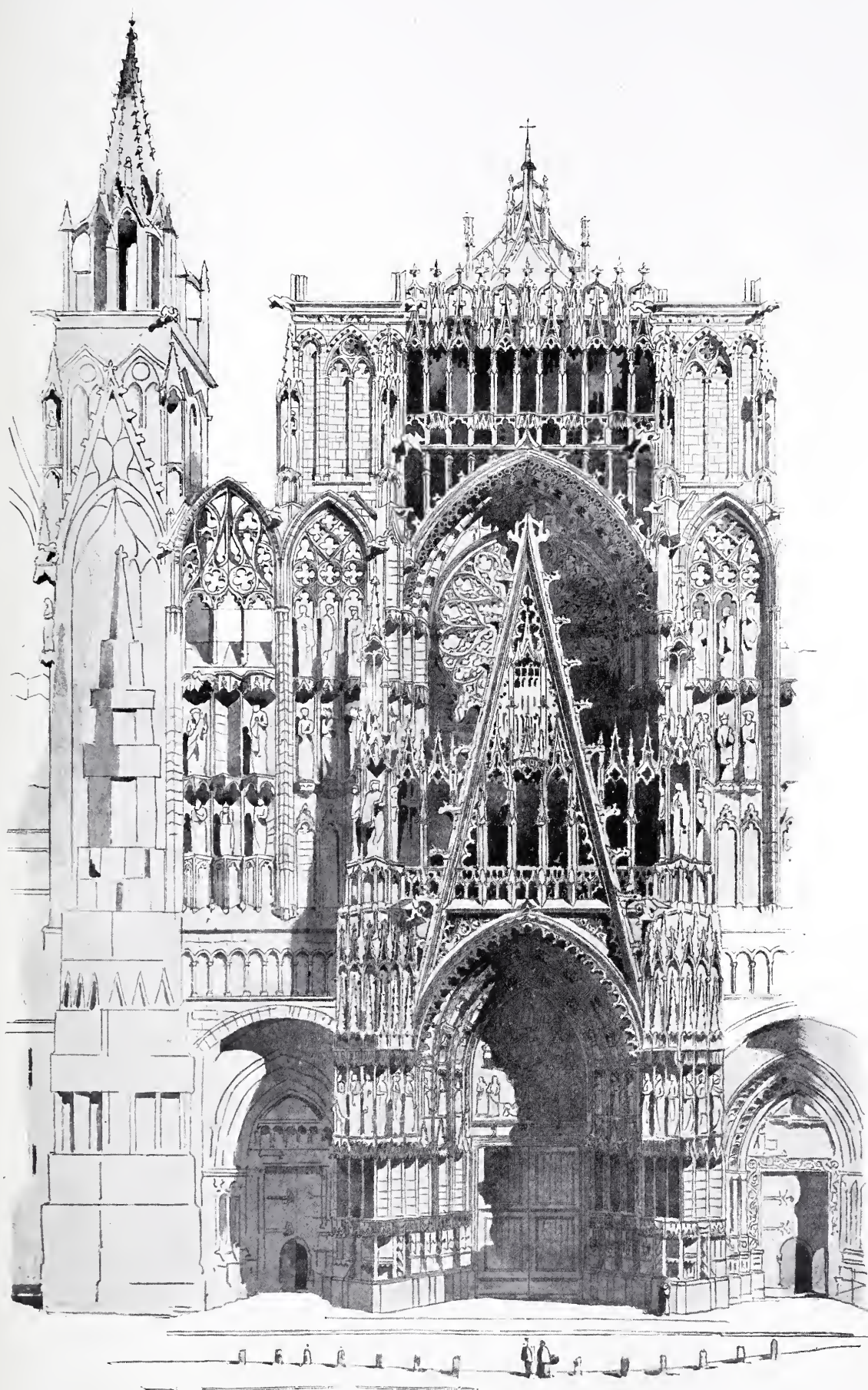
PALAIS DE JUSTICE : ROUEN.

through the collection of individual experiences that we may ultimately arrive at a correct view of the various aspects of which the subject is capable.

How many points of view may be taken can be seen by a perusal of Mr. Spiers' book, Mr. Adams' paper at the Institute, Mr. Millard's and Mr. Pennell's papers at the Architectural Association ; and these are only named haphazard from the abundance of sketching literature accessible to students at the present time.

The question may be asked, why has the matter of architectural sketching been so frequently treated and insisted upon by those who are most competent to speak, and whose opinion and advice to students is best worth having ? The answer is a simple one, and may be summed up in a sentence, viz., the vital necessity of sketching to successful architectural work and practice. Let us lay emphasis upon the word "successful," and take this word in its fullest and broadest meaning ; by no means limiting it, as only implying a large or a lucrative practice, but also implying work which compels the





VIEW TAKEN FROM THE FIRST FLOOR  
WINDOW OF THE "OLD" HOUSE OPPOSITE.

PORTION OF THE WEST  
FRONT: ROUEN CATHEDRAL:  
DRAWN BY ARNOLD MITCHELL.







BRONZE STANDARD BEARERS: SIENA.

attention of those who know what work ought to be—work which other artists whose opinion we value shall pronounce good—which shall have its share, humble though it may be, in that progress and development of architecture which is undoubtedly taking place at the present time. It is surely the duty of each one to contribute to such a result as far as in him lies. Who can doubt that architectural sketching is the student's most powerful aid to this end?

Look round upon the work done in recent years which is to leave its mark during the years to come. Go through the names of architects whose work is vigorous and strong, or it may be simple but beautiful, and to be admired. Shall we not find that in every case the knowledge and ability that can produce these things have been laboriously acquired through years of study, in which the sketch-book holds first, and in some cases the only place? How obvious is it that the sketching student of to-day is the man that to-morrow is to be the successful practitioner. We could hardly have had the palace at Westminster but for the years devoted to travel and sketching by Barry—undertaken at a period when the difficulties were immensely greater than they are at the present time. Moreover, they were undertaken against the advice of many of those to whom he naturally turned for

help and assistance. Pugin, too, and Street, what indefatigable sketchers these men were.

Those who have seen the work done on their travels are astonished at the amount they accomplished; and it is hardly likely this enormous labour would have been undertaken were it not that they realised, as perhaps few men have realised, the value and assistance the sketch-book could give in the daily work that fell to their lot.

The fertility of imagination and resource and the infinite variety that form so striking a feature in Street's work, and notably so in his great work, the Strand front of the Law Courts, would have been an impossibility but for the wonderful detail and suggestion stored up in the pages of his sketch-books. Without doubt it was this accumulation of material, through long years of sketching both at home and abroad, that enabled him to do what he did. We are all familiar with Nesfield's sketches, many of them put upon the stone with his own hand. We must now go to the elder members of the profession to learn what enthusiasm was aroused by the publication of his work; but even



STEEL SWORD HILT IN THE  
BARGELLO MUSEUM: FLORENCE.



now, so many years after the book has appeared, it is invariably a revelation to the architect who has it in his hands for the first time.

A man who sketched as Nesfield could sketch could not fail to take front rank when opportunity came. His name ranks high amongst that small band of pioneers of the great revival of things architectural to whom we at the present day owe so much. These men are no longer with us, but others there are to whom we owe no less than to the giants who have gone before; and, though it is an invidious task to select from the large number that might serve, the names of Mr. Shaw and Mr. George at the present day alone will show the extreme value of sketching to everyday work and practice, for two more thorough and persistent sketchers surely never put pencil to paper.

Who can doubt that this facility of work and the experience thus gained has been one of the causes—probably the principal cause—of the position in which they stand?

When a man is equally at home with the pen and with the pencil, with the etching needle and with the brush, and, moreover, spends every available day in travelling and in study, it is hardly to be wondered at that he obtains a position and practice far beyond that of the hum-drum practitioner; the latter, maybe, is content with what he already knows, and cares not to enlarge his ideas and broaden his views—the necessary result of travel and sketching. This in its turn must react upon the work he produces. No, the man who does not sketch, either because he cannot or because he will not, is necessarily handicapped when placed in competition with the man who does. It is certain that the practice of sketching is extending, and extending at an increasingly rapid rate—witness the long list of clever young men whose names are well known at

the present day. It must be so if the architect is to hold his own in the battle of life; for competition is keener every day, and the law of the survival of the fittest holds good in architecture as in other things. The man who best fits himself for the work he has to do is bound to come to the front, and pass his fellows who have not worked as he has worked. Therefore to all students we would say, sketch—for thereby will be laid part of the foundation of success in years to come.

But this success is only a small portion of the value that sketching may be; what is of equal if not of even greater value is the pleasure this delightful occupation can bring. Only those who have started off for a sketching holiday will quite realise the keen zest that is added to travelling when so very tangible a result as a well-filled sketch-book rewards the student for his trouble. As day by day the pages are filled, so does the incentive to fresh conquests grow. What is thought impossible at the first becomes less difficult as confidence is gained; subjects which are positively frightening in the intricacy of detail or eccentricities of perspective at the outset grow familiar with practice; the contempt bred of familiarity is seldom if ever to be associated with the drawing of such a thing as a complicated system of vaulting. It is surprising, however, how the ribs of the vault begin to disentangle themselves, and the



HEIDELBURG.

curiosities of curvature are conquered, as patiently the lines are set up, and the apparently impossible grows into form and shape from the chaos of a first view. The initial difficulty of what to draw is often a stumbling-block, and, even when this is solved, the manner and method of work leaves open a large field for personal idiosyncrasies and preferences. On the whole, the illustrations accompanying these notes





THE WEST FRONT: RHEIMS  
CATHEDRAL: DRAWN BY  
ARNOLD MITCHELL.



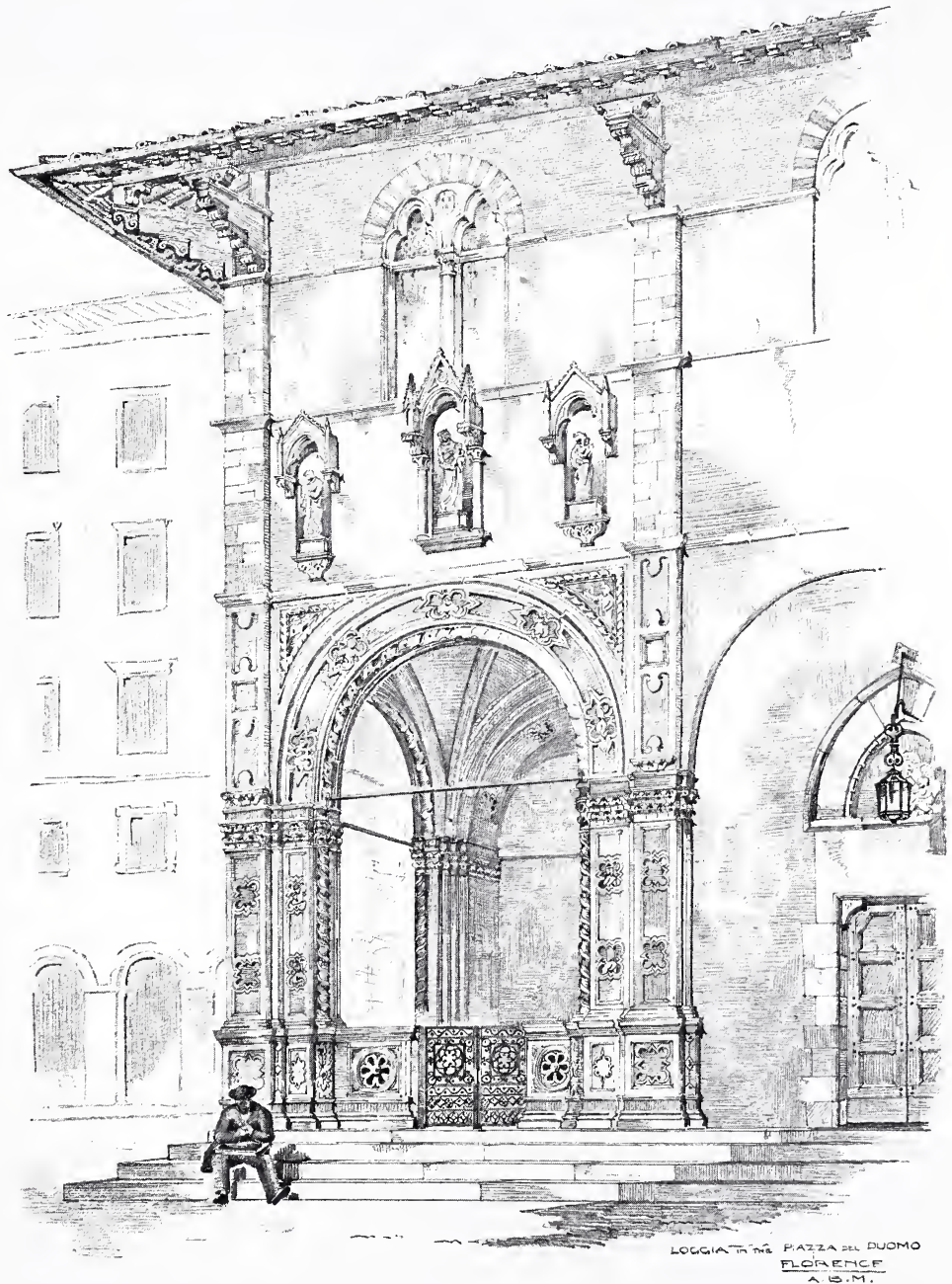


may be taken as examples of what *not* to do in the way of architectural sketching. They may be described as illustrating the lighter side of an architect's outdoor work, and not at all the sort of drawing which it is desirable the student should attempt.

The essential value of sketching consists in the absorption and assimilation of a knowledge of detail; this the process entails; and such assimilation can hardly be obtained in any other way — certainly by no method at once so agreeable and so simple. The pictorial representations of buildings, or of portions of buildings, which are here used as illustrations are not examples of this detailed representation of architectural features on which such stress is laid, and therein, perhaps, exception may be taken to them as illustrations of this view of the subject; attention is, however, drawn to the fact that throughout there is a distinct perception of architectural form and detail, often it is true, only suggested in the slightest manner; but the perception and appreciation of the detail are there in the drawing, however far the process of shorthanding down may have been carried; and it is just this appreciation of the detail which is the essence of a quick architectural sketch; without this it will be incomplete and insufficient, and will altogether fail to satisfy

the professional critic, whose judgment and good opinion is that which it is most desirable to secure. To be of the greatest value to the student, the drawing should have a more precise and definite representation of the particular form; in fact, there should be far more downright hard work in the sketch than in these illustrations—no blurring of

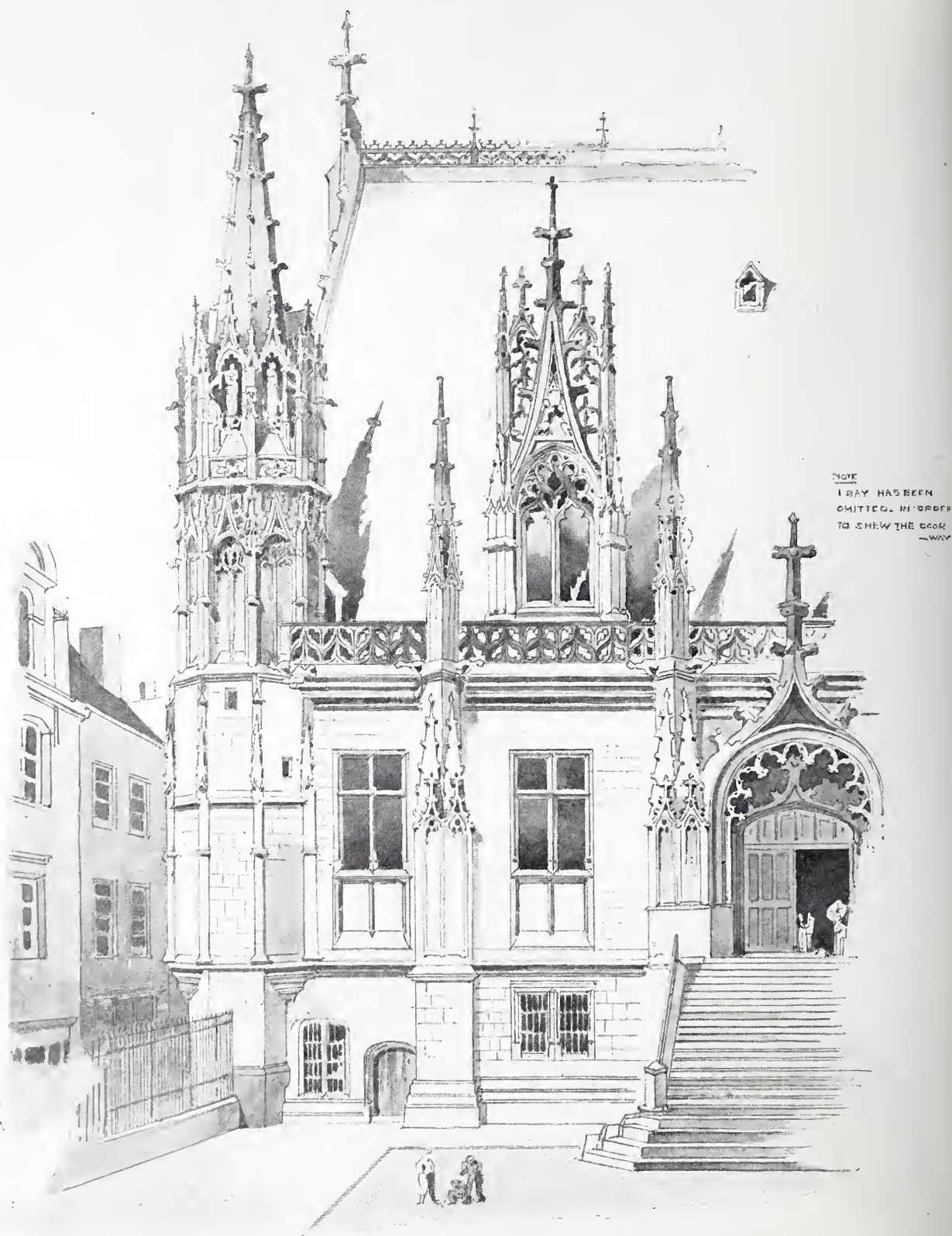
forms, or suggestions only of detail by dashes and dots; these may produce picturesqueness of effect and a crisp, light, sunny style, but are not of that benefit from an educational point of view that the closer attention and more laborious method will prove. One thing, however, must be clearly borne in mind, and that is, that the lighter style is an absolute impossibility—that is to say, from the professional



A CORNER IN FLORENCE.

critic's standpoint—without a long course of training in the more exact and laborious method. This preliminary study of detailed form must be gone through before the shorthanding of a quick sketch can be satisfactorily accomplished. There is no such thing as a royal road to such knowledge of detail; knowledge, which will enable the quick





THE PALAIS DE JUSTICE:  
ROUEN: DRAWN BY  
ARNOLD MITCHEL.



CHOIR STALLS: AMIENS.

summary of a building we so often admire in a clever sketch to be produced without this preliminary training; therefore it is that such insistence is laid upon it. The lighter and less laborious method of work may follow—it cannot precede—long practice of the detailed system of drawing so essential to the sketcher in his student days. Without doubt the best education in this direction is hardly by sketching proper at all, but rather by means of careful drawings to measurement; if these are plotted upon the spot in the same way as a sketch is done, they will have a measure of accuracy no sketch can give. To obtain a real mastery in architectural sketching, the experience gained in making measured drawings should be described as the foundation upon which to build; and although it may be, and doubtless in some cases has been, that successful sketchers have dispensed with this help altogether, one is tempted at times to

wonder whether their work would not have been even better, had the drudgery been gone through. Drawings of details, such as mouldings, carvings, capitals, bench-ends, finials, crockets; drawings to scale with the help of a two-foot rule; drawings of masonry and jointing — these are the studies that familiarise the mind with the work and methods of the old builders, and these are the studies which will secure that accuracy of form, and knowledge of construction, which enable the sketcher to indicate so much with means so slight; every stroke, every dot, should tell in his drawing. An architectural sketch should have a purpose in every line; and if each line has not such purpose and does not convey some separate fact, the drawing would be better far without it.

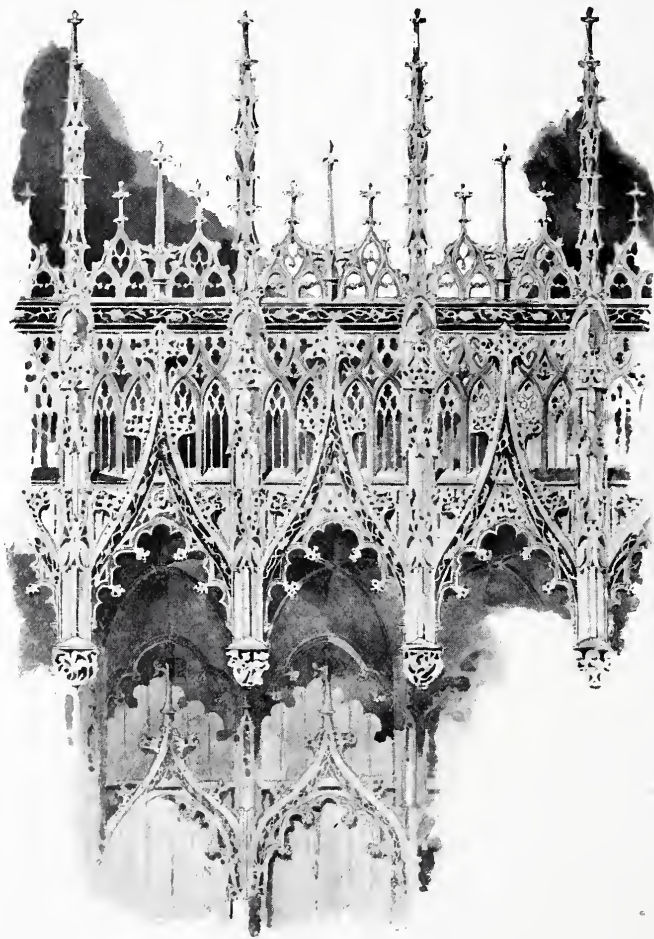
Redundancy of line is the rock upon which so many architectural sketches are wrecked — looking at them, that is to say, as architectural sketches only, and not as pictorial compositions. Different conditions altogether may rule from the artist's standpoint, although even here the painter often envies the clear, terse impressionism of an architect's sketch, which the latter's intimate knowledge of detail alone can give. The use of the brush is only in reality an amplification of the ideas already suggested — to obtain the maximum of effect in the shortest possible way.

But in the very facility of brush work lies its difficulty. Used as subsidiary to the drawing, it may be of the greatest use in producing almost instantly effects needing much more labour in another medium; but the brush is far too apt to become the master of the architectural sketcher. How comparatively few architects turn out really fine architectural water-colour drawings! The seductive paths of brush work lead away, in the vast majority of cases, from the severer style of work almost inseparable from architectural drawing; but happy indeed is the man who can combine both. Happy indeed is he who can find in sketching such relief from daily drudgery and routine, and at the same time inspiration to that daily task in the work of men of a bygone age whose work lives to-day as we indeed could wish that ours might live in days to come.



# A T THE SIGN OF THE "THREE BIRDS."

I LAY blinking on the heath, warmed by the noonday sun; away in front of my resting-place was a dip in the ground, that had been filled of late by the springs trickling into it from every side; occasionally the surface of the pool would be ruffled by a duck with predatory instincts, who, when not engaged in a dignified waddle on the water's edge, could be seen bisected by the water line, tail heavenward, and the head, neck, and portions of his body for the time out of sight, in search of the worm which fills. Across the far end of the pond ran a road, its whiteness relieved intermittently by a flight of cyclists, with heads bent over the handle bars, and the slight forward movement of the shoulders, as their feet gripped the pedals—they looked like a procession of sacred Egyptian beetles. The curious but not unpleasant sound accompanying the revolutions of their wheels gave the warning note of approach, ten or fifteen seconds passed, perhaps, and the road was again empty, save for the cloud of dust that hung for a time over the road way. To the right, through the trunks of the trees, I could see the sign of the "Green Man," an inn that stood at the crossing of three roads close to the



CHOIR STALLS: AMIENS.

edge of the heath, one running past the pool where loafing hours are spent, another intersecting the common. Not infrequently in the stillness of an afternoon, it was possible to catch the sound of rumbling drays as they passed along the road that lay behind me. To-day I could hear the town clock, situated about a mile distant; the hours striking, but fitfully as if the wayward and frolicsome breeze that blew across the heath, caressing the long grasses and sedges, had dropped the sound midway, but to gather together again for its destruction. A pleasant and quiet spot, the still-

ness broken only by the melody of the rivulets running into the pool, or the quack of the triumphant duck on the finding of a digestible worm, or the drowsy buzzing of some inebriated bee as he lurched by on the wing. On a tree to my left was perched a throstle trilling out his notes with cool and gay insouciance, the branch that held him swaying with the fitful breeze, his tail working up and down in a series of little jerks—a merry inspiriting bird that—knowing well the joy of living. At the base of the tree next this lively songster, a stray parrot was perched on one of the roots that had sprung through the soil; he watched his neighbour in the branches with one evil eye, and cocked his other towards the

peacock that was making his way across the road, coming from a door in the wall which bounded the road on the far side. This was no common peacock, but a haughty bird of some pretensions to grace and distinction. Just as the scent of a favourite flower, or some melody, will be associated very often with circumstances seemingly irrelevant to the throstle, the parrot, and the peacock, recalled the private view of the fifth Arts and Crafts Exhibition, where the decorative bird might be found. The bird on the twig to my left, with the wagsome tail, and of joyful song, or at least the symbol of it, was here and everywhere in inlay, and at others woven into some

fabric—a mere symbol perhaps, but unmistakable, the chief characteristics suggested as only a clever Artist can do. Primarily beautiful as decoration, and secondarily reminiscent of Nature, the storehouse of the pattern designer. This bird wagged no tail, nor did he sing, but the parrot that sat demurely yet consciously on the pair of cast-iron fire dogs, certainly winked. There was a half mocking expression in the wicked enamel eyes; a visitor would look at this Mephistophelian bird with a smile that spontaneously became a sardonic grin, brought there perhaps by an inward sympathy with

the bird's attitude towards the exhibition ; an irritating bird, my reader, to those that take life too seriously. Sitting on his perch, an embodiment of the spirit of mockery, so characteristic of our latter day civilisation, brooding and mourning over these flippant days, and yet not averse to indulging in a little on his own account. The study of bird life brings with it a pleasure, which, if quiet, is none the less real. It is one of the rewards of the Craftsman if he be able, like the old Egyptian artificer, to catch and render an attitude or expression, with something personal added, which is his delight rather than the general observer's. Even the paper architect may pirouette round his drawing board on seizing the idea he was frantically chasing ; it is pleasure unalloyed, unless he happens in after days to alight upon the executed work. The peacock, stately and decorative creature, that inhabits the formal garden, is too dignified for description ; his exasperating strut and general mien savour of an aristocratic contempt for the obvious and usual. We will, however, appeal to the romantic youth, who lives with the past and ignores the to-day. Time has flitted ; the other birds of the Arts and Crafts—the headless, tailless, and wooden birds must be passed over, for the sun is getting close to the horizon, its rays lighting up the silvery-grey bands that cross the trunks of the beech trees flanking one side of the pool, where the duck still lingered : the thrush is silent, the green parrot has disappeared, and the peacock is doubtless wandering down an avenue of yew trees or reposing on the terrace wall. The daylight is becoming dusk, and from over yonder, near the "Green Man," I can hear the carter, whose vigorous voice and uncouth tongue, blending with the rising wind, falls into harmonies as vague and delightful as church chimes heard from afar.

G. LL. MORRIS.

## PARIS NOTES: BY OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT: THE RESTORATIONS AT VERSAILLES.

THERE is probably but one opinion among Artists as to the danger of "restoring" historical monuments. It is as risky to patch up a building as to repaint an old picture: both lose more than they gain in the process. Unfortunately Architects of Viollet-le-Duc's school—and they are the immense majority in France—know neither scruple nor hesitation in remodelling or "completing." They have utterly travestied some of the noblest Romanesque monuments of the south of France under pretence of "restoring" them, played havoc with that marvellous fortress and cathedral in the sea, the Mont St. Michel, half

rebuilt our Gothic minsters, and covered them with their insensitive mechanical chiselling and icy ornament by second-rate workmen at so much a yard. But they have, perhaps, never given a more startling example of systematic destruction than in their work at Versailles. A few notes on the extraordinary Vandalism now being perpetrated there may be of interest to your readers. Nothing is just now exciting more attention in the Parisian artistic world. I have, myself, in the *Gazette des Beaux-Arts*, and *Débats*, opened the campaign against the restorers ; other reviews and newspapers are taking up the cry, and there is every hope of getting the credits suppressed or applied to rational uses.

But a few words on the past of Versailles are necessary for a better understanding of the present restorations. They can scarcely fail to be interesting. Versailles has been singularly unfortunate. It was neglected and abandoned before being finished. What it cost France in money, lives, and anguish is incalculable, yet it was at no time cared for. It was too expensive to keep up. The sums spent on its very creation were almost incredible, and were yet insufficient : under Louis XIV. alone they probably exceeded £20,000,000. No true estimate can, however, be formed since Louis, himself terrified at the accounts, threw them into the fire, and destroyed, as far as lay in his power, all trace of his expenditure. He quickly sickened of his costly freak, built Trianon, tired of that, then squandered over a million pounds on Marly. Versailles remained for him, as for his successors, a monument of the disasters which closed his reign, one of the main causes of the frightful ruin which overtook the country. In spite of the vast sums it swallowed up under Louis XV. and Louis XVI., the gardens and works of art were shamefully neglected. Then came the Revolution. The whole of the priceless furniture, bronzes, fittings, porcelain of the Château, were knocked down to peasants and tradesmen for 37,000 francs. The statues were broken or injured ; Trianon was let to a publican, who turned it into a pleasure-garden ; quite recently the word "Café" was still to be read on the façade. Napoleon I. did little to better matters. He regretted bitterly even the relatively small sums he spent on Versailles. At one time he thought of restoring the Palace and park, but was discouraged by the difficulties of the task and its enormous cost. He cursed the fate which left him the splendours of Louis XIV., to be utilised, and the excesses of the Revolution to be effaced. Later, some 6,000,000 francs were spent by Louis XVIII. and Charles X. in partially restoring Versailles, but the real repairs were due to Louis Philippe, who expended over a million pounds in refitting and furnishing the Château and transforming



it into a museum of historical works of art. Its destination would, he thought, preserve it against the revolutionary projects, such as turning it into an asylum for veterans, which threatened to destroy or dishonour the home of his ancestors. But if he did much he left much to be done. And after many years of neglect it has become urgent to spend large sums in efficiently restoring the more ruinous parts of the structure. Some 300,000 francs a year have for the last ten years or more been devoted to the task. But the last state of Versailles threatens to be worse than the first. It has fallen into the hands of the Vandals. What a century of neglect, the excesses of the Revolution, the innumerable vicissitudes of its fate have been powerless to do, the restorers are doing rapidly, surely, and for ever. They are stripping it of its touching and melancholy beauty, disfiguring its exquisite art, transforming it into a hotel for kings and emperors in view of the general exhibition of 1900, lighting it with electricity, gilding it like a *café*.

The money they obtain by subterfuge they have so far shamefully misapplied. Urgent repairs have been neglected. Unnecessary repairs have been everywhere executed. The walls and masonry are left to crumble away, but the delicate ornaments which cover them are without necessity replaced by the cheapest sculpture. Inestimable groups of statuary which it is impossible and needless to restore are cut into pieces and patched up again in the roughest way. One of the most exquisite of the rare lead statues in the Park, the "Flora," in the *Bassin de Flore*, has been amputated of both arms, both legs, both breasts, and then "restored," without the shadow of a reason; 10,000 francs are to be devoted to a like operation on the grand "Cérès," which is absolutely intact. Stone and marble are everywhere ruthlessly scraped; the precious and adorable patina of centuries is in an instant destroyed, and Versailles, which for the mind has existed two hundred years, will shortly be as glaring to the eye as a building of yesterday. The mischief is already nearly irreparable. The Palace and Park, façades, apartments, terraces, pieces of ornamental water, the numerous edifices scattered about the Park, the two Trianons, the statuary, the stairs, everything has been attacked at the same time, so that nothing can escape. But the details of these infamous restorations are too numerous to be given to-day. I can only indicate a few and show in what spirit they are carried out.

The real Art lies less in the mistaken principles on which the work is executed than in the general indifference to the result. Until recently—and that has been the final misfortune of Versailles—the magnificent ensemble constituted by the palace and park has been little understood, and few cared to

protect them. Much meaningless criticism has been directed against what is, in reality, one of the most marvellous artistic wholes in existence—a complete testimony to a conception of life and art, contestable, like all such conceptions, but absolutely unique. The enormous château and most noble terrace, studded with bronze divinities reclining round the exquisite curves of their fountains, fronting the evening splendours of the west, the sheet of water stretching away like a highway to the setting sun and infinite space and sky, the vast and melancholy park, austere fine, that sweeps away to right and left with the severe nobility of a landscape by Poussin or Puvis de Chavannes, the priceless groups and statues that testify by the discipline of their ordering to an unity of purpose, an artistic decision of design elsewhere without example in so vast a whole, the royal sadness and magnificence of that deserted home of the past glories of the French monarchy—to whom do all these things truly appeal? Their majestic sadness is felt by few; the dignity of an art which satisfies the mind by its logical coherence, fine subordination, perfect reasonableness, clearness, proportion, while it rejoices the eye by its beauty of line, and perfection of volume, is felt by fewer still. And thus Versailles is given over to the Vandals almost without protestation, and the visible impress of the seasons, years, and centuries is everywhere effaced from its stones, all that stirs the imagination destroyed among the indifference of the country which of all others cares the least for its incomparable past.

\* \* \* \*

There is now every chance of saving what has so far been spared by the Vandals at Versailles. The facts contained in the three articles published by the present writer have stirred universal indignation. Our leading men of letters—Anatole France, Jules Lemaitre, Maurice Barrès—our critics and artists, have unanimously protested against such further "restorations" of Versailles. The articles in question will be reprinted as a brochure, and distributed to the Senate. Public opinion is so strongly against fresh credits being voted that in all probability they will either be wholly suppressed by the Senate or applied to other uses.

EMIL HOVELAQUE.

## "SOME OLD WORLD HOUSES."

WE were indebted to Mr. Oliver Tweedell for the local data upon which our article upon "Some Old World Houses" was based, and also to Mr. Tweedell for the material from which Mr. F. L. Griggs was able to make a set of drawings which so well caught the spirit of the time.







Burgate Street, Canterbury  
J. P. H. G. Lowe

Christ Church Gate



**C**ANTERBURY: A SERIES OF  
IMPRESSIONS: ILLUSTRATED  
BY JOHN FULLEYLOVE:  
WRITTEN BY A. H. POWELL.

To present any new facts concerning so famous a place as Canterbury is not our aim, still less to tell, with the happy knowledge of the guide-books "of whatever is curious or worthy of observation in that ancient city." We propose rather to put a man in mind, to awaken his interest if we may, in the excellent beauty of architecture still remaining there. About eighteen miles from Sandwich, where, to the south of the Isle of Thanet, the Stour empties itself against the Goodwin Sands, the same river has formed itself into a loop enclosing an island some three-quarters of a mile in length, to the south of which, beside the "Swift River," arose in old days this town of the Kentish men.

A low-lying city, with its studded circuit of walls and watch-towers, set among green water-meadows and willow-bordered streams; a beautiful valley city, a bright setting to the great Church of Christ, the precious jewel held at its centre.

It is but the shadow of the splendid city of old days, and we see the time drawing on when, only by laborious study and groping among books, may we be able to make out amongst the crowding of new interests even the positions of many a building that must have been familiar to the men who passed through, on their way, may be, to the fields of Crécy or of Agincourt. We would remind our readers that Canterbury has still, scattered through the town, many beautiful sights to show, many wonderful fragments from the builders' work of days gone by, work precious for its beauty and doubly precious for keeping up in us the tradition of beautiful invention, in a day when Architecture seems overshadowed, and her native expressional qualities unsolicited.

We must perforce, most of us, approach the great old cities now by roads they never knew. Railways hurry us across unknown country to a town whose whole life grew up amongst the difficulties and limitations set by Nature to even rudimentary transit. Regret this as we may with the older cities, it is at least some preparation for understanding what has happened. Many of us, perhaps, could say with Jefferies, "I do not want change; I want the same old and loved things," though only to realize with him how "a little feather droops downward to the ground—a swallow's feather, fuller of miracles than the Pentateuch—how shall that feather be placed again in the breast where it grew? Nothing twice."

So reach we Canterbury. At the first sight the whole seems familiar. There is the inevitable look of the modern English cathedral town marked upon every line of its mingling streets and dwellings. The new part by the station, with its wandering, aimless spaces and uncomfortable-looking iron railings, the huddling of the houses round their narrow streets as we get nearer to the heart of it—everything as we had pictured it—the large, respectable inn, with its facing of bricks, put up when the timber front was taken down or went out of fashion, and promising fine bits of old carpentry inside, where a broad oak post or carved doorhead shall still show the ancient disposition of the house.

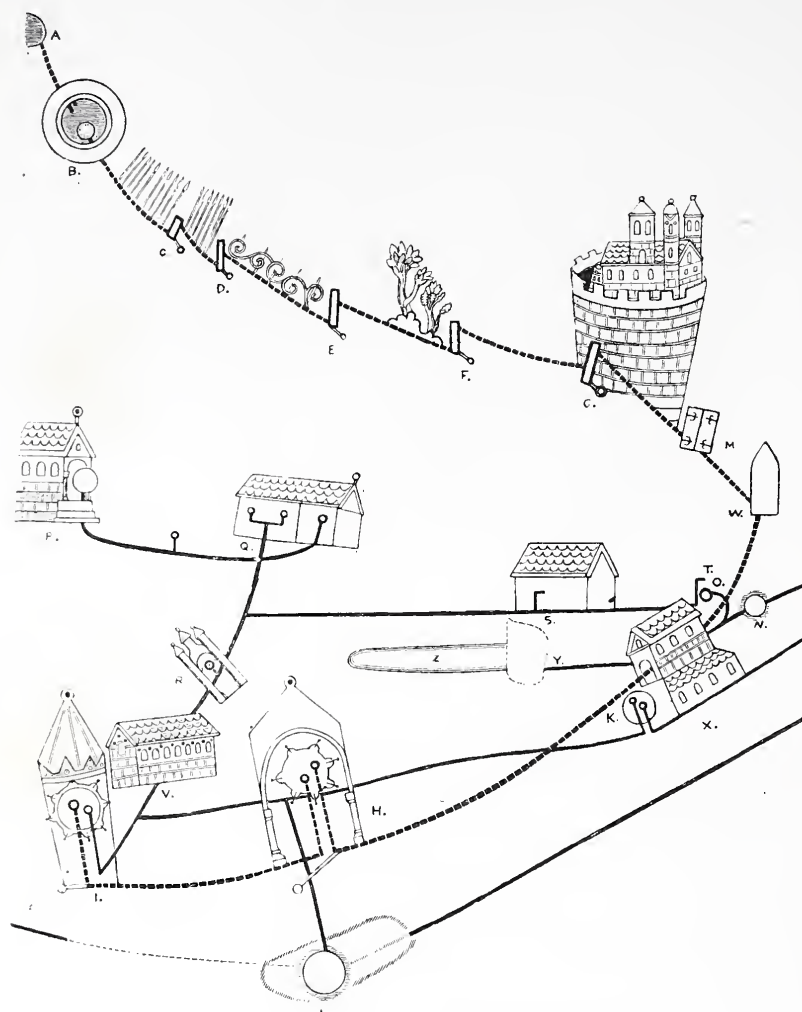
Here and there still, in the perspective of the High Street, a few old gables thrust forward over the footways their pleasant Jacobean bargeboards, carved with the flat patterns of that day, the projecting upper storeys resting on grotesque and ugly monsters—a depraved race of fauns, hiding their queer comedies beneath many coats of brown and shiny paint. And, reader, if you should dislike such rough accommodation, such disregard, too, of the "Fine Shades" in your cathedral town, as you well may, at least consider and contrast these houses, strongly built and expressive of rough life and character, with the ill-built starvelings that so frequently replace them.

A sacrifice, we yet say, not to be regretted, since larger rooms and freer air are secured to us. But is there nothing beyond this to tell? Have we, with our Gothic mouldings and arches, forgotten to revive also the spirit, or do we fear its rude strength? or is it in truth dead, and no longer to be reckoned with? It will be well, surely, if we can decide this and spend ourselves no more on fretting shop fronts and street corners with thoughtless carving, and mouldings out of place and purposeless, put there in half-hearted obeisance to the Cathedral and its precincts.

Passing on through the main streets of the town, we notice here and there a base stone or wrought archway giving even in its isolation a touch of dignity to its less sturdy neighbours; or we see through iron gratings a dark suggestion of some vaulted undercroft, the last witness perhaps to an inn where they tell us Chaucer was wont to lodge long ago with pilgrims come "The Holy blissful Martyr for to seek."

The west gate, seemingly the best of all the gates, with its two round towers flanking the archway, still stands across the London Road, and forms the entrance to the city, a road having been made to the south of the gate for outgoers. And





- |   |  |
|---|--|
| A. The source.  | N. The Prior's cistern.                                  |
| B. The conduit house.   | O. The Prior's water-tub.                                |
| C.D.E.F.G. The settling tanks, in order,<br>each provided with its scouring<br>pipe at the end.             | P. The lavatory under the north<br>hall.                 |
| H. First lavatory, erroneously termed<br>the baptistery.  | Q. The brewhouse and bakehouse.                          |
| I. Second lavatory, in the great cloister.  | R. The great kitchen.                                    |
| K. Third lavatory, opposite to the door<br>of the infirmary (X).  | S. The bath house.                                       |
| L. Cistern or fons, in the outer cemetery.<br>(The cutting of the margin has<br>removed the great piscina). | T. The standpipe emptying into Prior's<br>water-tub (O). |
| M. The Prior's gates.   | V. The refectory.  |
|   | W. The infirmary kitchen.                                |
|   | X. The infirmary hall.                                   |
|   | Y. Position of necessarium.                              |
|   | Z. A broad sewer.  |

PLAN OF WATERWORKS, LOOKING NORTH.

in this it stands as a protest against the destruction of all its fellows.

The gate was rebuilt by Archbishop Sudbury, the same who crowned Richard II. king, becoming Chancellor in 1380. He it was, too, who rebuilt the long wall from here nearly to Northgate, and, with other great undertakings, took down the nave of the cathedral to its foundations and would have rebuilt it but that he was, upon Tower Hill, "barbarously murdered."

To trace the walls entirely now is difficult. The gates, of which there were originally six, besides

smaller posterns, have also disappeared; mostly since the year 1790, when a great wave of "improvements" began to spread over Canterbury. Still, Westgate has kindly been spared to us, and we can only regret that so simple a contrivance for preserving a gateway was not thought of earlier.

To right and left of us as we enter here, once stood the convents of the Black and Grey Friars, who settled in Canterbury in the years 1217 and 1224 respectively, and not far off is the district of the Borough of Staple gate, the conjectured meeting place of Ethelbert and Augustine.

Over the ancient west gate, which Archbishop Sudbury pulled down to rebuild his new gate, was a church, and to replace this, the Church of the Holy Cross, adjoining, now much restored, if not all new, was built, also in the reign of Richard the Second.

Of all the old buildings that stood about this entrance by the west gate, there is one still abutting on the High Street: a hospital or place of residence now for widows, and, stooping under the low arch and crossing the dark entrance, we mount a few steps to the chapel, and here at one end is a remnant of a fine painting reminding us of the work at Copford, in Essex, and also in the crypt of the cathedral, a representation of Christ, with the two fingers raised in the act of blessing.

It is in the form of a Vesica, and has evidently been not long since uncovered of its coat of whitewash. It is not many

feet from the floor, and is painted on the flat wall.

By far the most lovely, however, of what may be called these minor relics of old Canterbury is a building standing about a quarter of a mile southward from this, to approach which we must go back into St. Peter's Street, and take the turning called Black Griffin Lane, which leads us along a walled passage out into the region of gardens and orchards which cover most of the ground here between Westgate and the Castle.

Following this we at length come upon two



FROM A DRAWING BY  
JOHN FULLEYLOVE.





thirteenth-century doorways in the wall, the larger one some six feet wide and blocked up, the smaller giving access to a prettily laid out garden, with white-stemmed fruit-trees, and what looks to be a plain, flint-walled cottage behind. But there is an unmistakeable air about its high ridged roof which draws us to a closer view. Buttressed, we find it, at either end of its humble looking cottage walls—buttresses, too, of the real right shape, with the long, swift slope of squared stones, giving it the look of a sinewy root stem, incorporate and homogeneous.

The narrow, high gabled walls forming either end, are pierced with three windows each, one in the gable and two below, and rest upon two pairs of clear-cut, pointed arches, strong and unbroken, springing from small circular columns planted in mid-stream, for the breadth of the house spans entirely a branch of the main river, and the water runs clear and swift below in its arched and buttressed channel.

The architecture, of strong thirteenth-century character, is beautiful enough by itself, but the magic of the running water reflecting its dark arches and shining freestone, carry us at once into green lands of romance, where we see men pursuing works of imaginative and marvellous beauty, in which were possibly for some of them their only outlet of full enjoyment.

It comes to us as a hint of the life of those who found their happiness and solace, not in the rowdy joys of fighting, but in watching the yearly illumination of the earth, with its beasts, and flowers, and birds; who could appreciate, too, the relief, the refuge, and the delight, of

The garden's wall of stone  
That shut the flowers and trees up with the sky,  
And trebled all the beauty.

And now, as we turn again towards the town, rises in front of us the great tower of the Cathedral, far over the red roofs and smoke of chimneys, a giant, like the choir of Beauvais, above the tiny dwellings thronging round it. Clear above the long grey roof of the nave and choir, its sheer angles stretch up without a break into the air. The corner pinnacles continuing the unbroken upward line, and connected by a broad seven-foot fence of traceried stone, its thinnest bars as thick as a man's thigh, for all their seeming delicacy. Losing sight of it, now, for a while, behind the nearer houses, we cross the High Street, and turn down the Mercery, a narrow old street, reminding us of the Venetian Merceria, and leading, as that does, to the open space before the great church. At the end of this street, before we pass into the Cathedral Yard, stands Christ Church Gate. Around it to the south was not long ago the Old

Poultry, a market for poultry, butter, and vegetables, built by the Corporation. It is now converted into a square, in the centre of which is Mr. Onslow Ford's memorial of Christopher Marlowe.

Many of the buildings in this neighbourhood, we are told, were great inns for receiving the swarms of pilgrims who visited the Cathedral. An examination of the roofs, upon which apparently this statement is founded, showed them to be, many of them, "of vast extent and antiquity"—pointing to a broader sub-division of the houses than exists at present.

The pillared market-house shown in the illustration was destroyed in 1889 to avoid the expense of repairing it.

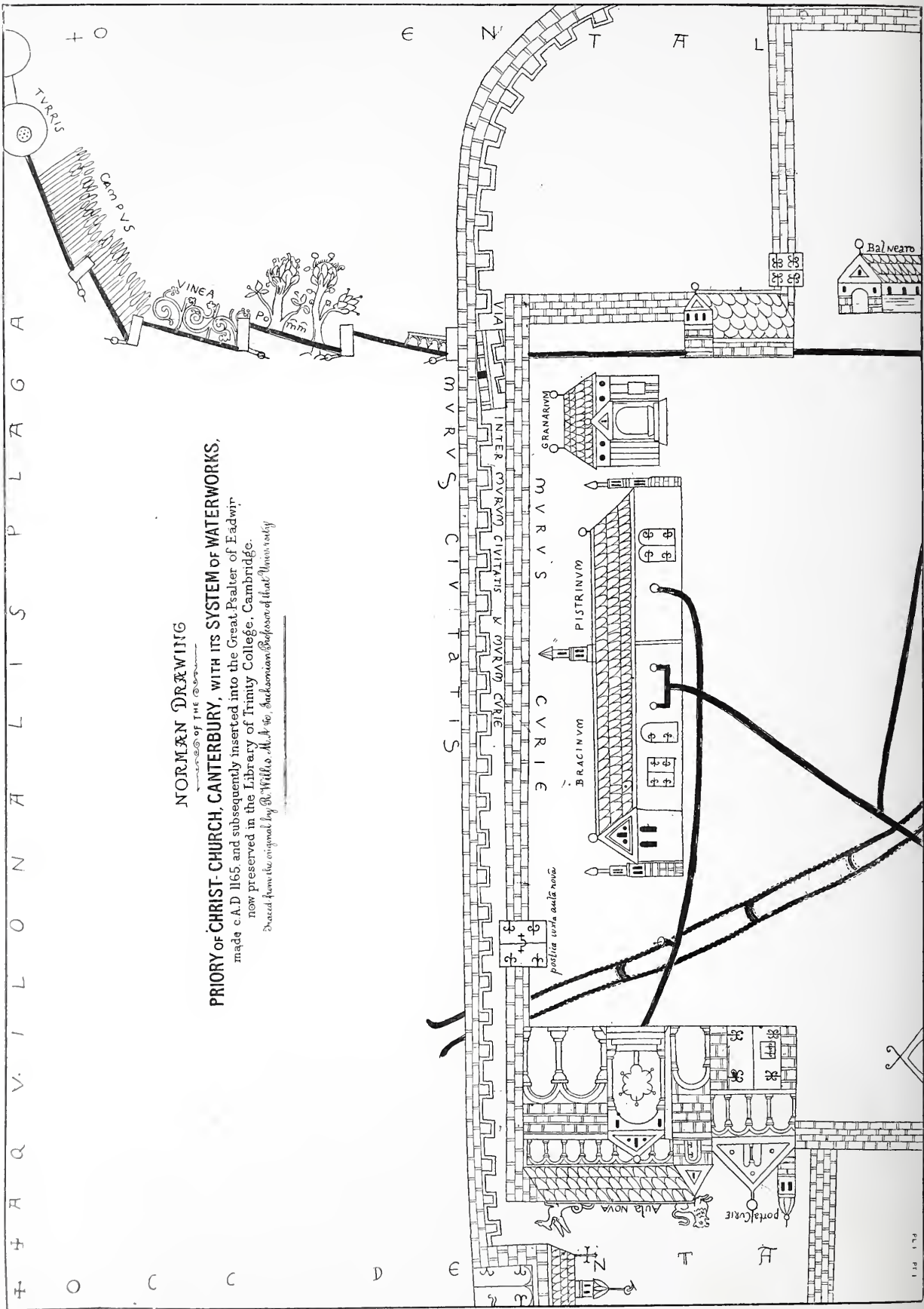
The gateway was built upon the site of an older one by Prior Goldstone in A.D. 1517. It was carved with niches and coats of arms, and had in the centre a large statue of Christ, which was destroyed by Parliamentary muskets. This gateway, described by Somner as "a goodly, strong, and beautiful structure, and of an excellent artifice," is ordinarily the first building outside the Cathedral precincts to strike a traveller's attention, and remind him that he is in a city with a great history. In its earliest days a Royal residence, it was in the days of William the Conqueror, a more considerable place than London, "exceeding that city in its houses," Stowe tells us, while we get an idea of the ecclesiastical importance of the place from the Archbishop's "*Providentia Divina Cantuar. Archiepiscopus*," as compared to the episcopal and less responsible style, "*permissione Divina*."

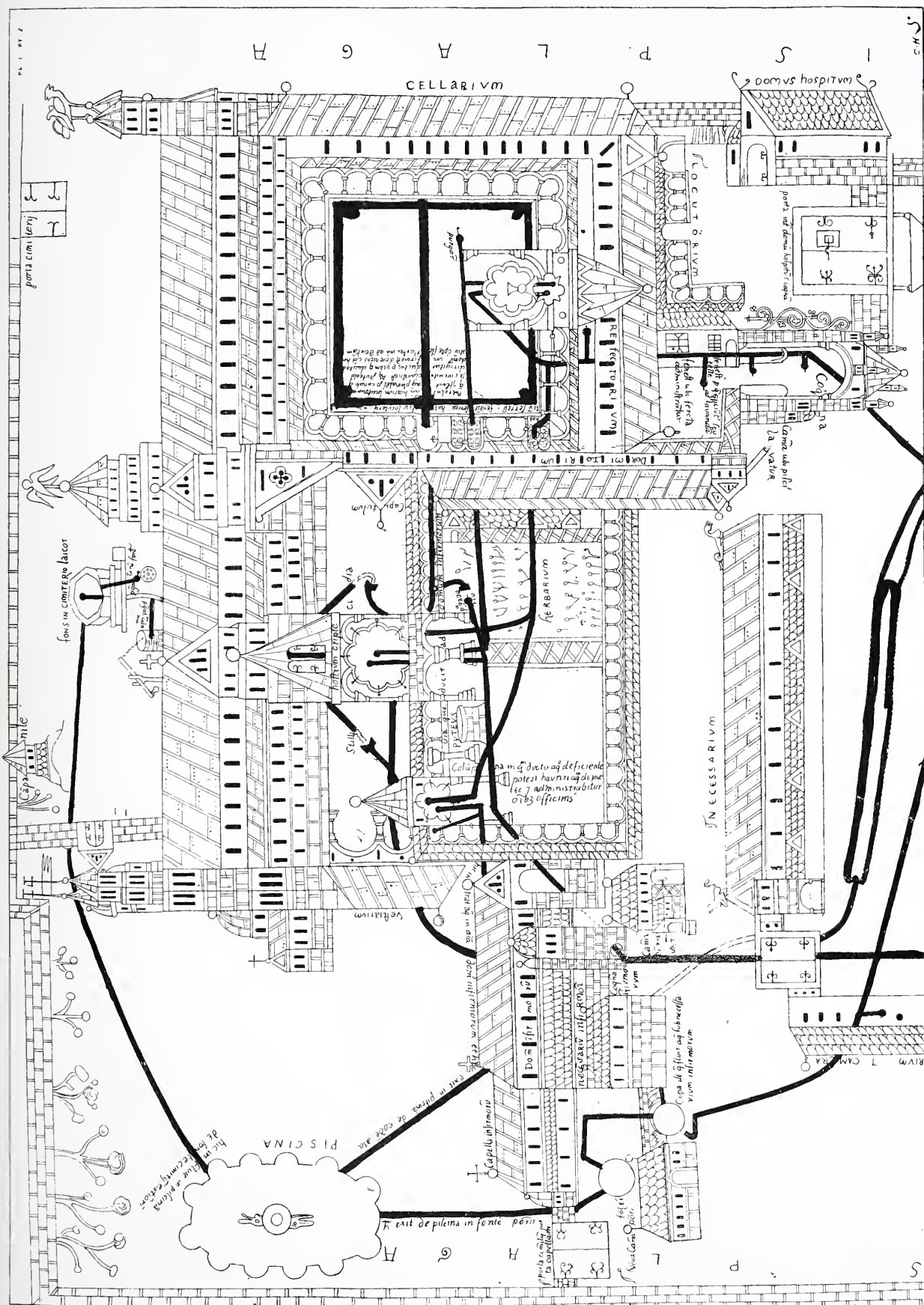
Of the sixteen "stately edifices and castles" appertaining to this see which are given by Ireland in his History, only one, he tells us, remained standing, namely, Lambeth. They remained in the possession of the Primates until the reign of Henry the Eighth, and are enumerated by Ireland as follows:—"Wrotham, Maidstone, Otford, Knoll in Sevenoke, Charing, Aldington, Saltwood, Tenham, Gillingham, Wingham, Ford, and Beaksborne, in Kent; Lambeth and Croydon, in Surry; and Mayfield and Slindon, in Sussex."

From its earliest days until the Dissolution Canterbury seems to have increased steadily, on the whole, in wealth and prosperity. William of Malmesbury describes the city as being, in his day, "of moderate size, but renowned for its excellent site, the richness of the soil, perfect state of its fortifications, conveniences enjoyed in water and wood, as well as abundance of fish procured, in consequence of its proximity to the sea." (Ireland's "*History of Kent*.")

But its great influx of wealth was, doubtless, after the murder of Thomas à Becket in 1170. Philip of Flanders, William, Archbishop of Rheims, Louis of France, all visited Canterbury between









1177 and 1180—the last-named coming habited as a pilgrim—to visit Becket's tomb and make their offerings.

Then there were the Jubilee celebrations of the martyrdom solemnised every fifty years. We read that the multitude of all ranks who repaired thither was not less than 100,000, and their oblations incalculable! The seventh and last Jubilee was in 1520, under the primacy of Archbishop Warham.

Christ Church Gate leads to the Cathedral Churchyard, of which the space between the Cathedral and the city on the south, was originally, as Professor Willis tells, the outer cemetery, appropriated to the burial of the laity, and the gate is labelled in his plan of the Cathedral and precincts "*Porta Cimeterii*." The space from the east part of the church, and east boundary of that cemetery to the east wall of the site, was appropriated to the burial of the monks, and termed the Inner Cemetery.

And here it may not be out of place to give Professor Willis' explanatory notes of the Norman drawings, tracings of which he made from the Cambridge MS. Our reproductions are from the lithographs in his history of the monastery.

After telling us of the accidental fire which in A.D. 1070 consumed the Saxon Cathedral with nearly all the monastic offices, he relates that Lanfranc, finding his church destroyed, rebuilt what was essential for the accommodation of the monks, razing to the ground every remains of the burnt monastery and eradicating their foundations. This accommodation soon proving too small, he pulled down his first buildings, and constructed in their stead others more beautiful and larger. He also rebuilt and nearly finished the church in seven years. When Professor Willis wrote, the west wall of the Norman dormitories, with its four windows, stood to about half the height of the chapter house west window; enough remained to enable him to make a plan of the whole.

The large Norman drawing is stitched and pasted into a folio Psalter written in Latin, Norman-French, and Saxon. It occupies the space of certain pages which have been lost.

The second plan of the waterworks in the MS. is pasted on the return of the final vellum page, which is pasted on the wood cover.

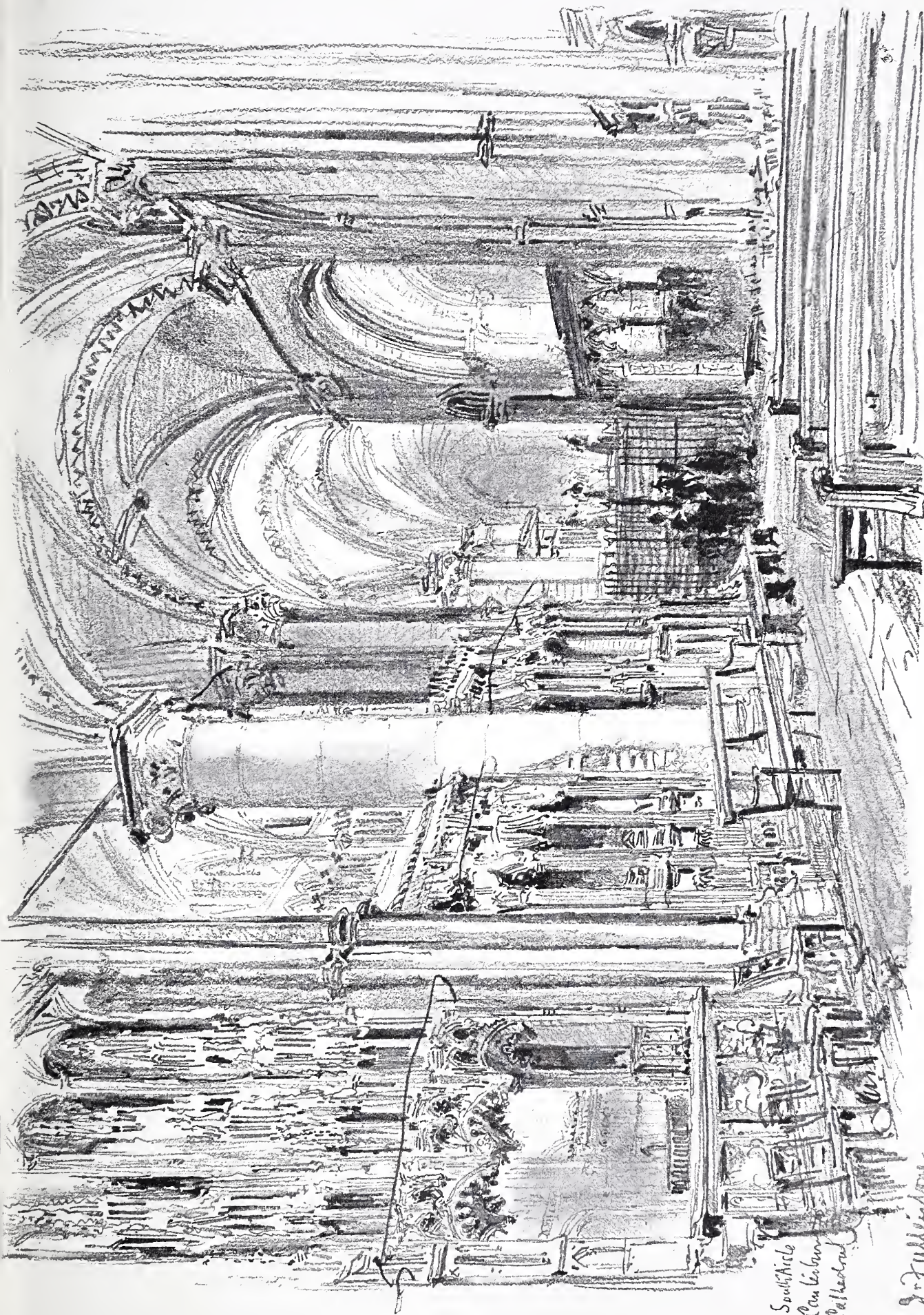
"The two drawings are, in my opinion, the work of the engineer, Wibert, or his assistants, executed to record his system of waterworks and drainage, and not, as is usually supposed, for the purpose of delineating the architectural arrangement of the Priory. . . . In the great drawing all the monastic buildings are delineated, so as to indicate completely the course of the various pipes from one to the other, and the exact places of their cisterns

and stand-pipes, as well as the contrivances for carrying off rain-water and sewage, explained by appropriate inscriptions, which show the drawing to have been made by a mechanist anxious to record and explain every particular of his contrivances. A large piece from the east of the small drawing has been cut off by the binder, but the lost details can easily be supplied from the great drawing." Professor Willis, after comparing the drawing with the buildings it would represent, ends his description by reminding us that it is "the work of an engineer and not of an architect, and therefore principally useful for its ample details of the method of water supply to monasteries or towns in the twelfth century. But it also gives most valuable incidental evidence of the general distribution of the convent by the inscriptions attached to the buildings."

The work here is full of the understanding and love of beauty. It is a great ring of most glorious Architecture, containing now, even after the wreck of the Reformation, enough to make it one of the remarkable places of the world, but when we read of what it was, and hear tell of the wonders of gold work and jewellery, of painted roofs and stained window-glass, we are compelled to admiration. We can only do justice to the work by getting something of the workman's knowledge of building and mistrusting that merely cultured and scholarly acquaintance with her, which never can get near enough to know. Having no tradition, it carries with it no touchstone by which to discern the real from the counterfeit. Admiration, it seems to us, is not sufficient to preserve our architectural heirlooms from injury, unless it be backed by some intimate knowledge of the world's building traditions, and of the true nature of Art.

And now, before we leave Canterbury, let us turn for a moment into the chapter house, if only to convince ourselves of the truth of what we have said above of sentimental admiration. This once lovely chamber is gaudy and garish now, no place to linger in; repainted, not tenderly or with any sweet colours, but perfunctorily, a forlorn and loveless house. As we passed out by the gate, two men were talking of the new works at the Cathedral, and the remark of one, given with a touch of local pride, struck us as comically true. "Ah," he said, "our Dean's a wonderful one for paint. He do like to see everything a good high colour!" Even so; and there we have our warning. Culture and scholarship do not mean necessarily the perception and love of beauty. This work has been done partly in an antiquarian and partly in a religious enthusiasm. Antiquarianism is not Art, nor is religious enthusiasm. The one, to be of any use to us, must be sincere, and the other reached its greatest purity in roofless poverty.





Southwark  
Cathedral  
Interior

J. F. Sullivan





**T**HE EARLY MOSAICS OF ST. MARK'S, VENICE: BY WILLIAM WHITE: ILLUSTRATED FROM DRAWINGS AND STUDIES IN THE RUSKIN MUSEUM: PART TWO.

SOME further explanation concerning the production of the drawings from which we are able to furnish the accompanying illustrations is, perhaps, necessary. As has been already hinted, they were specially commissioned by Mr. Ruskin, in connection with the St. George's Guild Fund, started for the purpose of making careful records of the architectural monuments, yearly ruined by ignorant restorers. Being no longer able to continue work of the kind at his own cost, Mr. Ruskin decided that the fulfilment of his purpose would have to depend upon the help afforded by his readers, to whom he naturally felt he could appeal for practical assistance. Curiously enough, although people were ready to show their affectionate regard for him personally by subscribing thousands of pounds to purchase a favourite Turner drawing, as a surprise gift to him, only some few hundreds of pounds were forthcoming for the important national work he had thus undertaken to superintend. For, though it is impossible to estimate the injury wrought in England, France, and Italy by modern despoilers during the past half-century, still more impossible is it to speak too strongly of the destruction brought upon St. Mark's during this period. The Church of St. Mark's was the most rich in associations, the most marvellous in beauty, the most perfect in preservation, of all the eleventh century buildings in Italy, and the most lovely portions were those now destroyed. The mosaics especially constituted its chief glory; glowing everywhere on the ceilings of its cupolas, and on its walls, they made the effect of the upper arches like that of peacocks' feathers in the sun.

Now, alas! they look like a "peacock's feather that has been dipped in paint."

In the year 1877 Count Zorzi published in Venice a thoroughly patriotic treatise upon the restoration of St. Mark's,\* in which he advocated more careful control and treatment of the famous edifice. The Venetian noble included, by way of preface, a lengthy letter of congratulation written by Mr. Ruskin on hearing of the enterprise. The letter is printed in both English and Italian, and contains much interesting information in proof of the assertions made by the Count.

Fortunately, further injury was averted by the timely pronouncement by Mr. Ruskin. But it

\* "Osservazioni intorno ai restauri interni ed esterni della Basilica di San Marco," di Alvise Piero Zorzi fu Giovanni Carlo.



FIG. I.—THE DOGE, CLERGY, AND PEOPLE OF VENICE: WITH SCROLL DECORATION.

DRAWN BY T. M. ROOKE.



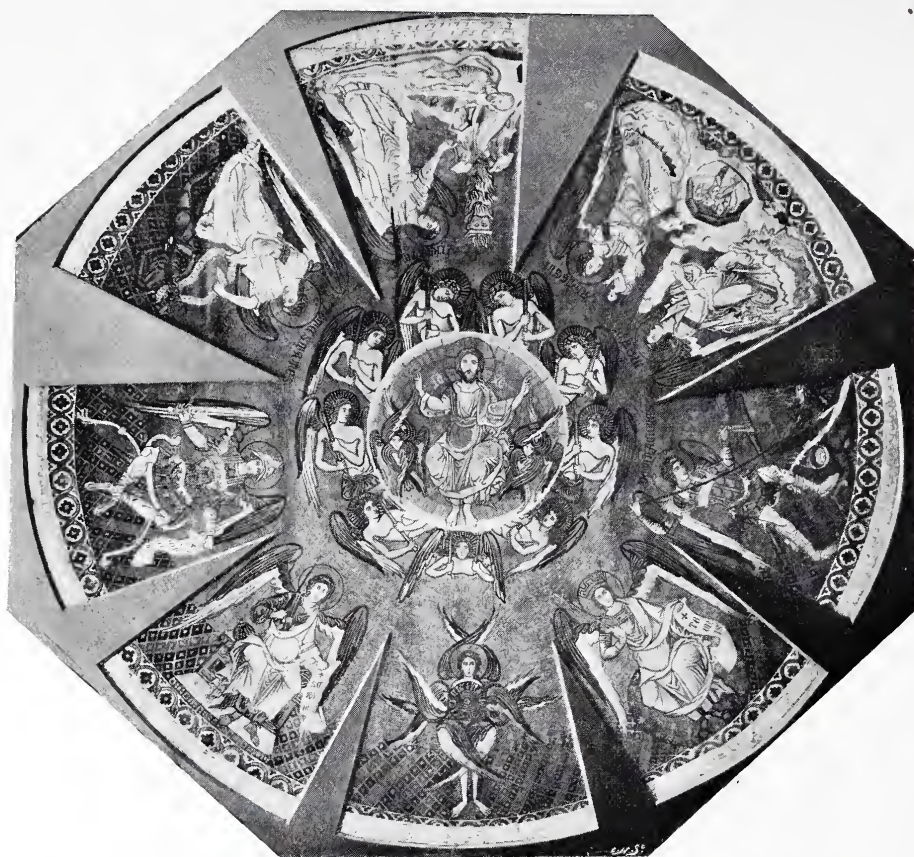


FIG. 2.—THE BAPTISTERY DOME: CHRIST SURROUNDED BY THE PRINCIPALITIES AND POWERS OF HEAVEN.

DRAWN BY T. M. ROOKE.

must not be forgotten, when we ourselves look up to the ancient domes and walls of this marvellous building, that, far more than we can imagine, the glory has departed. The present "Maestro del Mosaico," Signor Augusto, is, however, one who can be relied upon for his loyalty. At the time of my making his acquaintance, some few years ago, he took me into his studio to show me the process he had devised of producing perfect casts of mosaic work, by an invaluable method he was then perfecting. The casts were taken in a *papier-maché* material, reproducing, of course, the precise size and shape of the mosaic tesserae, as well as the contour and sinuosities of the old surface, and plaster; and the whole was afterwards coloured by hand. As great care is now given to the colour of the glass, which is specially manufactured for the purpose, it is possible to match exactly the ancient marble or glass tesserae; and the importance of having such faithful records to work to, cannot be over-estimated.

Some of the lovely slabs of marble which were being ruthlessly removed from the walls of the church twenty-three years ago, are now preserved in the Ruskin Museum, at Sheffield.\* Since the outcry made at this wanton destruction, the Italian authorities have taken the matter up, and it is now,

\* See "The Principles of Art," pp. 223-4.

happily, impossible for even a single tessera to be obtained from anyone employed in the work of repair.

Three artists were engaged and sent out by Mr. Ruskin — Messrs. John W. Bunney, C. Fairfax Murray, and Thomas M. Rooke, and a Venetian, Signor Angelo Alessandri, was added to the band of interested workers. These artists remained for several years, superintended by Mr. Ruskin, making careful studies and elaborate drawings of the basilica. The large oil-painting of the façade, upon which the late John Bunney spent two years of close labour, is well known; but we have here chiefly to do with the mosaic studies by the other artists, more especially

those by Mr. Rooke. More than a dozen of the best studies by the latter artist were unfortunately destroyed by fire in the St. Gothard Tunnel on their journey home. Fortunately Mr. Rooke had taken tracings of several before forwarding them, and these tracings passed into the hands of his friend and master, Sir Edward Burne-Jones. Such copies as it was possible for Mr. Rooke to produce from these records have only recently been obtained by the trustees; but many other subjects have been completely lost to the museum for which they were destined. These replicas, strange to relate, were, in their turn, nearly lost in another fire while being framed, and escaped destruction only by speedy removal to an adjacent stable. It is to be regretted that we are unable to include here any representations of the elaborate mosaics on the small domes of the vestibule, mosaics which deserve far more attention than has yet been accorded to them.†

A subject of special interest and significance in connection with the history and foundation of the Ducal Church is here included (Fig. 1). Arrayed as in the eleventh or early twelfth century, we see the Doge, Clergy, and People of Venice, "Serene in mind," according to the inscription

† As I write, I hear from another of Mr. Ruskin's artists, on his return from Venice, that some excellent photographs of these have just been published by Messrs. Anderson as an addition to their fine series.



on the mosaic, the size of life, richly attired in blue, green, purple, and white, embroidered with gold, and black or white crosses. "These," says Mr. Ruskin, "were the people of Venice in the central time of her unabated power, her unsacrificed honour, and her sacred faith. Her Doge wears, not the contracted shell-like cap, but the imperial crown. Her priests and clergy are alike mitred—not with the cloven—but simple cap, like the conical helmet of a knight. Her people are also her soldiers, and their captain bears his sword, sheathed in black. So far as features could be rendered in this rude time, the

Passing next into the Baptistery, we come to one of the finest and most characteristic examples of the Byzantine mosaics anywhere to be seen, occupying the entire vault of the dome (Fig. 2). The subject is a traditional one, in full accordance with the ancient type of its treatment—"Christ surrounded by the Principalities and Powers of Heaven." It is impossible here to include a full account of the numerous other mosaics either in the Baptistery or elsewhere, which would require several articles, and we must restrict ourselves to those of which illustrations are given. In connection with the Baptistery, however, it may be mentioned, (1) that



FIG. 3.—MOSAICS LINING THE EASTERN DOME:  
CHRIST ENCIRCLED BY THE PROPHETS.

DRAWN BY T. M. ROOKE.

faces are all noble—one horribly restored figure on the right shows what ignobleness, on this large scale, modern brutality and ignorance can reach; they are, for the most part, dark-eyed, but the Doge is brown-eyed and fair-haired, the long tresses falling on his shoulders, and his beard braided like that of an Etruscan king. . . . The old mosaicists in St. Mark's have not in a single instance, as far as I know, signed their names; but the spectator who wishes to know who destroyed the effects of the nave, may see his name inscribed twice over, half a foot high—"Bartolomeo Bozza."\*

\*"St. Mark's Rest," pp. 110-11, and "The Stones of Venice," Vol. III, p. 323.

the life and death of John the Baptist are duly represented upon the walls, the gaunt figure of the Baptist being repeated again and again; and (2) that two other subjects consist of Christ surrounded by the Prophets, and Christ surrounded by the Apostles baptising in different countries. Christ is here represented enthroned majestically in the spheres of the starry firmament, the seraphim on either side of Him, and around a circlet of nine scarlet-winged angels in attendance, each with "his loins girded and a candle in his hand": the outer circle is composed of the three-fold triple hierarchies of heaven, precisely as described by Dante in his "Paradise" (canto xxviii)



and "The Banquet" (Book II, chap. ii), though not in the same order. Space forbids the full analysis of the subject which the thoughtful treatment—so profound in its philosophy and religious learning as it is—well merits, and which I have elsewhere supplied far too imperfectly.\* This work certainly belongs to the eleventh century, and most probably the *early* part of that century.

We must now return from the Baptistry into the church, to view the mosaics on the Eastern dome, over the high altar, and upon the walls of the nave. The former is inlaid with a somewhat similar subject to the last—Christ on high, in the centre of the dome, encircled by a rainbow,† and sur-

trayed, and the quality of the workmanship, are shown to still better advantage in his larger studies of four of the prophets (not included in the general representation) and the Madonna. The colouring of these fourteen figures above the windows is in rather subdued tones, beautifully harmonised, the play of pale greens, blues, and greys being finely contrasted with either white or purples and other dark shades, the whole being enriched by the golden background and the decorative scroll-work below, which borders the windows and entirely fills the spaces between them. The personages introduced into this circle were chosen in connection with their



FIG. 4.—THE EASTERN DOME: FOUR OF THE PROPHETS NOT INCLUDED IN THE OTHER DRAWING.

DRAWN BY T. M. ROOKE.

rounded by the Prophets and the Madonna, with David and Solomon as the chief Kings of Israel. The central figure of the throned Christ—the beardless, youthful form—has been entirely spoiled by "restoration," but the Madonna in prayer, and most of the other figures, are still in a fair state of preservation. The general arrangement and scope of the design are admirably given in Mr. Rooke's drawing, here reproduced (Fig. 3), while the individuality of the different prophets por-

phancies concerning Christ, each one—the Virgin excepted—displaying forth his written message in the Vulgate text. The Madonna stands immediately below the Christ; on her left is Isaiah, with his declaration: "Behold a virgin shall conceive . . . Immanuel" (ch. vii, v. 14), and on her right King David, with upon *his* scroll: "Of the fruit of thy body will I set upon thy throne." (Psalm cxxxii, v. 11). Next to him is Solomon, bearing the extract from his "Song" (ch. vi, v. 10): "Who is this that ascends as the morning?" Then follow the prophets Malachi ("Behold, I send my messenger," etc., iii, 5), Zachariah ("Behold, a man whose name is the Branch (Oriens) vi, 12), Haggai ("Behold, the desired of all nations shall

\* See, however, the references given in the footnotes on pp. 265-6 of "The Principles of Art."

† "As the appearance of the bow that is in the cloud in the day of rain, so was the appearance of the brightness round about. This was the appearance of the likeness of the glory of the Lord."—Ezekiel's Vision, chap. i. v. 28.



come," ii, 7), Zephaniah ("Seek ye the Lord, all ye meek of the earth," ii, 3), Jonah ("Let them turn every one from his evil way," iii, 8), whose head is just seen at the top in Fig. 3. This prophet we see the full length representation of in the next illustration, Fig. 4, the figure on the extreme right, the abbreviated Latin inscription being in full thus: "Convertatur vir a via sua mala, et ab iniquitate." Next in continuation of the series is Hosea ("On the third day he will raise us up, and we shall live in his sight," vi, 2), the Latin legend on his scroll being as follows: "In die tertia suscitabit nos, et vinem"; then Habakkuk,—*"Deus ab austro veniet: et sanctus de monte Pharan"* (*i.e.*, in accordance with Samuel Sharpe's rendering, "God came from Teman [the south] and the Holy One from the mountain of Paran," iii, 3); and Obadiah,—*"Ascendent salutores in Montem Syon, et erit regnum Domino"* (*i.e.*, "Saviours shall come on Mount Zion, and the Kingdom shall be the Lord's," v, 21). Then follow, in completion of the circle, though not shown here, Daniel and Jeremiah.

The Madonna is represented (Fig. 5) standing with her arms elevated, and the hands outstretched, with palms outwards, in an attitude of *subjective* (not *objective*) adoration. She is not here shown as the Queen of Heaven, nor yet as the intercessory Maria, as we shall observe elsewhere on the walls; but as among the prophets, the Virgin

of whom they prophesied,—the "Blessed among women," of the lineage of David and Solomon. She is clothed in purple, with a mantle of a deep blue draped around her shoulders and head, the folds of which are all shot with gold; with a star above her forehead, and a stellar cross upon each wrist.

The ornamentation between the windows, and lining their deep recesses, is highly elaborate, no

two patterns being alike: for the repetition of designs, in the modern style, by the workmen of past times was scorned as unworthy of both themselves and their art. In Fig. 8 the patterns around the second and third window to the spectator's left, next adjoining to the part shown in Fig. 4, are copied faithfully by the same artist together with the floral scroll-work between the third and fourth windows. Similarly, the floriated decoration

between the fourth and fifth windows—that is, immediately below the figure of Daniel, and between the fifth and sixth windows, below Obadiah,—is reproduced in Fig. 9. Below this portion of the dome, in the spandrels, the symbols of the four evangelists appear; while in explanation there is an inscription all round, stating in Latin that "whatever things under obscure figures have been said of Christ, it is given to these [creatures] to open; and in these God Himself is made known." The date of execution of this dome is variously attributed by different authors, some putting it down to the thirteenth century and others the twelfth;

but there need be little question that it is really as early as the excellent authority, Dr. Woltmann, ascribed it to be,—namely, the eleventh century. It accords so closely with the traditions of the more ancient mosaicists that it might, indeed, readily be mistaken for far earlier work; but as the church was entirely rebuilt during the

greater part of the eleventh century, after the disastrous fire of 976, it cannot be *earlier* than the first half of that century, even if it remained uninjured by the subsequent fire in 1106. It is probable that the eastern end of the church would be the first to be finished completely; while there is every reason to believe that this dome includes the original work of the renewed building; and that the domes were least subject to serious injury

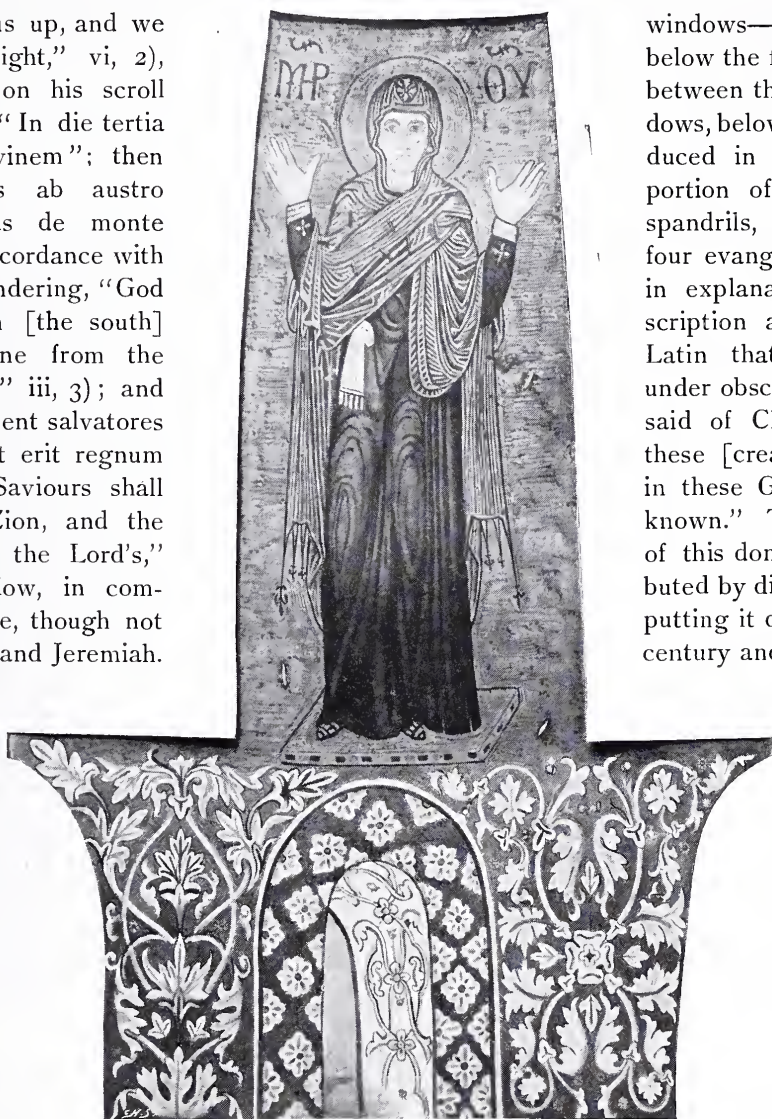


FIG. 5.—THE EASTERN DOME: THE MADONNA ALONE, WITH ORNAMENTAL SCROLL WORK AROUND THE WINDOWS BELOW: BY T. M. ROOKE.



from the two or three fires by which they were endangered, beyond such partial falling away of the cement and tesserae as appears to have been the cause of the restoration of the central figure here. The large-scale figure of Christ blessing, of the ancient Byzantine type, in the tribune apse, is, on the contrary, among the later works of an altogether inferior period, and we know precisely, from its dated signature, that it was executed by Pietro Vecchio in the year 1506. This figure, indeed, was considered by Lord Lindsay to be "the last mosaic done in St. Mark's, or in Italy, in the pure old Byzantine style."

The southern wall of the nave, as throughout the church, is sheeted with the choice marbles which

inscribed scrolls of their prophecy in their hands, partially unrolled, and the contracted form of the word "Propheta" is placed opposite their name on either side of the head of each. The colours are finely chosen, and the background of the Madonna is distinguished by a blue, white, and gold pattern of a rich and elaborate nature. The scroll legends of both David and Solomon are the same as in the case of their occurrence on the eastern dome; but it is interesting to make out the peculiar text of the latter one, which reads in its abbreviated form thus: "Que e isā que asced sicut aurorā c̄surgens," as a variant of the usual literation, which I find not only in an old black-letter Venetian Bible of 1487 in my possession, but also in some MS.

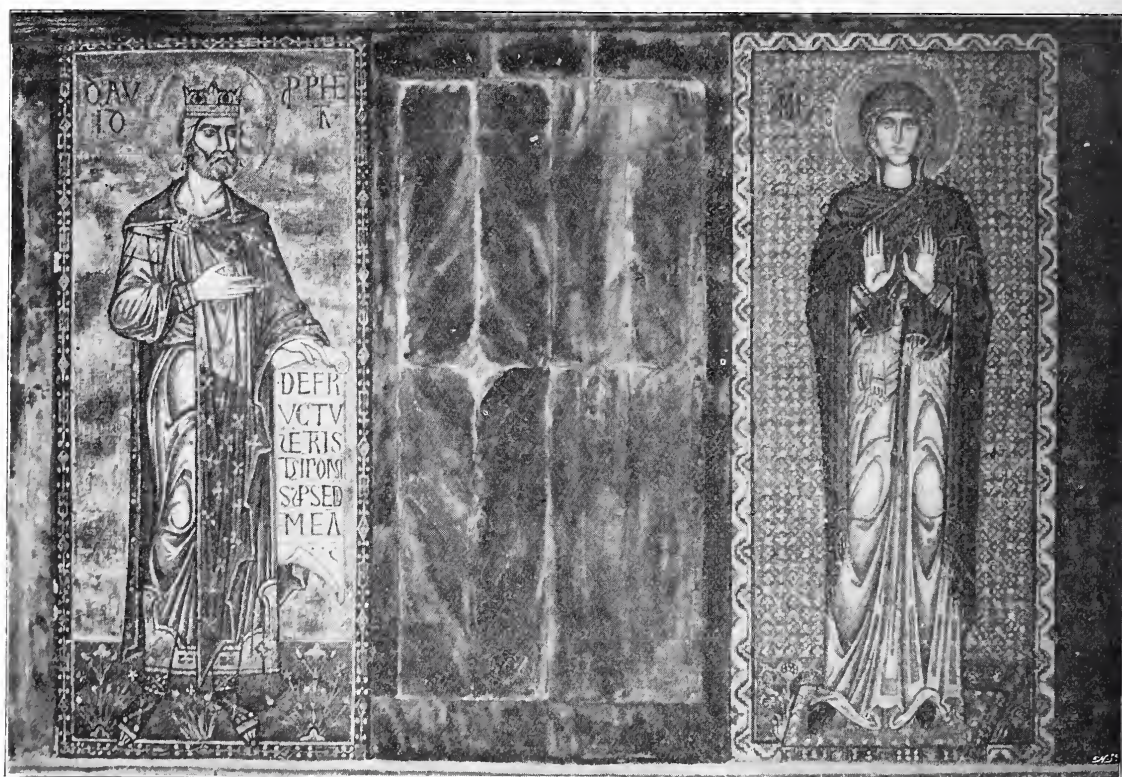


FIG. 6.—MOSAICS ON THE SOUTH WALL, ABOVE ENTRANCE TO THE BAPTISTERY: KING DAVID AND THE MADONNA.

DRAWN BY T. M. ROOKE.

the Levant-trading merchant-vessels were compelled by the Doge Selvo to import for the purpose, with panels of mosaic let in here and there. Thus five panels of figures occur in the wall adjoining the Baptistery above the entrance, four of which are represented here in Figs. 6 and 7. The first in order of these five mosaic figures is the prophet Isaiah, but this is the only one of which no copy has been taken; the others are, however, all reproduced here. The Madonna is central in the series. David and Solomon both appear as Prophet-kings, as in the altar dome; while the other prophet, who has not been previously included, is Ezekiel. All four prophets hold the

Bibles of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, in full, thus: "Quæ est ista quæ *progreditur quasi aurora consurgens*, pulchra ut luna," ("Who is she that *cometh onward* as the dawn, fair as the moon?") A similar departure, which we must examine, to see whether it furnishes any clue to the date of the mosaic, occurs in the final inscription (ch. xlv, v. 2) on the scroll of Ezekiel. It is curious to find that this prophet is not elsewhere represented in the church in any other series, as might have been expected, considering that he was the seer of the vision of the "four living creatures" that became the symbols of the evangelists so frequently in use. The portion of the Latin text as



far as is here given is, when expanded, as follows: "Porta hec quam vides clausa erit e non aperientur": whereas in the versions just referred to it runs thus,—*"Porta hæc clausa erit: et non aperientur,"* or, in our version,—*"This gate shall be shut, it shall not be opened"* (etc.). It is therefore clearly evident that some earlier text than even that of the thirteenth century, written by an Italian scribe, has been quoted; and which proves that the work was executed before that time. The importance of deciphering these obscure inscriptions is thus seen to be more considerable than is generally allowed to be worthy of any attention, although the chief interest attaching

that we might be deceived into believing that the work belonged to the first half of the eighth century, were it not that we remembered that the representation was intended to be *anterior* to the time of its portrayal, and that we have other evidence of its actual date. Nevertheless, the former of these two mosaics is so early in character that we might almost suppose that it had been transferred from Ravenna.

The Madonna in this panel, however, though of the archaic Byzantine type which figures throughout all manuscripts up to and including the fourteenth century, is here represented, somewhat as in the eastern dome, standing erect with her hands breast

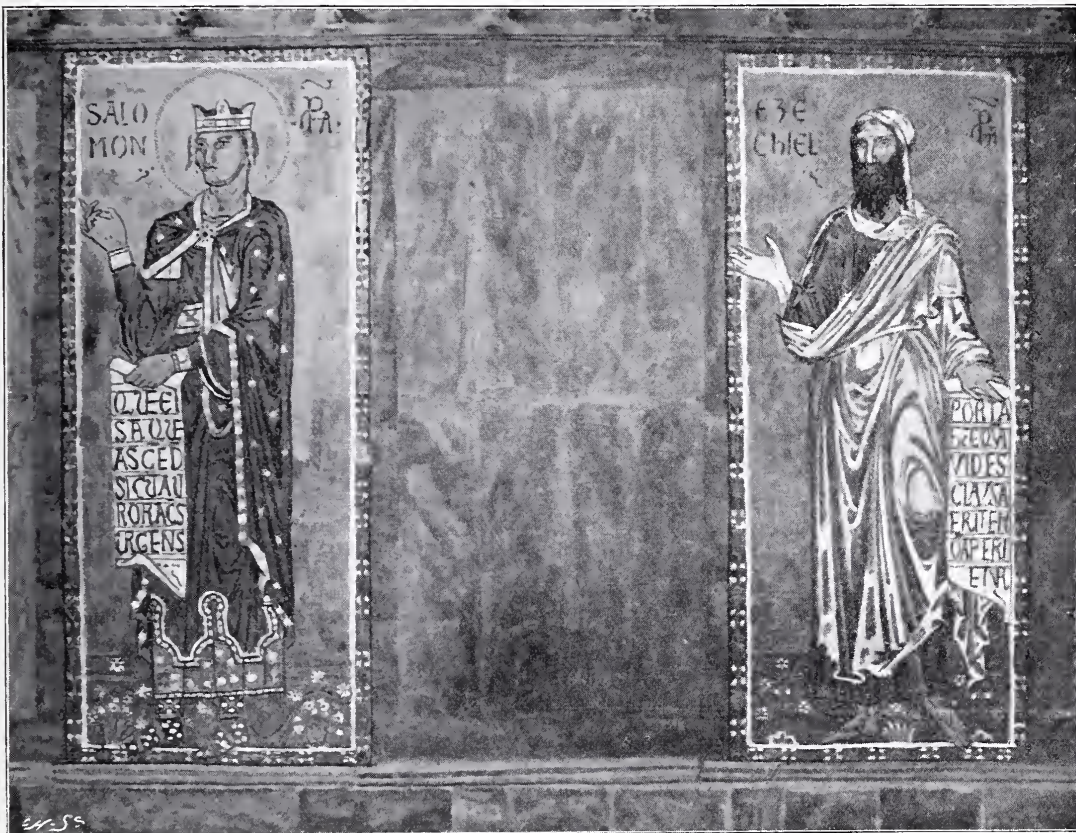


FIG. 7.—MOSAICS ON THE SOUTH WALL:  
KING SOLOMON AND EZEKIEL.

DRAWN BY T. M. ROOKE.

to them is still, to all thoughtful minds, the educational value it was intended they should exercise upon the faithful who were accustomed to worship within those walls long centuries ago. Similarly, the form of the draperies, the head-dresses, and other such details, furnish direct evidence upon which we can rely, with more or less certainty, as to the date of any particular mosaic, when no records, or other means of obtaining historical information, are now accessible. Thus, in the mosaic of the Doge and Clergy (Fig. 1), as well as in that over the first porch, the form of the ducal cap is of the earliest type; indeed, so ancient is it, being of the primitive helmet form,

high and the palms outward, as the Virgin interceding in prayer; and it was not until later than this period that she became the typical benign Mother, with her Infant upon her knee, adoring, and receiving adoration. She wears a pale blue dress, with darker folds, and a long mantle of golden-green, lined with scarlet, worn over her head and shoulders, with a star upon it above the forehead and on each shoulder. King David is draped in a pale "shot" violet robe, deeply embroidered with gold, and a darker mantle of a purplish-indigo colour, covered with star-like spots, and lined with dark-green. King Solomon is arrayed in purple, the tunic of a bluish tone, with





FIG. 8.—SCROLL WORK AROUND THE WINDOWS OF THE EASTERN DOME.

FROM A DRAWING BY T. M. ROOKE.

deep embroidery, and the mantle of a warmer violet shade, with white spots, and lined with red. The sleeves of both the prophet-kings are green, they are shod with red shoes, the Madonna also. Ezekiel is plainly robed in scarlet, with the mantle white, and his feet sandalled. The features of each prophet are admirably expressive, and of a distinctive character, as usual in work of this period.

The later mosaics of St. Mark's at Venice,—the resplendent crown and sceptre of Byzantine Art,—cannot for a moment be compared with these grand, solemn figures of the pre-*Titian* centuries; and the quiet dignity of their bearing is in striking contrast with the flashy, restless, compositions of rushing, gaudy figures which crowd the exterior arches,—the picture-like failures of subsequent times.

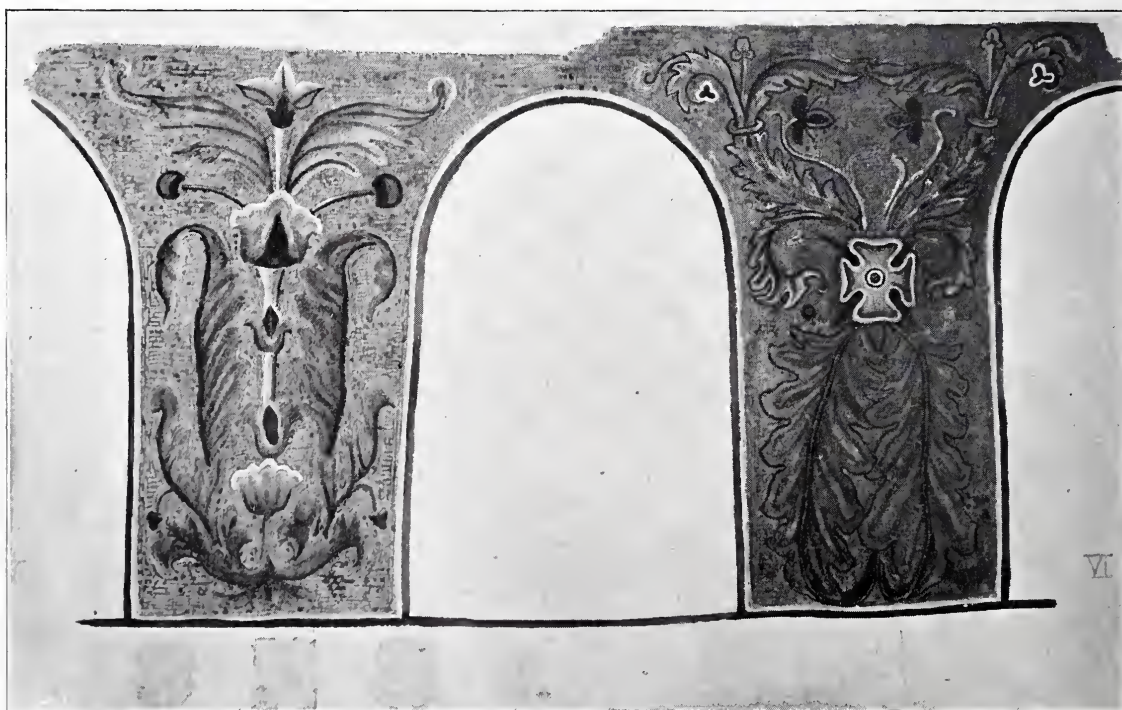


FIG. 9.—MOSAIC SCROLL WORK BETWEEN TWO OF THE WINDOWS IN EASTERN DOME.

RAWN BY T. M. ROOKE.



**T**HE LIFE AND WORK OF WELBY PUGIN: BY PAUL WATERHOUSE, M.A.: WITH DRAWINGS BY OLIVER HALL, FRANCIS D. BEDFORD, PATTEN WILSON, AND OTHERS: PART ONE.

WE are by this time sufficiently removed from the Gothic revival to be able to look back upon it with the dispassion of temperate criticism. To-day we are advanced beyond the prejudice of either favourable or unkindly ardour. The fires that animated the movement have long since been moderated, the contemporary hostility (which rather fanned than stayed the flames) is dead; dead, too, is the antipathy of reaction. The time has come when, free from bias, we are still not so far launched into the later ages as to be unable to call to our aid the memories of those who saw or heard from their fathers the wonders of the "Thirties and Forties." Of all the actors in that red-hot drama there is none who played his part so valiantly as Augustus Welby Northmore Pugin. Between St. David's Day in 1812 and Holy Cross Day in 1852 (I like to name the days as he would have named them) his whole life began, blazed, and ended. Deduct from this brief span of existence six months of prostration at the close, and, at the beginning the fourteen years which were all that this great man needed as preparation for his career, and you have left as balance a matter of twenty-eight years into which was compressed the life-work of at least three men.

His writings alone would have satisfied many workers as a sufficient contribution to the labour of their age; his four or five score buildings were twice as many as would have brought him fame; were his works burnt or his buildings destroyed, he would still live in the record of his fantastic career; and were this forgotten I believe that more than one humble home would be found to still cherish the memory of his acts of Christian kindness.

The elder Pugin, as everybody knows, was hardly less remarkable than his son, though his fame was of a very different kind. He came to London from France about 1798, was taken up by Nash, who found in him a useful ally in the collection of materials for his so-called "Gothic Designs," and became not only a respectable water-colourist (with a palette of three pigments), but also the head of an architectural atelier and the producer of many important illustrated works. The facts of his life have been collected in the short article under his name in the Dictionary of National Biography.

It is enough here to add that his pupils, and one at least of them still survives, could tell many a good story of the old man's mingled urbanity and ferocity, of his strange un-English ways, his quick temper, and his kind heart. In Islington, where for a time he resided, he met the lady who became his wife and Welby Pugin's mother. Catherine Welby was the daughter of a barrister, a woman of striking appearance, who had read her Milton to such purpose that she could accept as flattering the remark of a dinner companion that she resembled Satan. It would be a poor compliment to her memory to deny her the credit of having established a well-meaning despotism over her husband's house and pupil room.

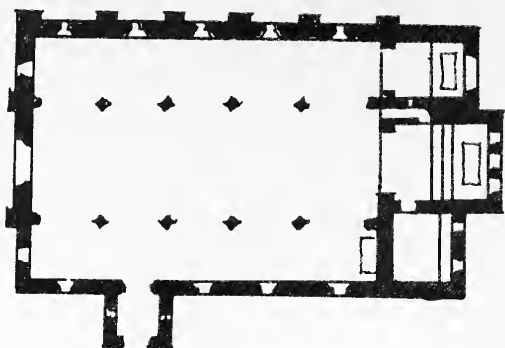
Augustus Welby Northmore Pugin was born on the 1st March, 1812, at Store Street, Bedford Square, where his father then had his office.

We may well suppose that in a household where home and office were singularly intermixed, the boy was familiar from his earliest age with all that had to do with drawing. He attended for a time at Christ's Hospital as a private pupil, but his career as a draughtsman was not unduly postponed by the claims of general education. At thirteen he was an accomplished sketcher; at fourteen he was in the full swing of archæological drawing. At fifteen, so great was his energy that he was taken ill from overwork, and so complete his knowledge and



AUGUSTUS WELBY NORTHMORE PUGIN.  
AFTER THE PAINTING BY HERBERT.





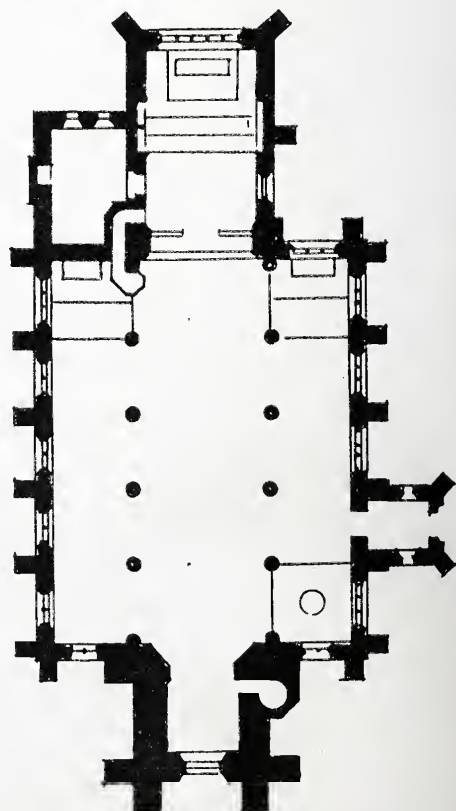
PLAN OF ST. MARY'S, DUDLEY.

skill that he was commissioned to design the Gothic furniture for Windsor Castle. You have but to turn over the pages of any of the elder Pugin's publications to see what "measured drawing" meant in these days, and to realise the nature of the task in which Welby Pugin was engaged when he assisted his father in the production of these architectural records. Architectural drawing then was not what it is now—it was both better and worse. We have advanced in many ways, but not necessarily in all. Our bolder modern method, which is pictorial as well as precise, often carries with it more real representation than does the manner of sixty years ago, but it offers more temptation to exaggeration, and lacks the modest reticence of the older school, whose aim was to record without necessarily producing effect. The illustrations of *Vicars Close Wells*, which were published by T. L. Walker after the elder Pugin's death, were all based upon drawings by Welby Pugin, and they afford a good example of his method as a simply recording draughtsman.

Wells, by the way, was to Pugin a place of special attraction. At Wells he revelled in the Spirit of Mediævalism; he was there, so to speak, in his element—in his own atmosphere. "If you want to be delighted," he wrote to a friend, "if you want to be astonished, if you want to be half mad, as I at present am, for God's sake come over to Wells." The least enthusiastic reader can hardly be unwarmed by the fire of such an utterance as this. One of his fellow-students can recall the occasion at Wells on which he first made Welby's acquaintance. It was at a strange bivouac on a hill-top. Welby, in a weird costume, armed with pistols, was hauling a beer flagon of large proportions up the slope—a regular pirate in appearance. The beer, as far as Pugin was concerned, was only a stage property. His companions had to drink his share, for he hated both ale and tobacco.

The work which Pugin did at Windsor in 1827 was entrusted to him by a French upholsterer, Morel, whom the King had employed at Carlton House. The alterations carried out at the Castle under Sir Jeffrey Wyattville had been practically

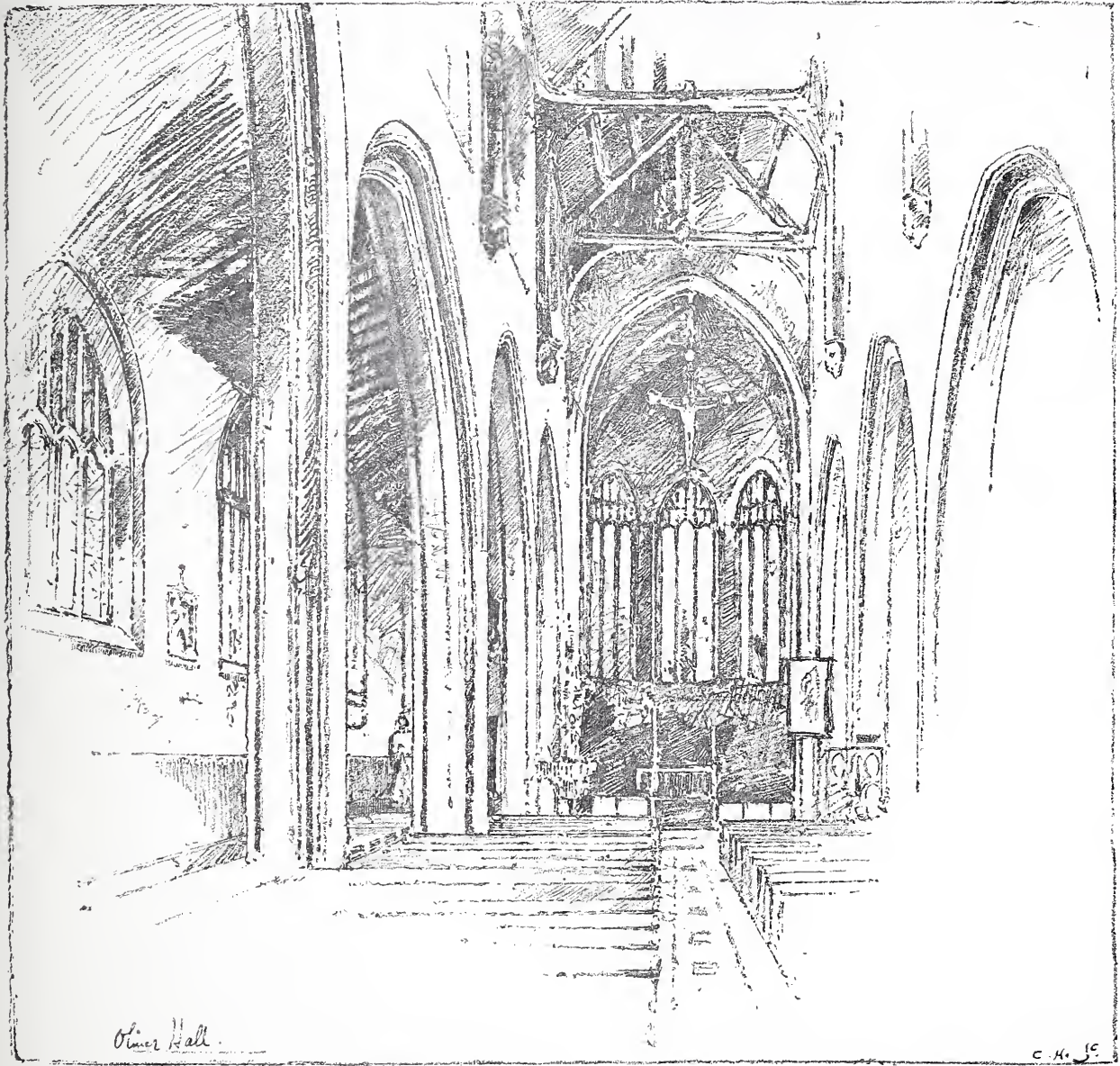
finished, and it appears that His Majesty entrusted the internal finishings to Morel without consulting the architect, who, for that matter, "did not desire the additional labour which the management of this branch of business would have entailed upon him." Morel very properly sought outside aid, and applied to the elder Pugin, who had already "done Gothic" for Nash. Pugin in turn had the wisdom to hand the business to his son, and thus gave a start, under royal auspices, to the career of one who may fairly be called the torch-bearer of the Gothic revival. Welby Pugin's life, as I have said, was a full one. His very profession was double, for he was a writer as well as an architect; but besides his double profession, and besides a host of other pursuits which would have filled the life of many a man of leisure, he had two special hobbies, and one of these came to him incidentally through his employment at Windsor. George Dayes, who was a subordinate at Morel's, had employment of some sort at Covent Garden Theatre, and it was "through him," says Pugin, "that I first imbibed that taste for stage machinery and scenic representations to which I afterwards applied myself so closely." Young Pugin obtained by his means an introduction to the mysterious world at the back of the stage, where he fell a victim to attractions quite other than those which are generally accounted its peculiar snare. It was the mechanism of scenery that won his heart, and so keenly did the young man take the subject up that in 1831, having already erected a model



PLAN OF ST. GILES', CHEADLE.

stage with a moving panorama of old London at his father's house in Great Russell Street, he was entrusted with the scenery of the ballet of Kenilworth, in which he showed his skill both as a Gothic artist and as a mechanist. It may be mentioned here that at a later period Pugin was engaged at Drury Lane in the general arrangement of the stage machinery.

full one. Not only had he carried out the professional works already alluded to, both architectural and theatrical, but in spite of the encroachments of weak health upon his time, he had assisted his father in various works, including the scheme for Kensal Green Cemetery. He had spent much time in seafaring experiences, including a shipwreck. Finally he had married a wife, Ann



ST. MARY'S CHURCH, DERBY.

FROM A DRAWING BY OLIVER HALL.

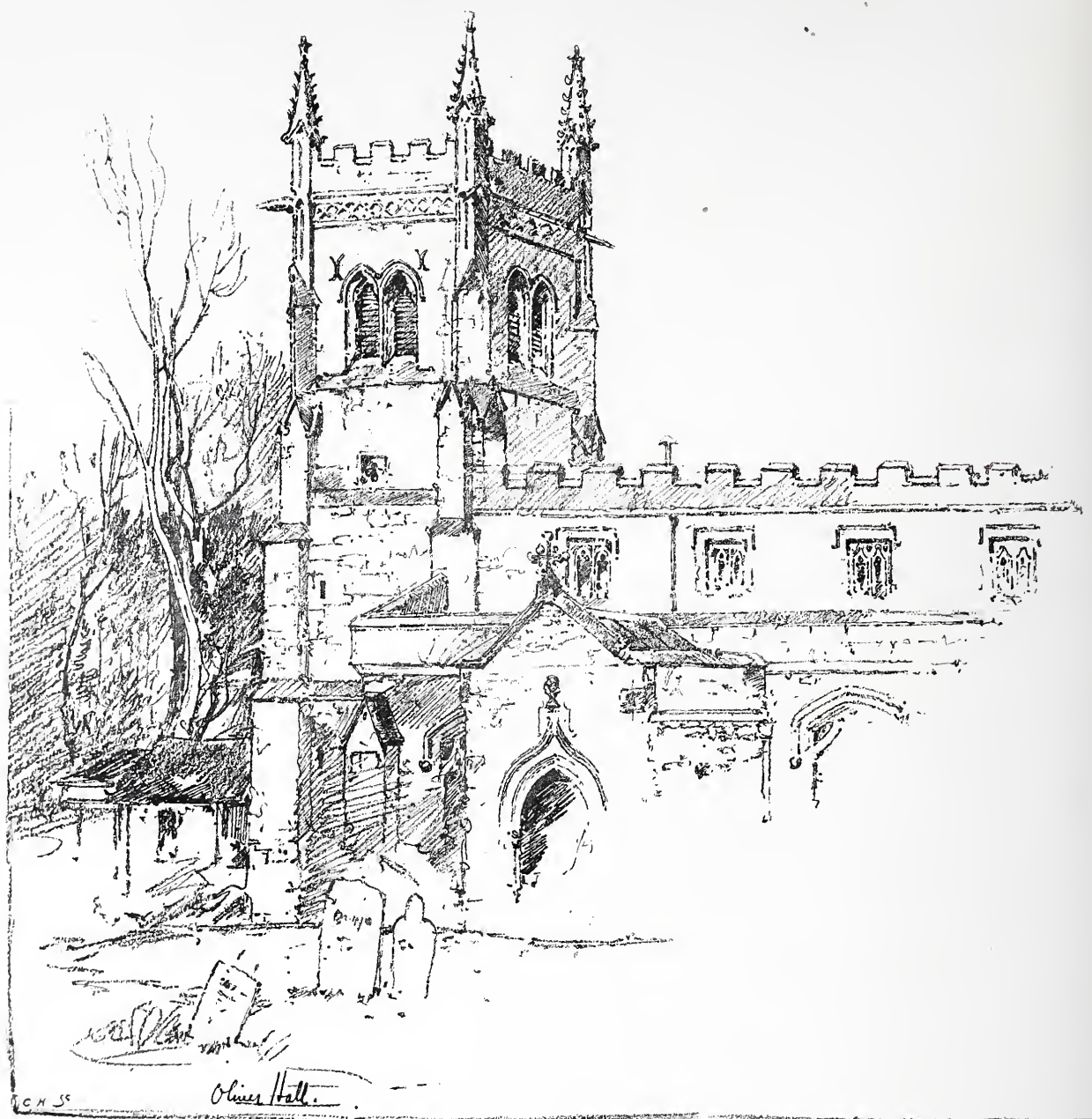
The other of Pugin's hobbies was boating, or rather the seafaring life. "Nothing," he is reported to have said, "is worth living for but Christian Architecture and a boat;" and were it true that ecclesiology and navigation were the only occupations to which he gave his remarkable mind, the saying might be regarded as an epitome of his existence.

By the time he was twenty-one years of age Pugin's life record had indeed become a remarkably

Garnett, a connection of George Dayes, had become a father, and, to his sorrow, a widower.

Pugin's life work may be said to fall under three headings. With a man so versatile the three headings will not, of course, cover the whole scope of his productive existence, but for the purpose of conveniently handling the subject before us there is no harm in adopting these divisions. The most important must, of course, be his work as a designer, which might of itself be profitably divided





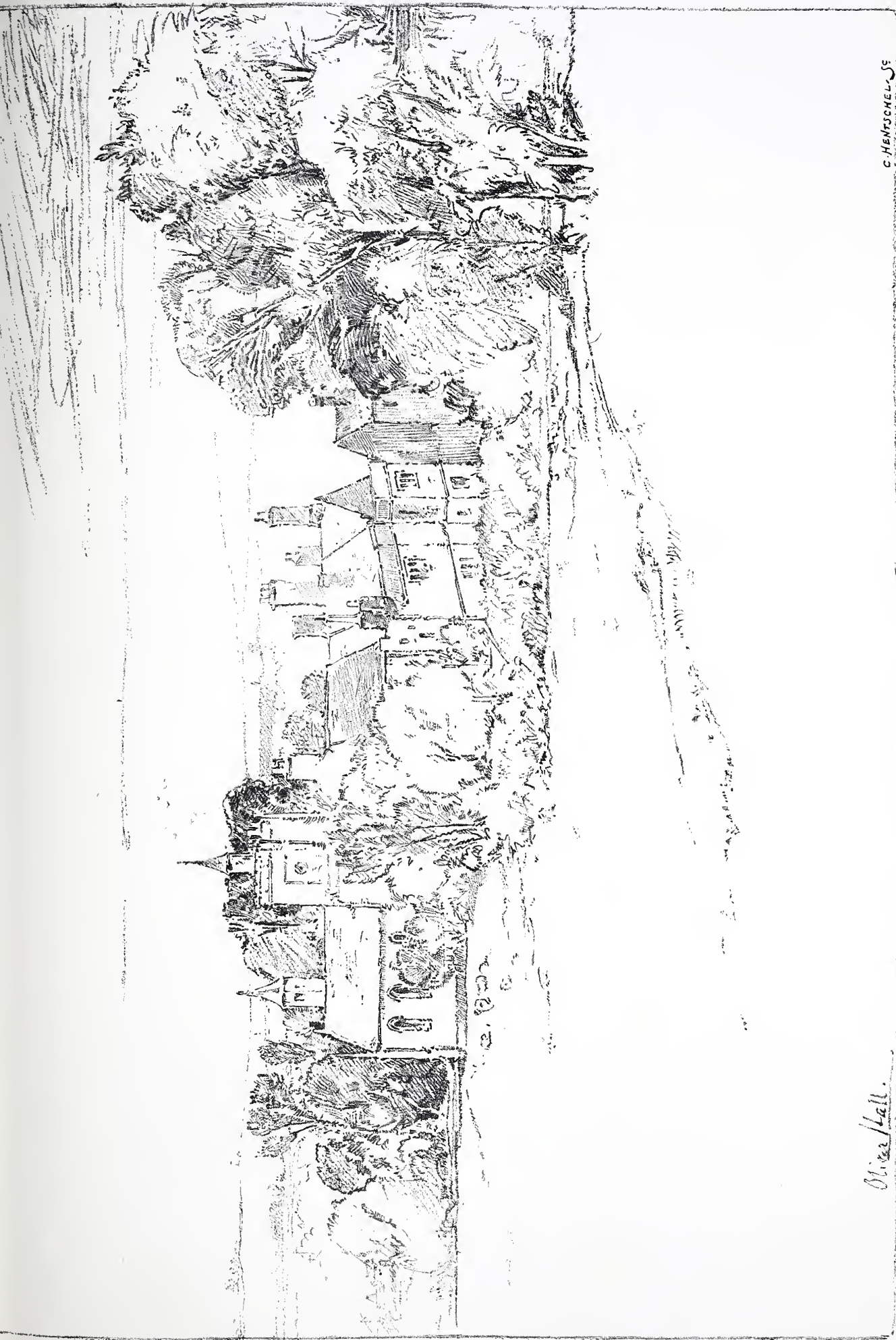
WYMESWOLD CHURCH, LEICESTERSHIRE.

DRAWN BY OLIVER HALL.

into many sections; the second heading would be his work as a writer; and the third, his work as a sketcher and recorder of ancient buildings. I must admit again another imperfection in the classification, namely, that the divisions are inseparably connected with one another; but we are driven to adopt them by the necessity of introducing some order into the subject, although the first category—that of Pugin's work as a designer—will call for more extensive treatment than the other departments of his work. At this point, and before dealing separately with the three aspects of his labour, it will be well to say a word or two about the principal authorities for the facts of his life and work.

First among these is Benjamin Ferrey's "Recollections of A. N. Welby Pugin," a work not free

from inaccuracies—witness the transposition of the initials on the very title page! It is, however, a spirited and sympathetic record of the man's life, written by one who knew him well having been a fellow-pupil in the elder Pugin's office. Articles on Pugin are to be found in the *Builder* of 1852 and 1862, that under the latter date being a congenial appreciation by Professor Kerr. There is also a short sketch of his life in the "Architectural Publication Society's Dictionary;" and, finally, there is a concise life in the "Dictionary of National Biography," which, though it is by my own hand, owes so much to the foregoing authorities, and to the assistance of Mr. Francis T. Dollman and Mr. J. D. Crace, that I need have no hesitation in referring to it as presenting a con-



*Oliver Hall.*

GRACEDIEU MANOR-HOUSE.  
DRAWN BY OLIVER HALL.





venient epitome of the dates and events of Pugin's existence.

When we look for evidence as to Pugin's designs, it is necessary to mention, besides the half-dozen illustrations in Ferrey's book, another and more

works on Church Architecture; the earlier was no less than a discussion of his own design for the Cathedral of St. Chad at Birmingham. Both articles were discursive, vigorous, and polemic; both took occasion to extol the Pugin system in comparison



ALTON CASTLE: FROM THE VILLAGE.

valuable source of information. It happens that in 1841 and 1842 Pugin wrote two articles in the *Dublin Review* on the "present state of Ecclesiastical Architecture in England." The latter article was ostensibly a review of two recently issued

with other men's works; but we are prepared to heartily forgive these aggressions in gratitude for the fact that Pugin illustrated both articles copiously with plans and views of a large number of his ecclesiastical and conventual designs. He also



supplied illustrations of some of his works in the well-known "Apology," to which I shall allude later; and the "Remarks on Articles" in the *Rambler* contain certain autobiographical notes.

The year 1832 was signalised in Pugin's life by an event which had a great effect on his career as an architect and as a church-man. The Earl of Shrewsbury, attracted by some drawings which he saw in the shop of a Wardour Street furniture dealer, made inquiries as to their authorship, heard that Pugin was the draughtsman, sought an introduction, and gave him directly the means of much architectural work, indirectly an impetus towards Roman Catholicism. Up to this date Pugin's opportunities of design, though distinguished, had not been extensive. Besides the early work to which I have already alluded, he had established, and abandoned, a sort of workshop of architectural details, from which it had been his intention to send out both drawings and actual work in the form of carving and ornament. His commercial capacity was not equal to his artistic. The enterprise failed, though the creditors were, to Pugin's honour, paid in full. Lord Shrewsbury proved an appreciative and generous patron. He employed Pugin forthwith on the alterations to his house, Alton Towers, and made of him a confidant in those matters of ecclesiastical ritual in which both men took a lively interest. Doubtless Pugin's activity in bringing his lordship up to his own level in the science of ecclesiology counted for much among the influences which led him, within a couple of years, to embrace his patron's faith. Besides the work at Alton Towers Pugin rebuilt for Lord Shrewsbury the Castle, on Alton Rock, and designed the conventual buildings known as St. John's Hospital, Alton, as well as the important church of St. Giles', Cheadle, which he at one time looked upon as his most satisfactory work.

It happens that, for reasons which are often as much fantastic as natural, an architect's work frequently assumes a certain geographical concentration. Pugin's work, to be sure, is to be found in widespread parts of the United Kingdom; yet a traveller in search of examples will find himself greatly assisted by the fact that accident and natural causes have co-operated in a singular degree towards the local grouping of the artist's work.

Oddly enough, a broad band fifty miles in width, drawn diagonally across England from Morecambe Bay to London, will be found to cover some half a hundred of Pugin's best buildings, while others lie within a few miles only of this arbitrary boundary. In fact, seeing that Pugin's career was relieved by its shortness and compression from those changes of style which generally characterise the career of a largely productive architect, there will be little

impropriety, and some convenience, in grouping the study of his designs into the compass of an imaginary journey from London to Lancashire and back.

From London one might first touch at Windsor Castle, the receptacle of those early efforts in furniture design which Pugin, in his later life, repudiated as insincere adaptations of Gothic detail, and laughingly classed with the Strawberry Hill incongruities of which a humorous illustration is to be found in his book on the "True Principles of Pointed or Christian Architecture." A call at Great Marlow would show you St. Peter's Church, and at Reading, without leaving the railway, you might see the small but characteristic Roman Catholic chapel, which was one of his earliest works. Oxford has nothing to show but the gateway of Magdalen College, removed of recent years by Mr. Bodley, the original position of which is to be seen in the very beautiful "birdseye" view of the college which Pugin included in his "True Principles." At Buckingham, slightly out of the natural route, there is a church from the same hand; but the traveller will naturally wish to pass on to the more important and more concentrated collection of examples offered by Warwickshire and Staffordshire. In the former county he will find Bilton Grange, near Rugby, a specimen of domestic work, St. Austin's Church at Kenilworth, and yet another in the county town; at Rugby, hard by the school close, is a Roman Catholic church and establishment, which, I happen to know, has been to at least one Rugbeian an invitation to the love of Architecture; at Solihull, there is the church of St. Augustine; and Birmingham possesses, besides the important Cathedral Church of St. Chad, a bishop's house, a convent, and schools. Once at the border of Staffordshire the works of Pugin become more numerous still, and the interest thickens. First (geographically) comes the college of St. Marie, Oscott, which Pugin completed, and at which he held the post of "Professor of Ecclesiastical Antiquities;" next comes Dudley with the Church of our Lady, and on the way to Alton you may visit Uttoxeter, which owns an unimportant church by the same hand. St. Giles', Cheadle, is hard by, and not far off is Stoke-on-Trent with yet another church. There are schools by Pugin at Stone, and a church (St. Mary's) at Brewood, which figures as one of the exquisite group of buildings which Pugin prefixed as a frontispiece to his "Apology for the Revival of Christian Architecture." Just over the northern boundary of the county comes Macclesfield, where stands the Church of St. Alban, also one of the group before-mentioned, and from thence, before passing into Lancashire, a digression might be made to Chirk Castle, which, as far as I am aware, is Pugin's only witness in Wales.

Manchester possesses St. Wilfrid's Church ; and it may be noted here that Pugin also supplied the original design for St. John's Cathedral, Salford, though Hadfield was eventually the architect. Liverpool contains, no less than three of Pugin's churches (St. Oswald's, St. Edward's, and St. Mary's), besides a convent and chapel in the suburb of Edge Hill. Preston, again, has a church of his design, and so has Southport, while others are to be found in the same county at Kirkham and at Burton-upon-Irwell. At Winwick, also in Lancashire, the chancel was restored by Pugin, and it is looked upon as one of his finest works. Within it may be read the following inscription: "This

the Aire. In the former Pugin restored the roof of Bolton Abbey (nave) and supplied the cartoons for the south windows. The drawings for this glass, some of which are in Mr. Crace's possession, are splendid, but the effect of the executed work is no better than that of most glass of the "Forties." In payment for the superintendence of the roof, local tradition asserts that Pugin received £3000—not presumably on a 5 per cent. basis, for the old carvings were re-used, and the greater part of the visible woodwork is not oak but stained deal. Pugin's roofs are a great disappointment. I shall have more to say of them later. The Church of Keighley in Airedale (St. Anne's) is but a small



ST. JOHN'S HOSPITAL (NOW CONVENT), ALTON.

DRAWN BY OLIVER HALL.

chancel, impaired by time and injured in the Great Rebellion, was rebuilt on its old foundation and restored to its original form in more than its original beauty in the year of our Lord 1847 and 1848. James J. Hornby, rector ; A. Welby Pugin, master of the work ; George Myers, builder. *Laus Deo.*" Before leaving Lancashire, mention must be made of Scarisbrick Hall, an important domestic work which remained unfinished at Pugin's death, and was brought to completion by his son.

The southward journey may be postponed in imagination (though, in fact, the digression would hardly be necessary—at least, on Pugin's account) by an excursion to the valleys of the Wharfe and

unenticing chapel. Outwardly chaste, its interior lacks real Gothic spirit. The restorations at Beverley (St. Mary's) are also rather far afield for a special visit, but Yorkshire further provides at Ackworth, near Pontefract, the chapel of the Sacred Heart, which Pugin was wont to regard as one of his special successes. On the way to Nottingham, where is the large Church of St. Barnabas, one might journey to Lincoln to see Sibthorpe's Alms-houses, and again on the southward route would be passed the churches of Wymeswold and Sheps-head (insignificant) and the Monastery of St. Bernard in the Leicestershire Hills.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



**T**HE LIFE AND WORK OF JEAN CARRIÈS, A LITTLE - KNOWN FRENCH SCULPTOR AND POTTER: BY M. EMILE HOVELLAQUE: PART FOUR.

THESE years of creation and discovery were probably the happiest Carriès ever knew, of such stern happiness of struggle and achievement as he cared for. But if his bronzes gave him intense delight—it was almost impossible to get him to separate himself from the most successful—they were the cause of exhausting anxiety, they were costly in the extreme and difficult to sell. Some idea of the emotions the *fonte* alone would give may be gathered from Bingen's recollections of the casting of the "Gambetta," the most perfect he ever executed. "When the metal,"—I quote from M. Alexandre—"in fusion had taken the place of the wax, their anguish was not allayed, though all seemed to show the operation had succeeded. When the necessary time had elapsed for the solid bronze to be uncovered without fear, the Artist, the founder, the meanest workmen, were breathless with anxiety round the mould, 'Like greedy children,' says Bingen, 'round a scalding dish they are eager to taste at once, at the risk of burning themselves.' And the comparison is literally true, for the mould was not yet cool; they burnt their hands in breaking it. At last the bronze appeared, magnificent and fine, and Carriès threw himself into his workmen's arms, sobbing like a child. Then he thought of the superb patina he would give it."

For no bronze in his conception was complete without a patina appropriate to its character, the fruit-like bloom of the metal, the glory of colour which made each an inestimable jewel. Nothing perhaps in his work excited more surprise and curiosity than the processes by which he obtained these patinas, glaucous green, deep ro angry purple, fulvous or faded gold, trembling grey. "C'est excessivement cher et compliqué," he would say, laughing. "Je fais venir à grands frais des jus de fruits d'Orient." In reality they were simple enough when discovered: oxides of iron for the reds, oxides of copper for the greens,

applied with heat, and certain elementary mixtures imagined by Carriès. But they were but the raw material, as paper and a pencil for a sketch; the real miracle lay in the *tour de main*, the appropriation, the craftsmanship, and to reproduce his patinas not his formulæ but his hand was needed—his magical hand and most exacting eye. What those patinas cost Carriès in research, time, ardour, health, none can ever say. Where his Art was concerned he was reckless of all except the aim in view. I shall never forget a visit to his atelier which first gave me an insight into his passionate intensity of application. Carriès, in a white blouse, stained, burnt, and torn, opened the door: the reek of metal, acids, and charcoal was stifling. After a time, "Come," he said, "I'm at work on a bronze. I can't leave it; you may see me work," and led me into the small room behind



CHILD ASLEEP: BY JEAN CARRIÈS.

the studio. There, on a charcoal brazier, stood a replica of "La Hollandaise," the last and most perfect marvel of patina he ever made. On a stool were a crust of bread, a half finished plate of poor viands, a can of milk. "I have to drink the milk," said he, "on account of the fumes. They sear the lungs." He was unwell; a hard, dry cough tormented him. It was oppressively sultry. The light, dim with heat, made his face old, wan, and ashy, like the grey charcoal whose crepitation alone broke the tingling silence of the room. The world seemed very distant there. Gradually, as we talked, the light faded, the charcoal glowed into ever ruddier life, dilating in the twilight; from the shelves came the soft radiance of some of his more precious pottery, like gold in darkness. And still



THE PENSIVE CHILD: BY JEAN CARRIÈS.

Carriès stayed, ardently bending his pale, wizard face over the reeking bronze and deadly brazier, evoking with swift, dexterous caresses the dim violet or purple patinas, while the head before him seemed to take on a supernatural life, a presence to fill the attentive room. I left him with a thrill of admiration, pity, and fear before his heroic carelessness of self.

And yet such work in the bare atelier was all Carriès cared for. "Travailler ici toute la journée, pieusement, comme un bon petit ouvrier, voilà tout ce que j'aime," he would say. And there was indeed a sort of religious fervour in his work, a monastic austerity in his atelier. His door he would open to few. For weeks together he would remain absolutely solitary, even in those first years of success. Scarcely anyone can be said really to have known him, and yet one would fain know with what eyes and what smile Carriès looked out on the world at this time, towards his thirtieth year, before the last dark period of distress and anguish. Fortunately such testimony remains. Thanks to his dear friend, Mlle. Louise Breslau, we have a true image of him, for to her he granted what he refused to all, his time and the servitude of sittings when he gave up his work to pose. May I be allowed, before passing to Carriès' last venture, to quote from a necrological article published by me, a few lines descriptive of this admirable portrait.

"Standing by his half-finished bust of Franz Hals, a masterpiece of robust and sane virility, of alert

and quiet force, Carriès holds an *ébauchoir* between the slender fingers of his right hand, admirable in its nervous energy and beauty. His veiled eyes, of a strange faded blue, deep and changing as opals, have a dreamy intensity, a look of versatile power, an inexpressible and almost feminine seduction; their inward gaze seems to contemplate and call up imperiously far-off images visible to himself alone; the past is written in fine lines of suffering and thought on the flesh of a startling greenish pallor, on the knit brows, the tense, marble-like forehead, magnificent in will and power; pain and irony are in the mysterious evanescent smile of the lips, half hidden by the silky beard. Everything in the sober, powerful presentment of the man, in the work so absolutely sincere, penetrative, and nobly simple, speaks of the fine, untameable nature, restless and deep, in whom a dream was shaping itself, which death was to destroy in the very moment of its full realisation. And—is it fancy?—a growing uneasiness possesses one before that face, which seizes on one's imagination, which moves and haunts it like certain portraits seen in a museum, whose unknown destiny was tragic, perhaps, but surely noble. Whether from premature fatigue, weariness of the hard, unbeautiful world, misfortune, or the excessive solitude of a soul too utterly possessed by its pitiless genius, by the impossible dreams that made him too *different* to have the reassuring aspect of normal things destined to endure; whether it be the anxiety arising from the strange, visionary eyes, the still stranger delicate greenish pallor of the skin, something threatening and fatal, an obscure promise of death, emanates from all the picture, and gives it its final significance."

Such was Carriès on the eve of what M. Alexandre well calls his "long and admirable suicide." The portrait was finished in 1887. In April, 1888, Carriès exhibited his bronzes in the house of his friends, M. and Mme. Ménard-Dorian. With that exhibition closed the period of sculptural work begun in 1878. Henceforth his energies were absorbed by his last fatal adventure. At thirty-three Carriès had produced, with one or two exceptions, all his masterpieces, the work of another man's life. In his vast designs and far-reaching hopes they were but incidents. He worked with a swiftness that would outstrip pursuing destiny; with a feverish haste that crowded double life into the few moments accorded him. He gave one the sensation of a racer near the winning post, every nerve strained to reach the goal. He seems to have felt the hand of death heavy on him. His letters, like his work, are full of the obscure dread of its presence. He could never forget that his father, his mother, his sister had died of consumption. The sight of sickness, any





A MASK: BY JEAN CARRIÈS.

image of decay, was intolerable to him. In his conversation he avoided all mention of them; he anxiously sought to be reassured as to his health, as to the future. Occasionally his carefully hidden presentiments would escape him. One day he said to Bingen, pointing to his portrait by himself: "That day I made my monument for my tomb." He

added pensively, in a low voice: "Well! at any rate we have cast some good bronzes." "And will cast more," hastily answered Bingen. "We have cast some good bronzes," gravely repeated Carriès.

Yet he bated not a jot of heart or hope. "Work," he wrote to a friend, "as though you were to live for ever, or enjoy yourself as though you had only a moment to live." He acted on the first part of his advice only. "I must not let myself be drawn into a 'fashionable' way of living," he wrote to Mme. Ménard-Dorian in 1888, after the success of his exhibition. "That would suit neither my character, nor my education, nor the recollections of my childhood. The best way not to grow exacting is to remember one's condition in life. My father was a cobbler, my mother a cook, a servant, my brothers blacksmiths: I must remain a workman, a carver of stone. Otherwise I should be a humbug, a sly affected beggar, palavering anatomy in society. I'm ashamed of myself when I think I was once a windbag like . . ., that muddy fellow, the man of dirty material work. Hang it! No more of that! I'm going back to my ploughing like an ox. Long live the stable, Nature, with people, stupid, simple, and healthy."

Almost immediately after this letter he left Paris. The first flame of his passion for his bronzes was abated. He turned to pottery in the vain hope of escaping from the harassing anxiety they caused him, drawn on, too, by the fascination of the most mysterious and exciting of all Arts. His practical sense was hardly less stimulated

than his imagination by the possibilities of discovery and application he foresaw. He would create a material, precious yet obtainable in large quantities; costly, yet within the reach of most purses; most sumptuous, yet of varied use, running through an infinite gamut of fineness, splendour, and colour, giving scope to most subtle play and choice, to decorative and Architectural work of many kinds. His sense of harmony and completeness was fired at the probability of at length attaining what our incoherent dilettantism misses, consistent wholes; of escaping from the dissonance of the fragmentary or contradictory decoration of our houses by Arts which have no common bond of union, no necessary interdependence, no fine subordination, as in nobler periods. It was besides a theory with him that Artists should vary their material, for material reacts on technique, renews and broadens it, and the fine appropriation of one to the other can be obtained in no other way. He felt, too, the danger in his bronze work of over-fineness, sharpness, a certain want of breadth and simplicity, a thinness to be combated by working in another medium, wood for instance of which he thought and which he attacked. But ceramics offered resources which were inexhaustible, and fixed his veering intentions. The primitive Japanese ware, Bizen, or the dark-brown Seto pottery, robust, delicate, or barbaric, most tempted him, the grès (stoneware) which he called "*le mâle de la porcelaine*," massive and dense under its unctuous skin-like enamels of dim rich hues, never



A MASK: BY JEAN CARRIÈS.



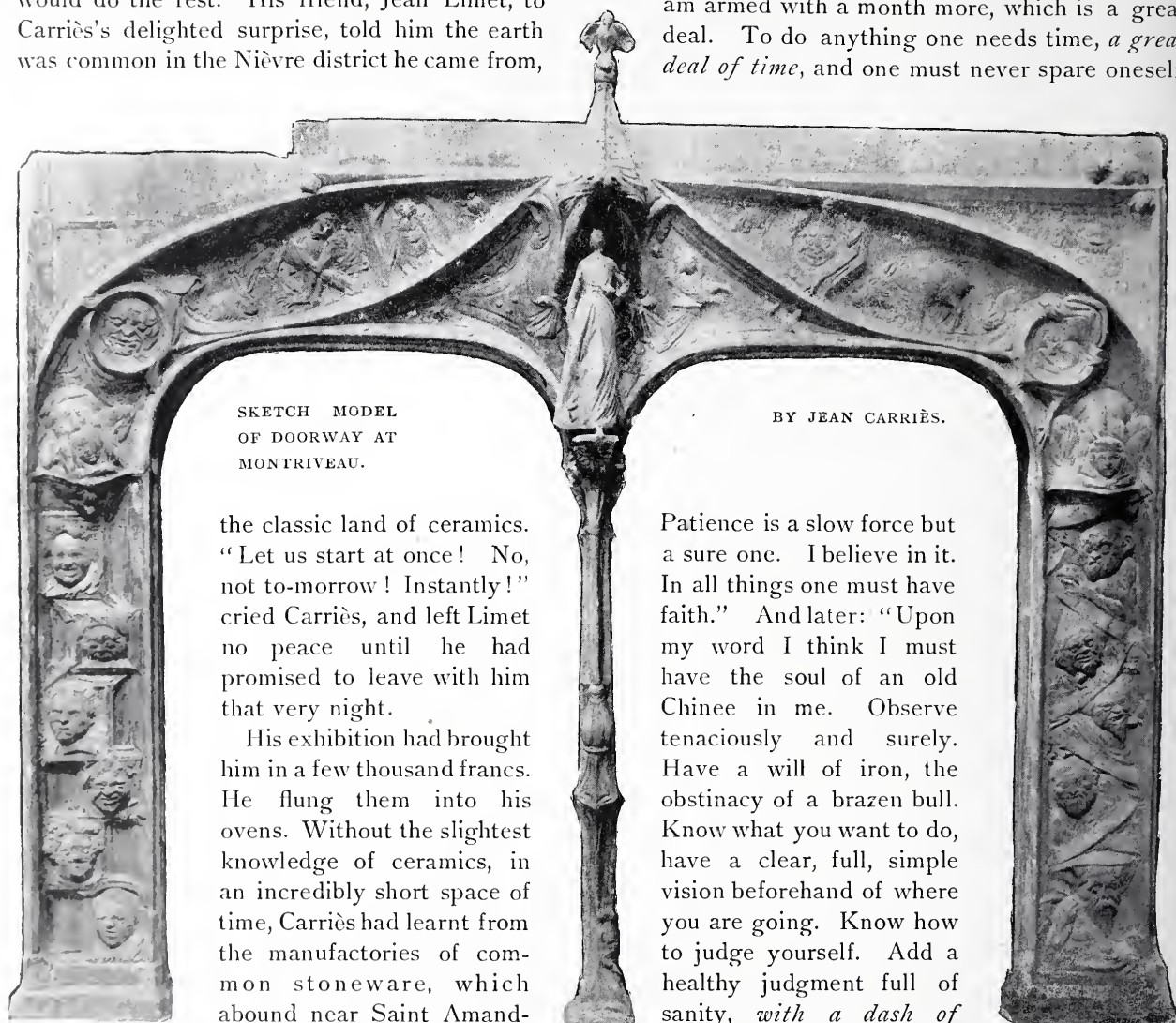


THE MAIDEN : CENTRE  
FIGURE IN DOORWAY  
AT MONTRIVEAU: BY  
JEAN CARRIÈS.



vitreous shining or cold like other ware. That the secrets of its production were lost in Japan, that no European potter had ever been able to obtain the *émaux mats* (non-vitreous enamels) did not arrest Carriès a moment. His reasoning was simple. Such primitive ware was made in primitive ways, with the simplest ovens, natural enamels and fuel—wood no doubt—without chemical knowledge; the only thing needed was the earth, which was the basis of the pottery. His divination would do the rest. His friend, Jean Limet, to Carriès's delighted surprise, told him the earth was common in the Nièvre district he came from,

inertness, all with miserably petty resources. "I expect disappointment and sadness," he wrote to Mme. Menard-Dorian. "What matter? I shall have my reward. . . . I am restless, my head is full of ill-classed facts, still confused. I have thought over much without setting my hand to anything so far. But if all August (1888) I have been robbed, cheated, taken in continually without being able to avoid it, I have seen and talked much, made others talk, looked at and analysed many things. I am armed with a month more, which is a great deal. To do anything one needs time, *a great deal of time*, and one must never spare oneself.



SKETCH MODEL  
OF DOORWAY AT  
MONTRIVEAU.

BY JEAN CARRIÈS.

the classic land of ceramics. "Let us start at once! No, not to-morrow! Instantly!" cried Carriès, and left Limet no peace until he had promised to leave with him that very night.

His exhibition had brought him in a few thousand francs. He flung them into his ovens. Without the slightest knowledge of ceramics, in an incredibly short space of time, Carriès had learnt from the manufactories of common stoneware, which abound near Saint Amand-en-Puisaye, all that the

Patience is a slow force but a sure one. I believe in it. In all things one must have faith." And later: "Upon my word I think I must have the soul of an old Chinese in me. Observe tenaciously and surely. Have a will of iron, the obstinacy of a brazen bull. Know what you want to do, have a clear, full, simple vision beforehand of where you are going. Know how to judge yourself. Add a healthy judgment full of sanity, *with a dash of foolishness even*, so as

workmen could teach him, and in turn became their teacher. By cajolery, by dint of super-human energy, suppleness, patience, he broke down the hostility, the sullen distrust of that most unapproachable of creatures, the Morvan peasant, associated them in his researches, bent and kneaded them to his purposes, filled them with his fire. His methods they thought absurd, his aims impossible, his results ridiculous; but the whirlwind of his energy swept them before him hostile, then passive, then eager. Every moment was a fight of watchful courage, dexterous energy, inexhaustible patience, penetration, tenacity against brute obstinacy and

not to fall into the subtle quintessence of the decadents, and there you are—it's simple enough. I came to St. Amand on October 7th. I had to settle in a barn. I was a month and a half getting things straight. I had two and a half months to do all I have done, and done successfully. That isn't bad for a man who knew not one word of ceramics four months ago, who had no resources whatever, and as for tools, zero. I have done everything out of *nothing*. *Nothing!* only with the mug of a bull dog. For two months I haven't been out of a rage. I daren't look at myself in a glass, I look such a sour old curmudgeon.





CARRIÈS AT WORK ON THE  
TYMPANUM OF THE DOOR.

BY JEAN CARRIÈS.

... All the same, if one gives potters credit for having persevered seventeen years, some credit may be given me for succeeding in two and a half months. At times I feel as if I had just woke from a dream. But no! it is a reality; it's true enough, quite true."

In reality it was what Carriès called later on a "standing nightmare." During those first months spent in training his dangerous and fickle ally the flame, and the hardly less rebellious workmen of St. Amand, almost penniless, up at dawn, without sleep, without proper food, absolutely solitary, in a perpetual fever of thought and anxious hope, straining every nerve, wrestling desperately with insuperable difficulties, intellectual and material, it is a marvel his frail body did not break down under the urging of his indomitable spirit. "Material holds too great a place in this Art," he wrote to the sculptor, Bartholomé. "It exacts too much from brain and body at once; and that's more than a man without muscles can give." Every instant was spent in the innumerable combinations of enamels, watched with intensest attention and memory, eliminated, varied, mixed with swiftest decision, with a constant felicity of choice by a mysterious instinct that made him throw aside the sterile, seize, and exhaust the richness of the fruitful elements, clearing and simplifying all before him, until he attained and mastered the Proteus that mocked him in the flames.

His first enamels he obtained by crushing the ferruginous bricks, saturated with the lead used in tempering the files at Cosne. In these enamels, as in those with a basis of iron, or formed from

metallic oxides, there was a proportion of the earth itself of which the pottery was made, ferruginous for the browns, aluminous for the greys; and in one series of sober, subtle greys, he largely used the Japanese habit (mentioned in the report of the General Exhibition of 1878, on Eastern Ceramics) of mixing with the enamels wood-ashes, washed and prepared. No means of obtaining a tone were neglected. Carriès had the brilliant vitreous streaks flowing down the half-fused sides of the ovens ground into powder, sent for lava, crushed every pebble he met whose veins struck him by the force or purity of their colours. But, as with his patinas, the formulæ were secondary; his use of them the real mystery. He worked by an instinct which seems to the uninitiated perpetual revelation. His hand seemed guided. "Sometimes," he writes to Georges Hoentschel, "I mix half of one (enamel) with three-fourths of another; one above, one under; one dry, one wet; one thick, one thin; the thin above, the thick below; one is made by turning the hand in a certain way, swiftly, so as to mix the tones one in another. I have to avoid this, take care of that, foresee, and every time too, their places in the oven, place them neither too high, nor too low, as the temperature is not everywhere equal in our primitive ovens."

He spoke with a sort of superstition of the caprices and strange power of the fire which licked the uniform, dull whitish pots, transforming their base matter into the massive pulp of strange, precious fruits, ruddy golden or sombrely magnificent. His superstition was justified. Protected from the flame or bathed by it, in a draught of air or





PORTION OF DOORWAY  
AT MONTRIVEAU.

BY JEAN CARRIÈS.

shielded from its oxydisation, heated with wood dry or sappy, of one sort or another, higher or lower in the oven, nearer or farther from its walls, the same enamel emerges with different results from the nine days of mysterious transformation in the flames.

In February, 1889, he had attained sure results. He had passed through the first exhausting stage of trial, of burning expectation and anguish; the miserable failures and still more bitter half successes, obtained, then lost, which alternately shook him with a passion of exultation or crushed him with a weight of disappointment hardly to be borne; for his last farthing was spent, and every day brought heavier cares, keener distress, a subtler torture of alternate despair and hope, until the final agony of relief when he could write (February 2nd, 1889): "I came back to Paris three days ago. I bring 350 trials of colourings—mine, mine alone.

I must be off Wednesday for 125 more that are to be taken from the ovens at St. Amand-en-Puisaye on Thursday. In that set, most impatiently hoped for, there are forty essays of enamelled sculpture. I think I have discovered the *émaux mats*. I believe it absolutely, and I affirm it even for the second time."

He could affirm it now in all security. As if wearied of the fight, the stubborn material slowly and regretfully had yielded, and now obeyed him passively. At his call it took on a mysterious splendour, a magnificence unattained before. Never vitreous or cold, never harsh or shiny, the close, fine epiderm of dim enamel flushed with tints of shell or fruit or flower, as warm as flesh to the hand, as soft as skin to the eye, seemed not a dead matter but the natural outgrowth of the *grès*, the organic transformation of its deeper tissues, and this strange fruit of the flame, glowing with the flame's intenser life, was a fruit indeed. "My fruits," Carriès would call his pots, "Smell them!" when he opened the cupboard full of their dim radiance, and, one almost thought, of their perfume. In them was manifested for the first time since the lacquer bronze and pottery of the Japanese, the workmanship of the Middle Ages, the Art of Spain and of the East, that lost sense of *richness* Carriès continually deplored, the sense of the possible magnificence of matter visible in the massive splendour of chiselled stone or metal, carved wood, rare bronze and rarer *grès*, the glory of natural substances enhanced by exquisite craftsmanship which our blunted senses no longer feel. The cold mean materials of our industrial civilisa-

tions, cheap and tawdry, disguised under plaster, stucco, gilt, or unmeaning ornament, without any true relation to the artistic resources, inherent beauty, and logical applications of each material, to the visible use of each utensil, were abominable to Carriès; the mechanical work of our applied Arts an eyesore to him, for they have become utterly insensitive to a beauty by which his senses, barbarously fresh and keen, were intoxicated as by sumptuous flowers. Yet the splendour of his pottery was tempered by the finest sobriety. The subtlest tones alone were used, faint clouded blues, vibrant greys, russet browns, strange poisonous greens, dim golds, evanescent violets, deep shuddering purples, with occasional incrustations of silver or of gold.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

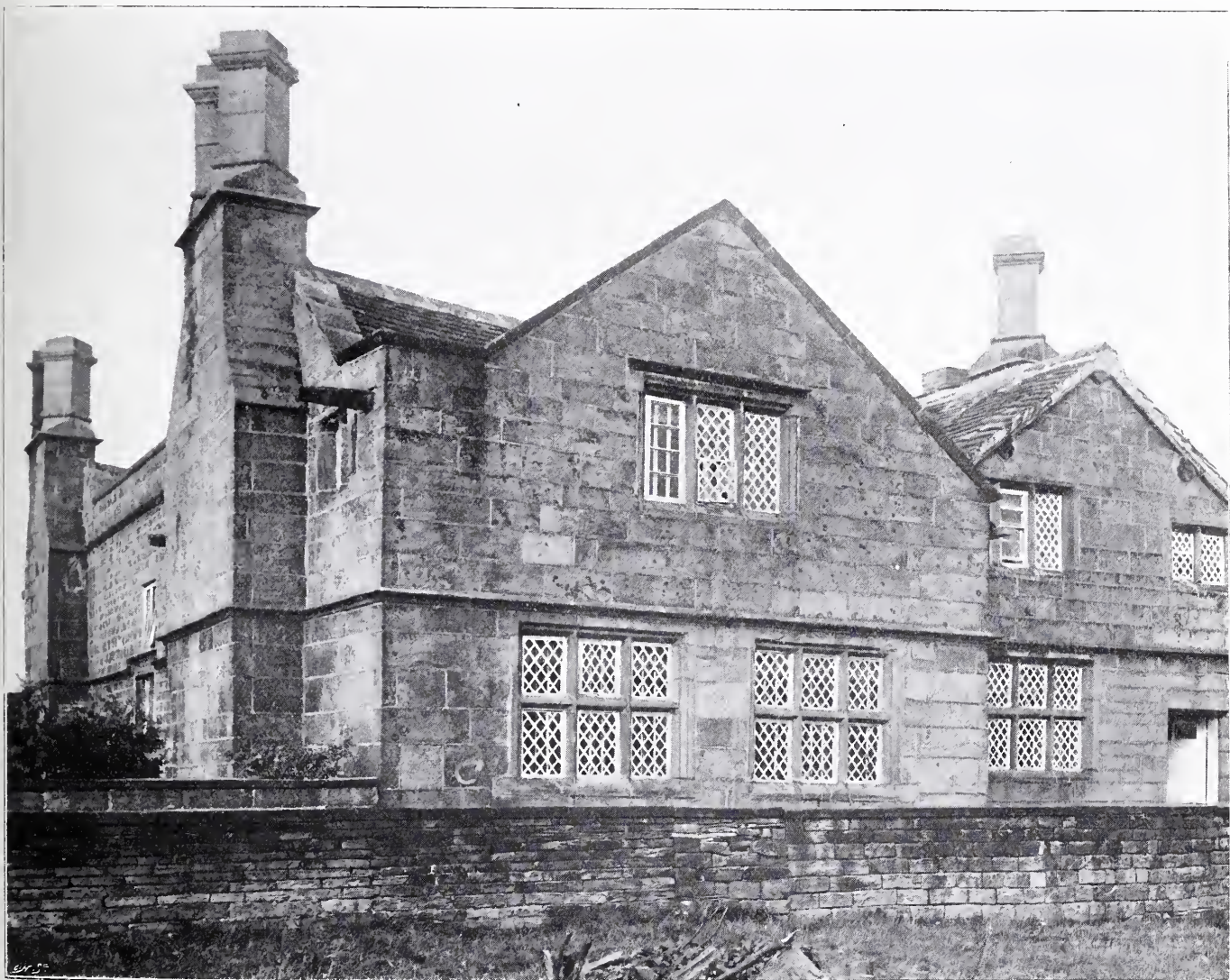


**A**N OLD ENGLISH MANOR HOUSE:  
CARTLEDGE HALL, NEAR SHEF-  
FIELD: SPECIALLY PHOTO-  
GRAPHED: LETTERPRESS BY  
ESTHER WOOD.

FEW traces now remain of old manorial home-  
steads within the great manufacturing areas of the  
North. We look for them in the pastoral Midlands

cottages in a district close to Sheffield on the  
west. At his suggestion Mr. W. Scott-Morton  
made a careful survey of the building, and  
has kindly placed his exhaustive notes at  
the disposal of the present writer. Some in-  
teresting and valuable photographs, which we  
are happily enabled to reproduce, were also  
taken.

Cartledge Hall is approached from either Titley



CARTLEDGE HALL : VIEW OF EXTERIOR.

rather than in the bleak, austere, and rugged  
country which the Brontës have made peculiarly  
their own. Least of all would the archæologist  
expect to find in the neighbourhood of Sheffield a  
beautiful sixteenth-century manor house, still rich  
in original workmanship and design.

The discovery—or rather the exploration—of  
Cartledge Hall is due to Mr. Larner Sugden, of  
Leek, who had noticed traces of sixteenth and late  
fifteenth century work in smaller halls and

or Dronfield Station, on the Midland Railway.  
Passing through Dronfield village, the visitor may  
pause to see an Early Renaissance pulpit and some  
good brasses in the church.

About four miles further out, on a high and deso-  
late moorland, stands the house we are in search  
of. It is one of two manors built closely together,  
the second of which is now uninhabited. The  
loneliness of the situation, and the absence of any-  
thing in the immediate landscape suggestive of



modern life, make it easy to imagine ourselves on the outskirts of English civilisation, at a time far remote from the present day.

The outward aspect of both houses is quite homely and unpretentious, but very picturesque. There are some farm buildings grouped around them, in which the roofing of natural timbers is interesting and typical. Some of these, unfortunately, have fallen into the hands of the Vandal, especially the beautiful old barn, in which there are

square iron stanchions, set angle-wise an inch thick, and the leading is arranged to suit the spacing of these.

The most interesting parts of the interior are the oak panellings and the rich plaster-work with which the rooms were originally ceiled. On entering the house, the lowness of the doors and ceilings is very noticeable. There is a kind of antechamber to the left of the entrance-hall, and the dining-room beyond this is reached by a door



A BEDROOM : CARTLEDGE HALL.

great main rafters of carved oak, rising from the base of the walls to the ridge.

The chief external features of the Hall are the stone chimneys and water-spouts, also a large overhanging gutter of stone at a projection on the left side of the chief entrance door. The walls are built in the narrow, regular stone courses which are common to the district, and afford a pleasing contrast to the red of the old roof tiles. Inside the leaded glass of the windows there are strong,

not more than six feet high. Entering from the back court, there is another fair-sized room on the ground floor which is now used as a study.

By a broad stone staircase, with perfectly plain treads built into the wall at either side, we come to an apartment which was evidently intended for the most important room of the house. The panelling and the construction of the ceiling are very fine. The formation has been determined mainly by a large timber, rounded on the lower side, which





CEILING OF CENTRE CURVED SECTION.



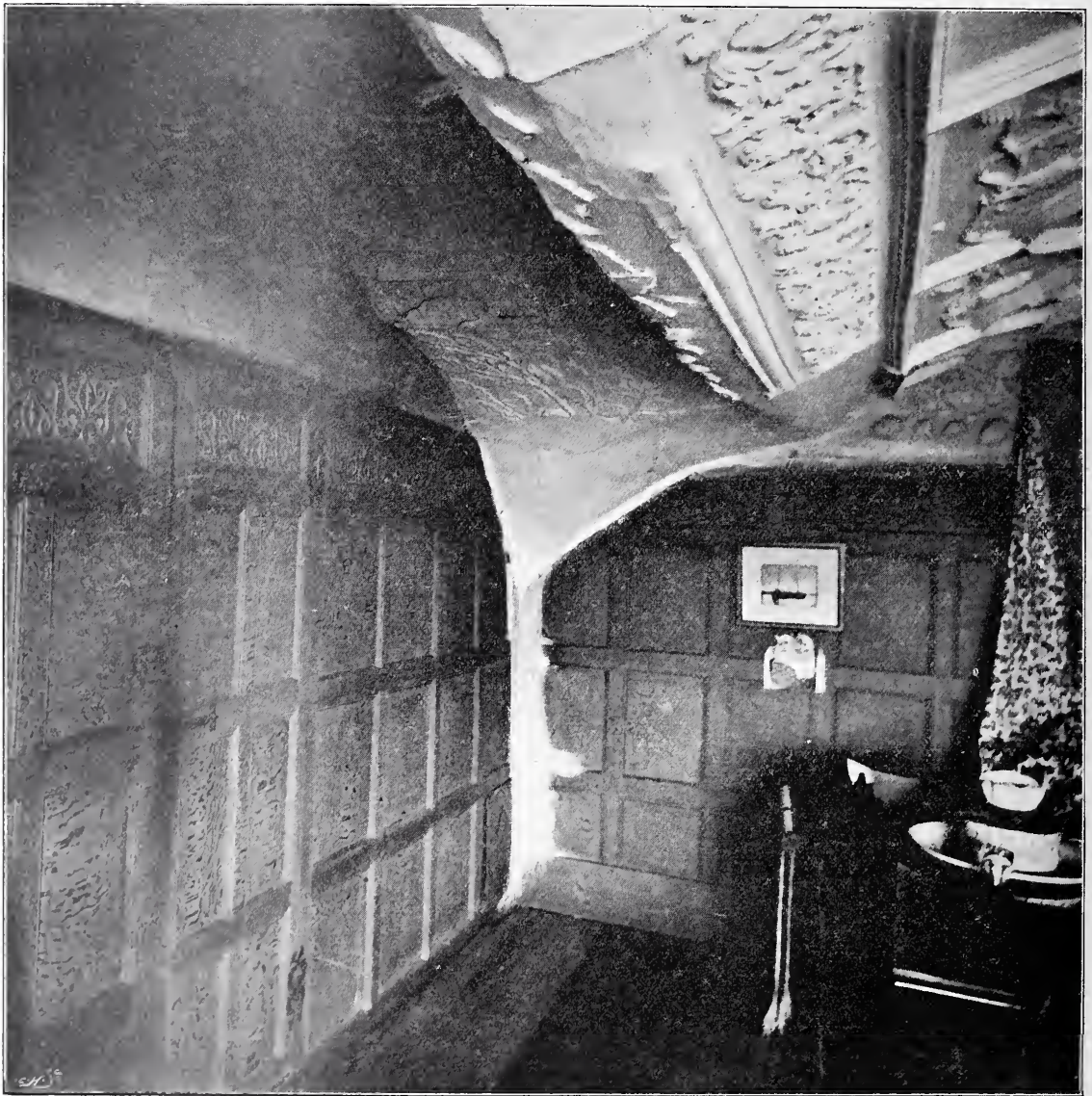
SECTION OF DINING-ROOM CEILING.



reaches from the front gable of the house to the back wall. A flat cove rises from the beam to one of the side walls; and on the other side a similar cove starts from the top of the panelling, and rises to the level of the beam. In the centre the ceiling curves upwards into the roof, and the variety of surfaces thus obtained has afforded scope for modelling and plastering of a very original and effective character. For the lunette on the back

side wall there is a well-modelled figure of an oak tree, which springs from the angle of the room, as shown in the illustration. There is a squirrel sitting on one of the branches. The modelling in the centre of the ceiling is very bold. The ornamentation of the panels here seems to have been moulded.

In the dining-room the plaster work is not so well preserved. Only a section of the ceiling



A BEDROOM : CARTLEDGE HALL.

wall there is a design of a vine tree, which spreads itself on each side at the base of the curved centre of the ceiling, filling in the panels which support the ceiling ribs. The heavy beam is plastered over, and towards the inside of the curve there is a frieze of rich scroll-work which seems a little too crowded in design. It was probably cast from some existing moulds, as it is so much less adapted to its purpose than the surrounding ornament. On the flat cove rising from the beam to the other

remains, and this is on a lower level than the plain and later part. A frieze surrounds the room, but the design is so much defaced as to be almost beyond tracing out.

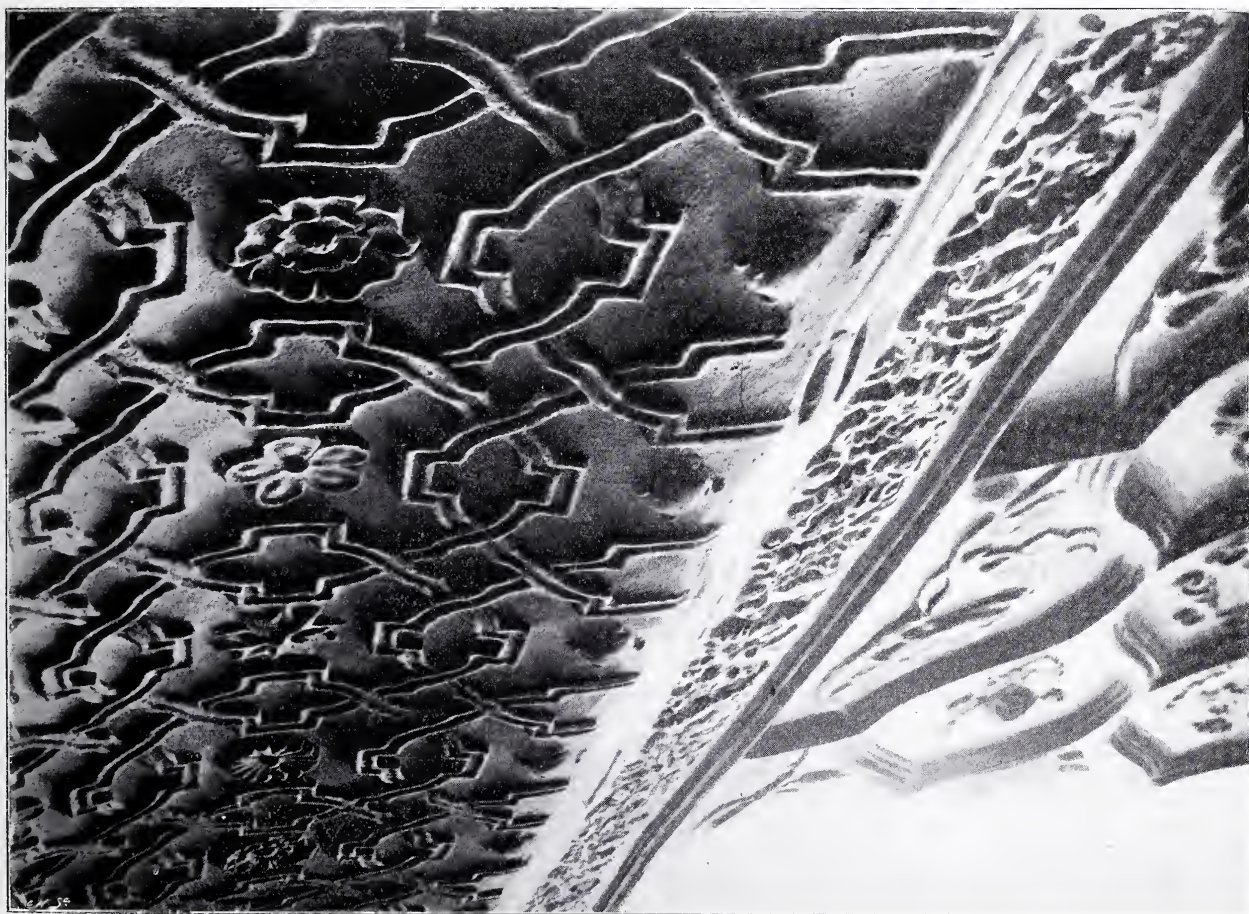
The panelling in all the rooms is simple in design and admirably executed, both in mouldings and in flat carving or fretting; but its principal charm lies in its colour. An interesting carved panel over the fireplace represents the sea, earth, and sky, with the temptation of Adam and Eve.



# MELBOURNE CATHEDRAL: A COMMENT: BY HALSEY RICARDO.

IN the "Notes on Australian Architecture," by Mr. Nicholson, there is a very interesting and sympathetically written appreciation of St. Paul's Cathedral at Melbourne, as well as a drawing of the interior, which so excellently catches the spirit of the design that one may accept it as representing how the building has been executed, as distinguished from how the architect intended it to be executed. The difference is great and disastrous.

that his designs were, in the main, being adhered to. From Mr. Nicholson's description of the building it is clear that the subsequent work has been ignorant and unsympathetic. The sanctuary, "kept extremely dark," was never the intention of the architect, and the drawing gives a misleading idea of the great, wide, east window. Mr. Butterfield intentionally refrained from making a design for the central panel above the altar, desiring to treat the matter when the proper time came; and, possibly, for the sake of having it made under his own eye in England, the kind of



DETAIL OF CEILING OF BEDROOM.

Long before the building was done, before the choir roof was on, and the nave not started, Mr. Butterfield found that he had no other course to take than to resign his position as architect and wash his hands of the undertaking. The work has been since continued, partly from the working drawings already supplied, partly from what could be deciphered from the early small scale sketches, and the remainder by, apparently, local talent. Whilst the building was under Mr. Butterfield's charge, the work was of course carried out according to his full-sized details, and photographs from the clerk of the works at Melbourne, who assured him

treatment that he would have used has been absolutely misunderstood, and this space totally thrown away. For the remainder of the wall space, working drawings were made, but, as appears, they have not been used. The roofs and ceilings are due to local interpretation of the small scale sketches. Mr. Butterfield intended the panels to be plastered, not boarded. The original sketch for the Cathedral shows two western "saddle-backed" towers of no great height, and one great central spire surmounting an octagonal tower some 60ft. above the ridge of the nave roof, and which one can hardly suppose has yet been built.

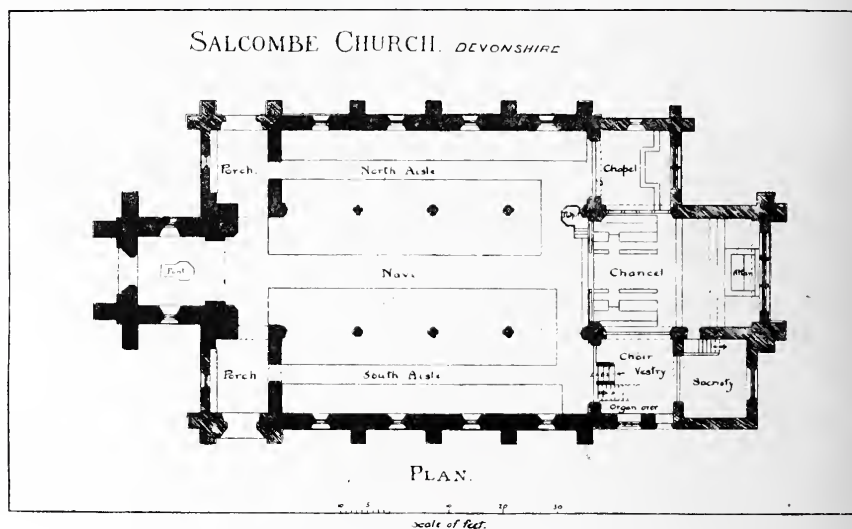


**T**HE WORK OF JOHN SEDDING, ARCHITECT: BY J. P. COOPER, ASSISTED BY H. WILSON: PART FOUR.

THE building which showed the nearest approach to the expression of Sedding's great aim in life was the Church of the Holy Trinity, Sloane Square, for which the scheme of decoration, no unimportant part of the main idea, was barely commenced, and is now likely to remain one of those songs composed and never sung, owning no further life than that given by an ephemeral sketch on paper. Just as he began to gain that recognition with all it entailed, for which he had been working all his life, he was taken from us.

The practice which his brother left him had dwindled, bringing him but little fresh work, so that for years much of his time was filled by making designs for wall papers and embroidery, and it was not till he was close upon fifty that he began that work and formed the style by which he is now chiefly known. The years left him were too short to show clearly in execution the ideal at which he was aiming; it is to his writings, as well as to many

unfinished buildings, we must turn to find it. The Architect, he recognised, was alone in his work as far as the construction of the building went—any glory to be gained was his, and his alone. No help, he knew by long experience, could come from the workmen who raised the walls and roofed the building. Tradition was dead amongst them; they



had been taught to forget the lessons handed down to them by their forefathers, and it was beyond any one man's power to revive it. The masters of the Renaissance had thought for them, drawn their mouldings, and indicated the ornament, and though they had survived the shock and renewed tradition, learning to do feelingly what they could not do lovingly, yet their hold on the new style was slight,

and the first shock of the revival killed them. They may still claim credit for neat and deft work, but any beauty we find in detail, we feel sure, has filtered through them from the mind of the Architect. The Artist had in former times impregnated the workmen with his spirit—the inspiration was strong and the soil fruitful; of the working body, the guilds were the lungs. Sedding had not enough work to be able to continually employ, and so train a band of workmen to his methods, but where feasible he always kept to the same men; nearly all his woodwork in fittings issued from the same workshop in Somersetshire, nearly all his



THE CHANCEL: SALCOMBE CHURCH, DEVON.

J. D. SEDDING, ARCHITECT.



ironwork passed through the hands of the same men. But a competitive age was against him, and the A B C of his work was always having to be taught afresh. "Grant that our work lacks the solid merit of the old, and one may fairly attribute some of the blame for this to the miserable utilitarian spirit of the age which clips our wings when we would soar." His hope for Architecture lay in the co-operation amongst artists, and for this he worked all his life. Guilds for artists first; those for workmen would follow in due course.

Mazzini has somewhere said that "All true Art

different. Gothic trappings had in the meantime been abandoned, and a decided step taken towards expressing modern thought in modern language. He aimed at making buildings sing to us, as they had done in former times to our ancestors. With workmen lacking tradition and with the smallest knowledge of their own craft, he could hardly hope to do aught save act as a pioneer, and do his best to make smooth a rugged path. Designs might be good and the result "utter dulness." He saved his work from dulness by treating his workmen as pupils, standing over them and pointing out what



SALCOMBE CHURCH, DEVON: THE CHANCEL  
WAS ADDED BY J. D. SEDDING.

must either sum up and express the life of a closing epoch, or announce, and proclaim the life of the epoch destined to succeed it." Sedding, at different periods of his life, seemed to have aimed at the one and the other. "New and old" was his motto. St. Clement's, Bournemouth, is the work of one saturated with the past. It is not, nor was there the least attempt to make it, archæologically accurate. It has, however, somewhat of the glamour of the past about it. It appeals to the Mediæval spirit that lurks somewhere in most of us. From the year 1887 onward his aim is entirely

effects he wanted them to aim at, often emphasising what he said by handling the mallet and chisel himself. But much was done by simplifying the work, doing away with crockets and finials, carved caps and many mouldings. In themselves they do not add to the expressiveness of the building. In former times they afforded many men the opportunity of displaying their peculiar views and impressions; they were like the various instruments in a great orchestra, but what use in the orchestra when there is virtually but a single instrument, through which each must blow in turn.





THE CHANCEL: HOLBETON CHURCH.

RESTORED BY J. D. SEDDING.

What far-reaching tradition and living handicrafts could no longer give, he hoped to in part supply by the co-operation of the leading Artists of the age. At Marple, as early as 1867, we find him going to Ford Madox Brown for the cartoons for the stained glass in the windows, and, as opportunity offered, he always sought out the best men he could find to work in his churches. "Are there no dead walls in our cathedrals and parish churches," he cried, "to be made alive by bas-reliefs and paintings? Have you no trumpery 'ecclesiastical Art' reredoses to remove? Will you not prefer a good picture or sculpture to the glaring tiles and marbles, and 'holy beetles' and scribbled monograms that no one understands? . . . In the old days the poor man who 'took a turn' round your unrestored church could at least find a little human

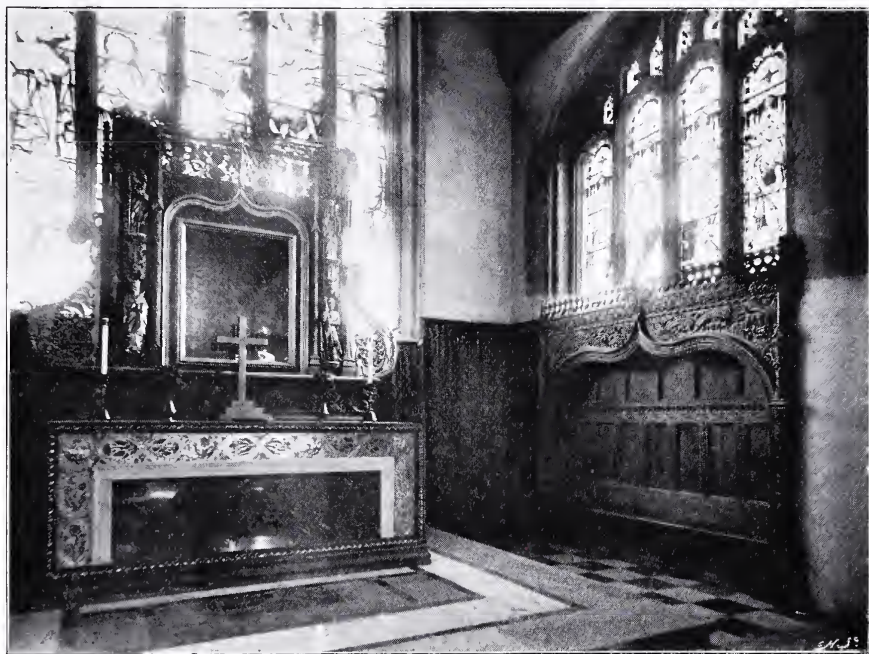
interest in the monuments; but these you have banished, and you have left him never a skeleton, nor a weeping cherub, nor a skull and crossbone, nor Maud's 'Angel watching an Urn'—no, not even the lion and the unicorn a-fighting for the crown." "To me," he says elsewhere, "it speaks volumes that the reredos of St. Paul's—one of the costliest pieces of sculpture of the century—should go, as a matter of course, to Messrs. Farmer and Brindley, while the successors of Flaxman and Stevens are never thought of!" "Had you," he says in this same lecture to the members of the Liverpool Art Congress, "found the service of Vanity Fair less pleasant and lucrative—had you not so splendidly succeeded in easel painting and 'furniture sculpture' (as Mr. Ruskin calls it) as to obscure your ideals—had you not exiled yourselves



from the services of religion for this many a long day—there had been another tale to tell. The pity is—

In this world, who can do a thing will not—  
And who would do it, cannot I perceive.

And why are painting and sculpture so deficient in popular appeal? For these two reasons—they are Arts cultivated exclusively for the rich, and they are not decorative; and on both points they stand condemned by the Art of all lands and all times. It isn't genius; it isn't skill or technique that is wanted to fit them for popularity. It isn't even that the times are against the production of fine decorative designs. It is not that there are not hundreds of new churches to decorate, whose interiors are now just as interesting and soul-inspiring as the inside of a coffin. But it is that the Arts require a new direction. It is that the Artist shall apply his genius to articles of common use, and to the adornment of places that belong to the people." It is not Artists that are needed; they are as numerous now, perhaps, as they ever were, but they are scattered, and their isolation limits their powers of reflection. Were the reredoses, lecterns, altar frontals, crosses, and candlesticks in our churches



THE REREDOS AND THE SEDILIA:  
HOLBETON CHURCH.

J. D. SEDDING, ARCHITECT.

(which are still the most representative of our public buildings) given to the men most capable of executing them; were our monuments, public and private, put into hands such as those which reared the monument of the Duke of Clarence at Windsor; were the Architects, who allow money to be thrown away on yards and yards of wearying ornament and badly-arranged costly marble fittings, to follow in the public buildings committed to their charge the example of Mr. Waterhouse, when he employed one of the greatest decorative painters of the age to give life to the walls of the Manchester Town

Hall—a building destined, probably, to be both the glory and the shame of the century in which it was erected; or were artists employed even to superintend the colour-washing or painting of our public halls and large houses, the house-painter would soon learn his trade; and by like means all that we now attempt to bring about by violent methods would have a natural growth. Schools for "applied Art" but aggravate the evil. The chatter about them, said Sedding, is not good; "it encourages the fatal notion that Art is a thing to be 'applied'—that it is a dispensable commodity, not an integral part of all work, of all manufacture whatever. If



THE CHANCEL OF ST. EVAL  
CHURCH, CORNWALL.

RESTORED BY J. D. SEDDING, ARCHITECT.





VIEW OF CHANCEL: ST. EDWARD'S  
CHURCH, NETLEY.

J. D. SEDDING, ARCHITECT.

Art were a matter of imitative skill and historical knowledge—a matter of clever designs upon cartridge paper—how happy should we be!”

Sedding's latter churches are admirably suited for great decorative designs on wall and ceiling. All the town churches, whether in Falmouth, Cardiff, or London, are what might be termed big preaching churches, the modern type of the Franciscan Church, built for congregations taking an active part in the service. The choir is usually as broad as the nave, with steps up to it, so that the clergy and choristers are above the congregation; another flight of steps leads to the altar and retable, the which, backed by a great broad window filled with stained glass and canopied by the sanctuary roof of gilded stars on a blue ground, would, emphasised by the massive columns and more sombre colouring in the nave, make a blaze of colour and concentrated richness. A low stone wall, with low gates of twisted and enriched iron-

work, formed the entrance to the chancel, the stalls of which are low and delicately carved, or have sunk panels of metal work; the pavement is of big slabs of marble, arranged in patterns—the great test of an Architect's ability, Sedding would say. The side chapels are rich in a lesser degree; the pulpit, font, and aisle windows, as brands thrown off from the main altar, carried the colour to die away in the nave.

Each of these buildings was the expression of an idea; the detail but clothed and administered to that idea, and emphasised it, as in Greek statues the gauzy flowing drapery emphasised, but did not hide, the lie of the figure beneath. These ideas were never hastily executed; the production and adaptation might be hasty, but the crystallisation was often the work of years. An instance of this we have in an anecdote concerning the Church of the Holy Redeemer at Clerkenwell. After having decorated the apse of St. Mary's, Cardiff, the vicar came one day to Sedding and told him that he had a piece of land on which he was thinking of erecting

a barn for him to decorate. “No, don't do that,” said Sedding; “I've got a plan in my head for a cheap church, which would be the very thing for you. You give it to me to build, and we'll decorate it afterwards.” Time passed, and plans were asked for. Sedding sent a design for a rich Renaissance church, but this was too expensive, and the plans were prepared from which the present church was erected. Later on, when down there on one of his visits of inspection, he said, “I have put up your church of St. Dyfrig's at Clerkenwell.” This church is in effect the embodiment of those ideas matured. The plans submitted at Cardiff were the outcome, probably, of a suggestion received during a visit to Italy. The church at Clerkenwell was the same idea grown almost beyond recognition, and with the Italian element left out. To the introduction of foreign features into English Architecture he was strongly opposed. “Students,” he said, “should



be well grounded in a knowledge of English methods of design before they were allowed to travel. We want the tang of the soil in our work, to which no amount of foreign study can help us." "Do you term that perpetual pistareen paste-pot work American Art?" says Walt Whitman of the literature of his country. Sedding was not a whit less jealous of English Architecture. But had this first design for the church of St. Dyfrig's been accepted, the church would never have been built in strict accordance with the plans first submitted. Sedding had learnt to see his buildings in block with their lights and shades before he commenced work; as the work proceeded details not in keeping, or a hindrance to the general conception, or unsuited to the site, were altered or swept away.

To the suggestion received by the site one is inclined to attribute the uninteresting exteriors as compared with the interiors of his town churches. The sites given him were very rarely inspiring. St. Dyfrig's, Cardiff, is built in a sordid neighbourhood with the lines running close by the east end, the continual rattle of trains, the dingy streets, row after row of workmen's villas inhabited chiefly by weekly tenants, who can have no time or care to make their abodes cheerful, the canal with muddy banks and iron railings, patches of unkept common, showing that, though the town's bad blood is here pushing towards the country, it has not yet cleansed itself—do much to suffocate the building. It is perfectly plain on the outside, neither attractive nor repellent—not the poorest inhabitant of the district would hesitate about entering it; hardly a passer-by would turn to look at it. The outside appears somewhat warped, but the completion of the nave and the addition of the bell turret would alter that. Inside it is big, airy, and solemn, not lacking in colour, given both by the shadows and by the painting on the roof. The exterior of the church at Clerkenwell was more satisfactory. Its west front, with great shadowy pediment, faces the street, coloured by shops and stalls, and owning a popu-



MADRON CHURCH, CORNWALL.

RESTORED BY J. D. SEDDING, ARCHITECT.

lation of mixed nationality. All Saints', Falmouth, one of his most successful churches outside London, is built on the brow of a hill overlooking the harbour, in one of those rapidly increasing suburbs where squalor and flash gentility struggle for pre-eminence. The front, facing the street which runs down into the town, is a delightful piece of composition, somewhat marred by a turret, which shows the strong influence Street had on him still. Inside it is broad, spacious, and airy. This church would seem to have suggested the Church of the Holy Trinity, Chelsea, or to have come from a cognate idea. Several of Sedding's churches are closely allied; with the large amount of work he had in these years this was inevitable.

In 1890 he added the chancel to the church at Salcombe. In this addition he only showed his appreciation of the former existence of a church by introducing very broad mullions in the chancel window, similar to those used in the aisles, yet





ST. MARY'S CHURCH, STAMFORD :  
THE GOLDEN CHOIR.

RESTORED BY J. D. SEDDING, ARCHITECT.

this has been sufficient to bring the work into unison. The east end of this church, which is perched on the top of a hill, looks down over the small harbour, and is seen as one approaches the town by boat from Kingsbridge. Then it is that one sees the full effect of the new work. Whether situated on the brow of a hill or on the slope, as at St. Paul's, Truro—another modern church to which he made additions—his buildings always stand well. At the latter church the hill gives a sudden dip by the chancel, of which Sedding took full advantage, making the east end big and broad, so that the church is like an animal with crouching hind quarters, its forefeet firmly planted forwards, broad chested, and thrown back. This church is the connecting link between his early and later work. Its somewhat sombre interior is lit up by a rood screen, painted white and green; beyond it the sanctuary roof is of more sombre colouring, black being largely used in combination with the red and white and gold of the lilies and roses. The lodge built for Mr. H. B. Mildmay in 1889 holds good as to what has been said about Sedding's sensitiveness as to site. It is quiet and unobtrusive. As one dips down the lane leading from

Ermington to Holbeton, one comes across it as but another feature in the landscape. At Netley Castle about this time he made many alterations, especially to the interior. Enclosing walls seemed to give his fancy play. At the Industrial Schools, Bristol, the schoolrooms, dormitories, sitting-rooms, and kitchen, with its big fireplace, the upper and lower passages with windows under the projecting eaves looking out on to the quadrangle, are all delightful, and give an air of fulness and sufficiency, a depth of comfort and homeliness to the building, with that suggestiveness which is the life of Art. The laundry is a conception in itself. No mangles, wash-tubs, or drying clothes are needed to proclaim its use; it never could be taken for anything else but a laundry.

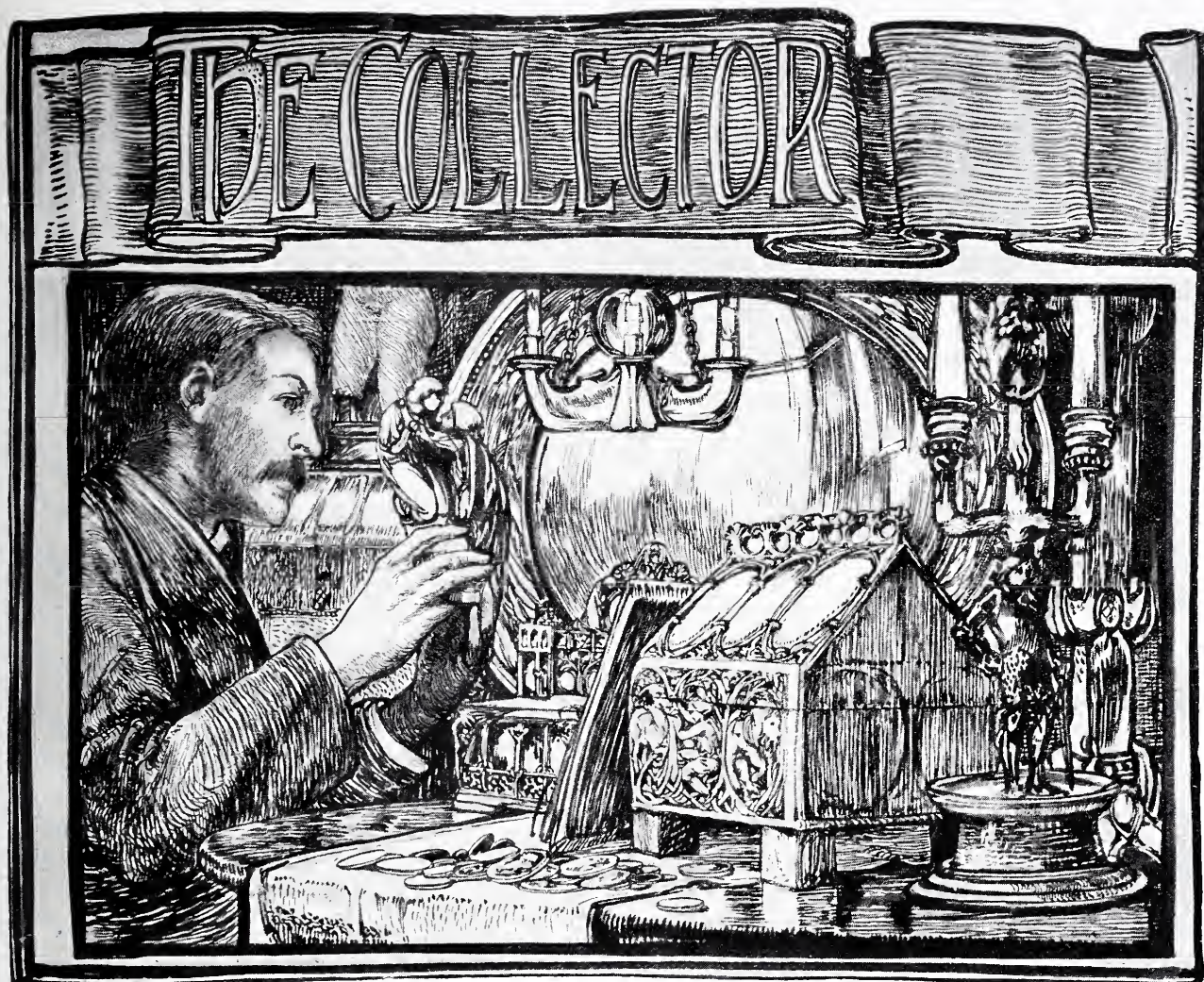
Of the materials used in the structure of his buildings he was very careful. They, he said, contained germs of life in themselves, which by careful use and handling would give breadth and vitality to his work. His materials were to him what his notes are to the musician. His mouldings, for example, were suggested by the material for which they were designed.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



SPECIAL SUBJECT:  
No. I.  
IVORIES IN THE LOUVRE.

PLATES:  
GEORGE ELIOT'S HOUSE:  
WENSLEY DALE:  
CHOIR STALLS, AMIENS:



*Special Subject:*

IVORIES IN THE LOUVRE : Fully Illustrated,  
BY MONS. EMILE MOLINIER.

*Plates:*

GEORGE ELIOT'S HOUSE, CHEYNE WALK : Drawn by  
JOSEPH PENNELL.

WENSLEY DALE, YORKSHIRE : Drawn by OLIVER HALL.  
CHOIR STALLS AND BISHOP'S THRONE, AMIENS  
CATHEDRAL : Drawn by J. BURGESS.

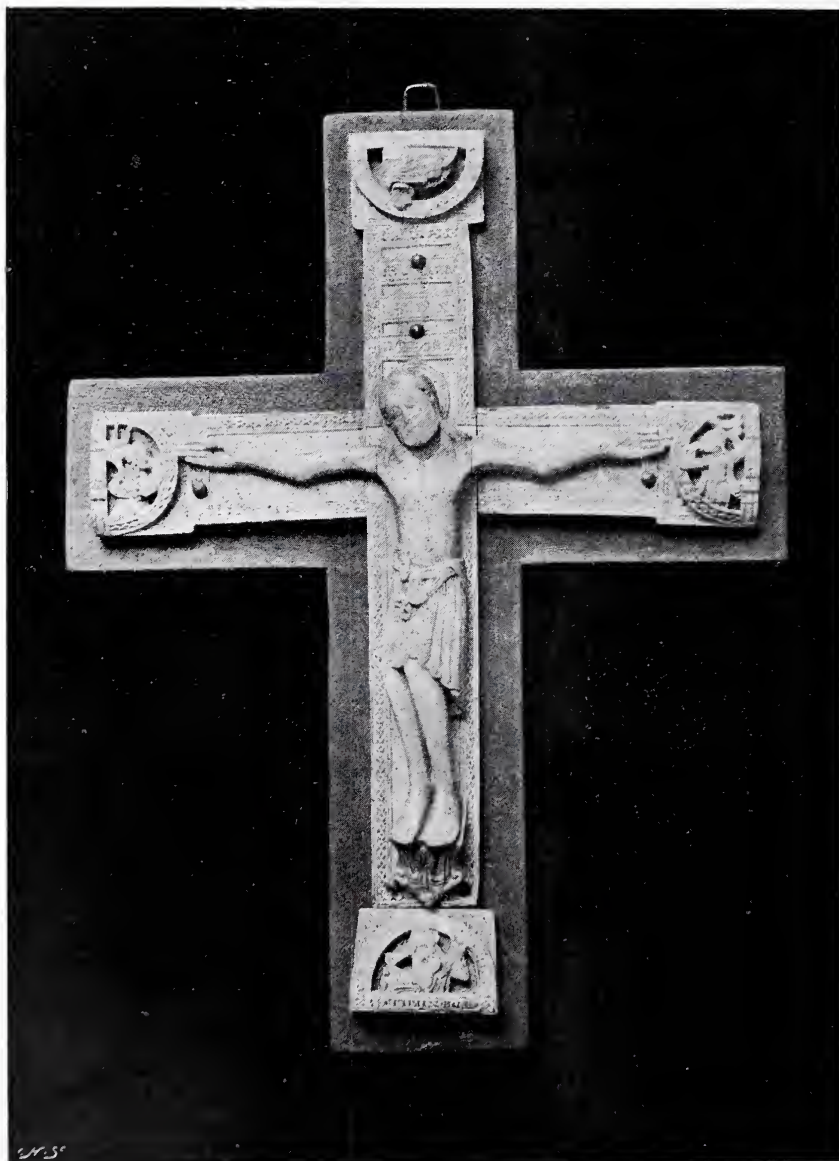


**T**HE IVORIES IN THE MUSEUM OF  
THE LOUVRE: THE LETTERPRESS  
BY MONS. EMILE MOLINIER.

HISTORIANS, archæologists, and artists have long recognised the utility of the collections of sculptured ivory. The monuments created in this delicate material have not only the advantage of representing art in its highest perfection from a plastic point of view: they have also the inappreciable advantage of giving us, for periods when monumental sculpture is almost entirely wanting, irrefutable testimony to the decadence or progress of technical skill. For the whole period anterior to 1500 one may fairly say that it would be possible to write an almost complete history of sculpture by consulting little else but ivories. They alone allow us to surprise the complete decadence of antique art, and to see what links made its degenerate products communicate with

the efforts, at first timid, then personal, of the art of the Middle Ages. For periods such as the Merovingian or Carolingian, during which we have scarcely any monumental sculpture, the conscientious examination of ivories can alone

permit us to form some idea of what was plastic art as applied to the decoration of the buildings of those early times. This exceptional interest sufficiently explains the numerous publications consecrated, from the last century downwards, to works in ivory. But at first they were, of course, examined rather from an historical point of view, and, consequently, the monuments left us by the last periods of antiquity—notably, the Consular diptychs—were chiefly the object of learned investigation. Gori, although the limits of the publication he projected, and which was brought out by Passeri (the “*Thesaurus Diptychorum Veterum*”), were broad, thought of little else but the diptychs which might throw some light on certain points of Roman history. The study of mediæval monuments had not yet come into fashion, and though a few virtuosi had already begun to admit specimens of the art of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries into their cabinets, it is only in our times that any serious attempt has been made to



CRUCIFIXION (BYZANTINE, THIRTEENTH CENTURY).

constitute numerous collections of objects formerly treated with disdain, though often of considerable artistic value, and always of undeniable historical interest. Works such as Westwood's, Maskell's, Labarte's, and sets of casts from ivories, have put





THE DESCENT FROM  
THE CROSS.





CHESSMEN (SPAIN, ELEVENTH CENTURY).

the study of these small sculptures within the reach of all. An examination of the catalogues of the different European museums will suffice to prove the truth of these statements. Until 1820 attention was paid solely to antique ivories, or what passed for such, or to those carved in Flanders and Germany in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. When the French armies under the first empire laid an artistic tax on the collections beyond the Rhine, the choice of the officials who presided over these spoliations was almost exclusively confined to the series of vases or bas-reliefs of doubtful taste and very mediocre art, which are specimens of Flemish plastic art influenced by Rubens. As for the ivories of the Middle Ages, no one at that time thought of them. And yet nowadays it is precisely these which we prize most highly; for it is among them that we find the most finished works of sculpture of that period, not only in the west, but in the east as well. The few ideas we have on Byzantine sculpture are in great part drawn from the study of the triptychs, diptychs, or ivory bindings, the spoils of Constantinople brought westwards during the Middle Ages.

By a fortunate chance, the public collections of Paris are in possession of the richest collection of ivories which exists. Why should these collections, from a vice of organisation which, for miserably mean reasons, is not likely to be soon remedied, be scattered in three different places; the Bibliothèque Nationale, the Louvre, and the Army Museum?—so that, if one may say that in Paris we possess riches that would suffice for the complete history of the ivory-carver's art, one must transport oneself to three different places to study it. The Bibliothèque Nationale contains an unique collection of Consular diptychs, a few Byzantine ivories of the first order, and a few monuments of the Middle

Ages. The Louvre and Army Museum respectively contain, each one leaf of a Consular diptych, a few ivories of classical antiquity, and a quantity of mediæval ivories. These three collections fused into one would certainly constitute the most imposing whole in existence. But in order to constitute that whole, one would have to overcome resistance of all sorts, and be supported by a good will which has so far been wanting and is likely to remain so. There are reasons Reason cannot understand.

My design is to make known here only a few of the principal monuments of this kind contained in the Louvre Museum. These examples will suffice, we hope, to show the utility of such collections and the interest of the works which compose them.

I need not speak at length of the Consular diptychs. Special treatises, some of considerable

CROWNING OF THE VIRGIN (ENGLISH, FIFTEENTH CENTURY).  
ST. JOHN THE EVANGELIST.





THE CHURCH.

THE VIRGIN.

THE DEPOSITION FROM THE CROSS.





LITURGIC COMB.

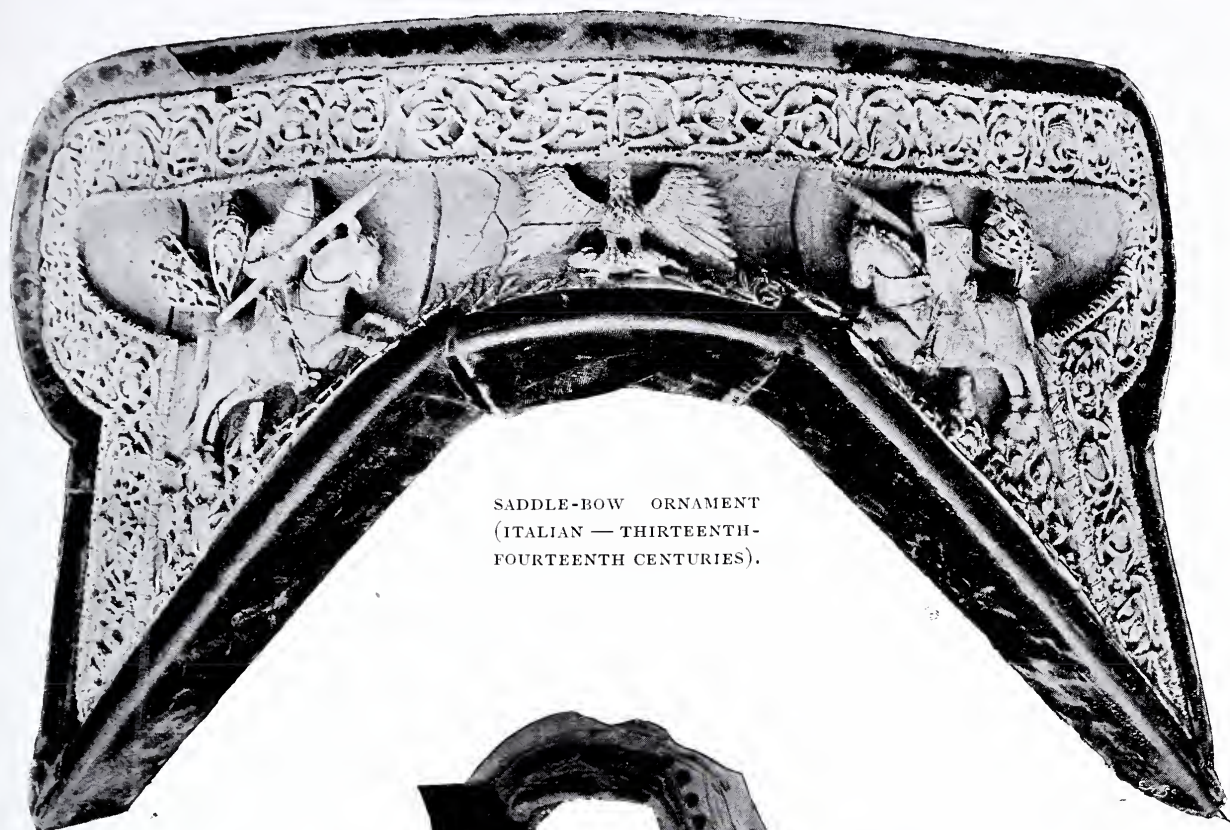
extent, others simple dissertations, have, so to say, exhausted the subject by drawing up scientific catalogues of these curious monuments of art. It will suffice for me to say that the word diptych is used to designate ivory, wood, or metal tablets joined by hinges with or without ornaments on their outer sides, and whose inner sides, covered with a layer of wax, were destined to receive inscriptions traced with the point of a stylus. These diptychs were of frequent use in classical antiquity: those used by consuls, magistrates, or private persons, which have come down to us, are, so to say, the writing cards of these personages, sent to other officials, or to friends, in order to inform them of their elevation to the consular dignity or some other post, or simply to communicate some fortunate event. We know at present of the existence of some sixty of these diptychs scattered over the different European collections. The date of their execution varies between the fifth and sixth centuries, the oldest, one of those preserved in the treasury of the cathedral at Monza, may date from the year 400, or thereabouts. The specimens of these ivories exhibited in the Louvre are most curious, though they can scarcely be

praised as art. One leaf owned by the Cluny Museum, recently bought at the Baudot sale, belonged to Areobindus, who was Consul at Constantinople in 506 A.D. It represents an official personage presiding over the circus games, and this representation is to be found with scarcely any variation on other ivories of that date. It is also to this Consul we may attribute the leaf owned by the Louvre, on which we see the magistrate simply chiselled as a bust, surrounded by the attributes of consular power, with the monogram of his name annexed. But the leaf in the Louvre presents a further interest; as a date can with difficulty be determined with any accuracy, but which is probably not distant from that of the rest; the inner side has been carved also: the figures represent Adam and Eve in the earthly paradise, surrounded by animals. This bas-relief, infinitely superior in execution to the portrait of the consul, renders this work peculiarly interesting. It proves also that this diptych was not affected to the same uses as most of the works of the same kind which have reached us. They were, as a rule, diverted from their primitive destination, and used in the churches, to inscribe the names of benefactors, of bishops,



REVERSE OF SAME.





SADDLE-BOW ORNAMENT  
(ITALIAN — THIRTEENTH-  
FOURTEENTH CENTURIES).

&c., in a list which was read with the Canon of the Mass. It is from this usage and this reading of names in the Canon that the term "to canonise" arose. There exist Consular diptychs which received inscriptions of this sort far into the Middle Ages.

Of an art far superior, incontestably, to that of the diptychs of Areobindus are first, the diptych known as the "Muses' Diptych," in which an attempt has been made to recognise the image of Herodotus, Anacreon, Aristotle, Euripides, Menander, and Horace—a work, probably, of the fourth century, owned by the Louvre; and, secondly, the leaf of the diptych of Nicomachus and Lymmachus, in the Cluny Museum. This latter, the other part of which is now owned by the South Kensington Museum—a work of the fourth or fifth century, is a marvel of style, in which it is easy to see that the skilful artist who carved it was inspired by the finest Greek stelæ. The woman, standing by an altar, and holding reversed torches, chiselled on this leaf, has



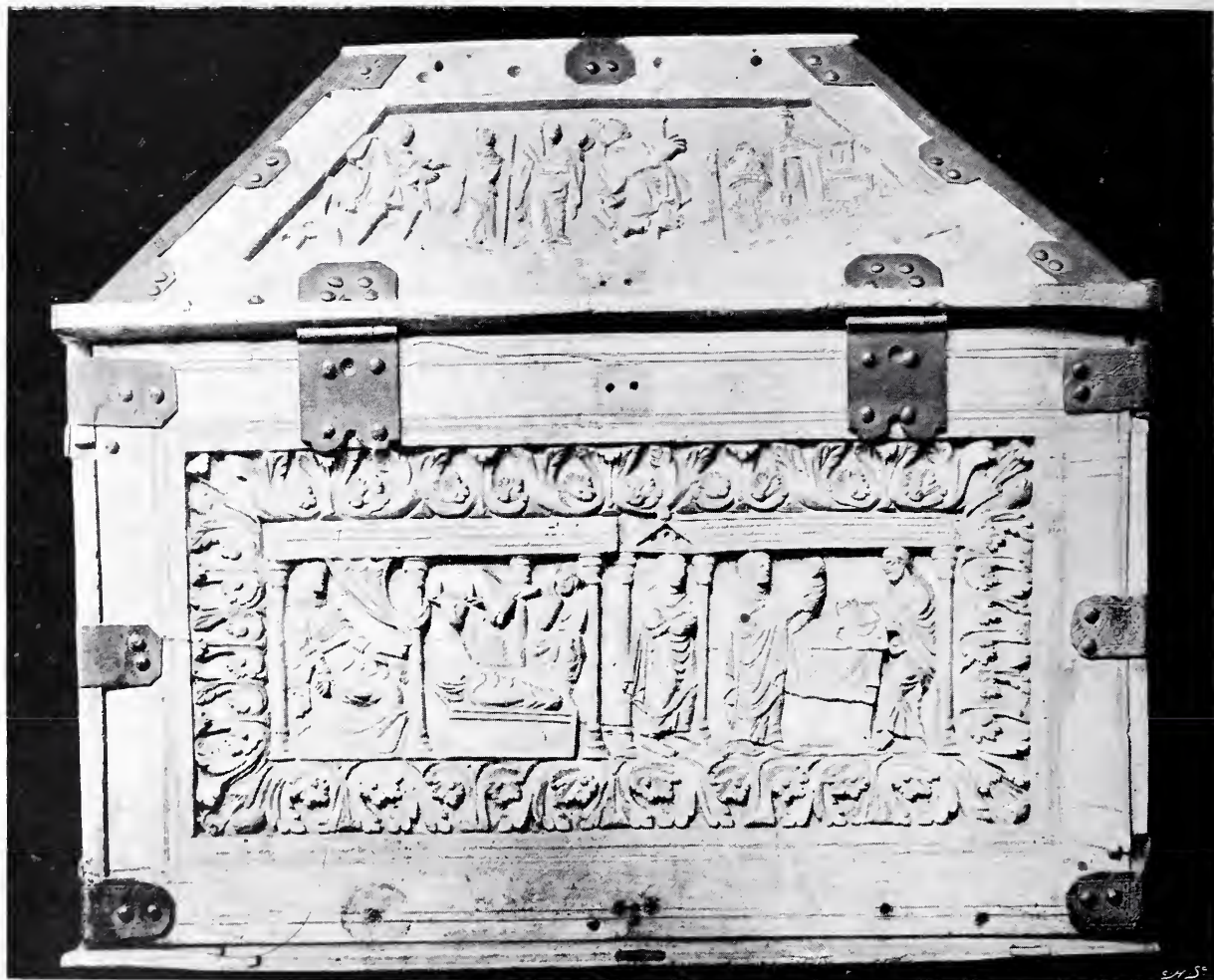
HARP (FOURTEENTH-FIFTEENTH CENTURIES).



all the grand majesty of the Greek sculpture of the fourth or third century B.C. It is certain the sculptor had in his studio, before his eyes, casts of ancient works. Besides, this is not the only example of an ivory of classical style in its decline which betrays archaic preoccupation. Whatever we may think of it, the fact merits notice, as it throws a singular light on the working habit of the ivory-carver. Like all his contemporaries, he lived on a glorious past, which has almost completely disappeared. It was only by chance they managed

Consular diptychs, it has at least an artistic value which places it in the first rank among classical ivories.

A few fragments—notably the centre part of a comb, on which are chiselled Cupids, a charming work discovered, unless I am mistaken, at Vaison; a profile of Mercury with the Pegasus, perhaps from the same place, now in the Louvre; a large figure of a woman, which must be classed among the Pantheistic divinities—that is to say, those destined to represent by the variety of their attributes a



ROMANESQUE CASKET: THE NATIVITY AND THE PRESENTATION (GERMAN, TENTH CENTURY).

to give it for a moment fresh life, and snatch from it, with their almost invariably clumsy hands, something of its grace. The monument now owned by halves in England and France belonged in the eighteenth century to the Abbey of Montier-en-Der, where the Benedictine monks, who have given us a good engraving of it, were enabled to study it. Carved probably on the occasion of a marriage between the powerful families of the Nicomachi and Lymmachi, it falls under the category of diptychs sent by private persons. If it does not possess the value of an historical document like the

crowd of different divinities—will not arrest us long. They are specimens of antique art, in a poor state of preservation, or of a very doubtful style. The woman's figure, above all, with its awkward pose, its drapery too rich in folds, which the artist no longer possessed the skill to arrange on the very insufficient anatomical construction, the face, with its vulgar and over-marked features, its exorbitant and prominent eyes, yet constitutes, by its unusual dimensions, the powerful relief of the sculpture—a rare work, without a doubt. But it is only too evident that the sculptor whose



production it was, no longer possessed anything but the very secondary skill which consists in copying a model, in itself perhaps not the work of a very skilful artist. In it one finds almost all the defects that are so frequently displayed in the cylindrical boxes reserved for Communion purposes, of which the Musée de Cluny possesses several curious specimens.

This series, a long catalogue of which might be drawn up by introducing all the similar works of art that have been preserved in Italy, Germany,

scenes, that seem, conjointly with Christian scenes, to have been used in the same workshops for ornamenting objects such as these. But how degenerate were these artists, of whom some, unable to give to the folds of raiment movements in correspondence with the attitudes of the persons represented, were obliged to content themselves with merely indicating these folds by a sort of gross pleating, an execution carried out with a steel point within their faintly sketched outlines. Yet, however roughly executed, these works are interesting to study, because they are



REVERSE OF SAME HEROD AND THE MAGI.

or France, generally represents Christian scenes which the art of the sarcophagi has rendered familiar, such as the "Adoration of the Magi," the "Nativity," "Christ Teaching," the "Chief Miracles of the New Testament."

In these works, ascribed almost unanimously to the fourth, fifth, and sixth centuries, are doubtless to be found, just as in similar sculpture in stone or in marble, numerous traces of the imitation of models belonging to Græco-Roman art. These tendencies are above all visible in a number of other subjects such as those representing hunting-

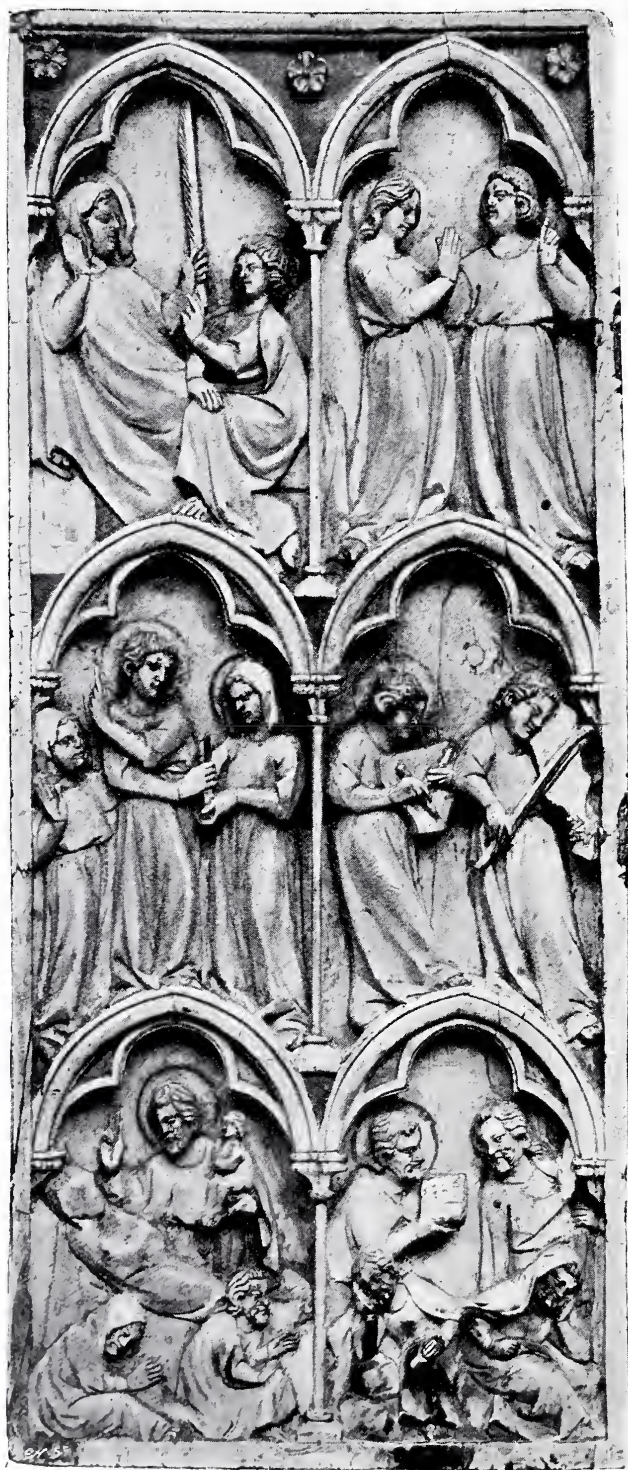
an irrefutable testimony, not so much of the fixing, in very early times, of iconographical formulæ, on which Christian mediæval art was destined to live—for these formulæ are fully indicated in the sculptures on the sarcophagi—but rather of certain modifications of antique art. It is easy to perceive in them a movement towards a revived art, a link, so to say, joining the old Pagan art to the new, destined to independent life and to which the name Byzantine is now attached. For it is no easy task to state precisely the exact moment at which the separation of the two arts begins; or to distinguish,



what may be considered as the decline of an art irrevocably destined to disappear, from specimens, no doubt full of defects, yet certainly bearing in them the unmistakable germs of a revival of a new tendency, the result of the combination of dissimilar elements. We meet here, if the expression may be allowed, a sort of turning point in the history of plastic art. It is easier to draw attention to some of the characteristics of this development by examining the original models, than by describing its different phases. A monument in the highest degree famous, the well-known ivory seal of Bishop Maximian, preserved at Ravenna (sixth century) seems to me to characterise in some degree the point at which a worn-out art had arrived, and at the same time the starting-point of a fresh art, which, by combining different elements, by returning to purely Greek and Oriental sources, has already constituted an independent life and a personal style. These monuments are, unfortunately, very scarce, above all, those to which it is possible to ascribe a certain date and origin. Thus many conjectures remain, in spite of all archaeological researches, most uncertain with regard to the origin and development of an art which was destined for several centuries—often with splendour—to prolong the life of antiquity in the East. If we examine these compositions, however imperfect they may seem, however clumsily the sculptor

may have expressed his intentions, we seem to be able to recognise two tendencies: a certain leaning towards dramatising the subjects, towards adapting to sculptured scenes the habits of composition in

painting such as the miniatures of the time reveal to us; and at the same time an absolutely contrary tendency towards the simplifying of the subjects, and not only of them, but of the personages in action, a stylisation pushed to excess in all directions, and ending in an art wholly of formulæ, which might be practised at once by artists of great talent and by common workmen, so that the works of the first seem, at first sight, hardly distinguishable from the wretched creations of the latter. But stylisation in art does not necessarily entail the death of the art which practises it, nor does it exclude further transformation or the possibility for a personal talent to arise. This has been too frequently forgotten in superficial studies of Byzantine sculpture as revealed to us by ivories: writers have too often confounded or classed together works of a very low order and marvels scarce indeed, but which are sufficient to show us how clearly Byzantine sculpture, in spite of its exterior, so apparently hieratic, still kept in the tenth



LEAF OF A TRYPTICH, FRENCH, THIRTEENTH CENTURY.

and eleventh centuries living principles which enable us to recognise that the art of Constantinople was an organism capable of transformation, evolution, modification, and progress.







*Stand Engle.*

CHOIR STALLS AND BISHOP'S  
THRONE: AMIENS CATHEDRAL:  
DRAWN BY J. BURGESS, OF  
LEAMINGTON.







WENSLEY DALE, YORKSHIRE:  
DRAWN BY OLIVER HALL.



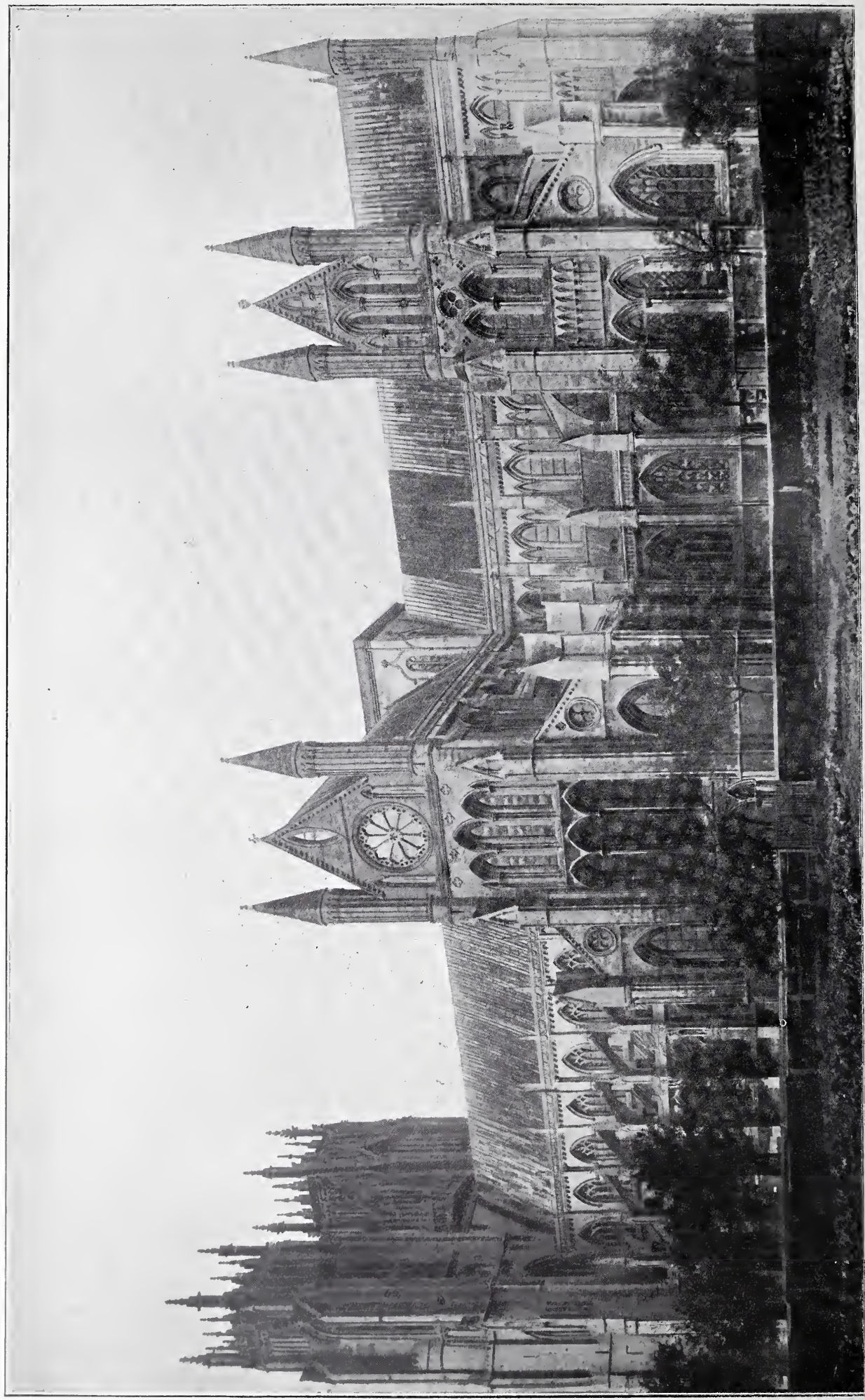




GEORGE ELIOT'S HOUSE,  
CHEYNE WALK: DRAWN  
BY JOSEPH PENNELL.







BEVERLEY MINSTER: SOUTH  
SIDE: FROM A PHOTOGRAPH  
BY C. C. HODGES, OF HEXHAM.





BEVERLEY MINSTER : FROM THE SOUTH-WEST.

PHOTO BY DR. E. H. HOWLETT.

## **B**EVERLEY MINSTER : BY JOHN BILSON, F.S.A.

FEW of our English towns can boast the possession of two such beautiful churches as the Minster and St. Mary's at Beverley. St. Mary's, the smaller church, originally a chapel attached to one of the altars in the Minster, is an interesting example of the process of successive alteration and enlargement which is characteristic of so many of our parish churches ; a process which in this instance completely transformed a twelfth-century church of moderate size, and converted it into what appears at first glance to be a great fifteenth-century parish church. The Minster, on the other hand, may be said to be the result of two great building efforts ; the first, which includes the whole eastern arm and transepts, was a new design on a grand scale, practically uninfluenced by any previous buildings ; the second was the completion, after a considerable interval, of this design, carried out with rare regard for the harmony of the whole structure.

Although it scarcely stands in the first rank of our great churches in point of size, Beverley Minster really appears to be larger than some churches of greater area. It preserves its full

height from end to end, and, indeed, one of its most pronounced characteristics is the effect of great height obtained with very moderate dimensions. In any general view the absence of a prominent central tower is severely felt (the actual tower barely rises above the ridge of the roofs), and one longs for a more worthy companion to the beautiful western towers. Still, the design of the church as a whole has a wonderful coherence, and, as we pass from the choir and transepts to the nave, we scarcely realise that nearly a century lies between the times of their respective build-ings. Hardly anywhere else can English work of the first half of the thirteenth century in its most restrained mood be studied to such advantage as in the eastern part of this church. The later work, too, possesses considerable merits, not least in that it harmonises so entirely with the work of which it forms the completion. Indeed it is scarcely too much to say that no more perfect church of its size exists in our country.

Before dealing further with its architecture, it is necessary to say something of its history. Beverley Minster owes its importance to the fact that it contained the tomb and shrine of a famous saint, St. John of Beverley. The Venerable Bede, who himself received both deacon's and priest's



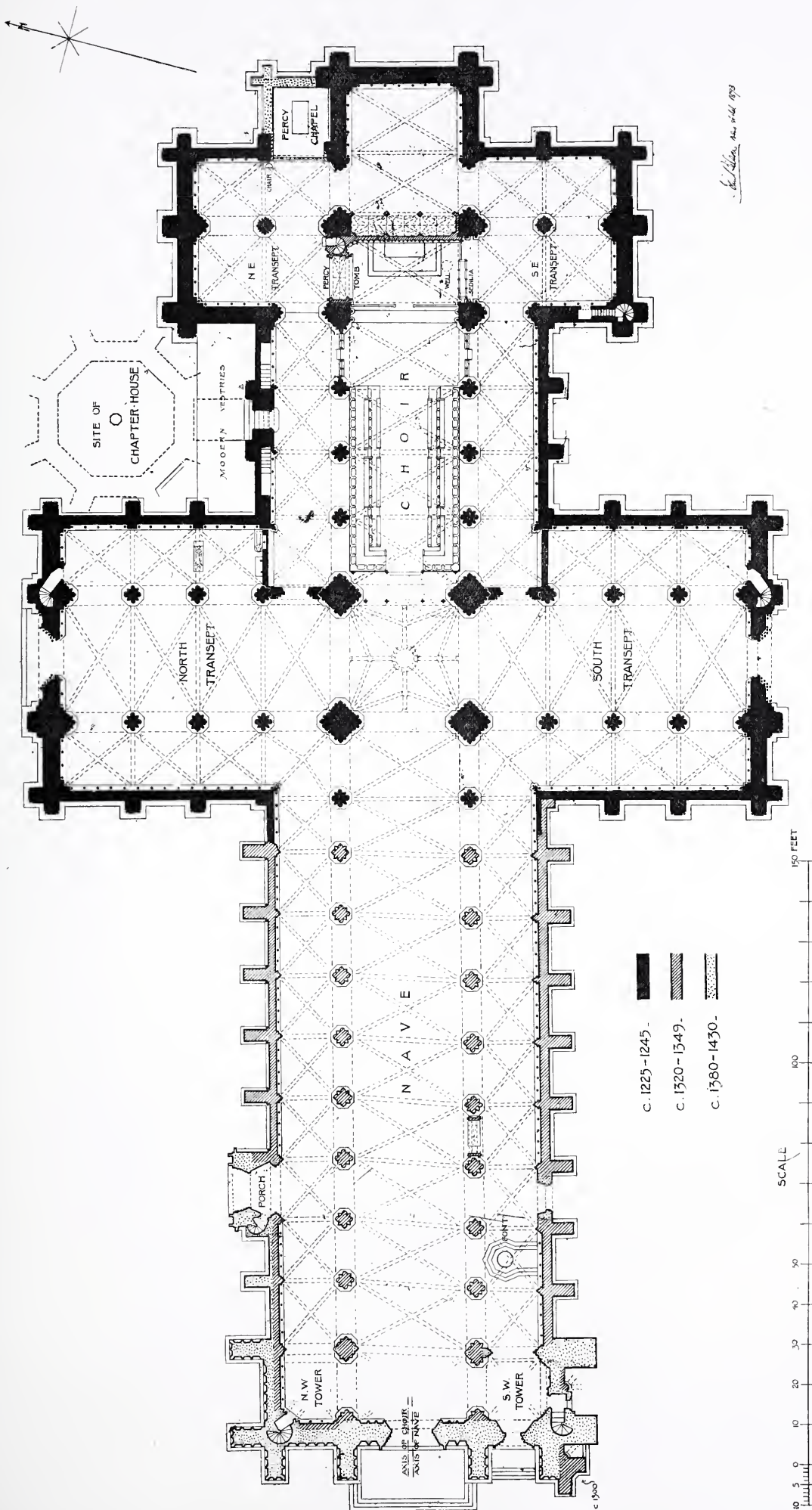
orders from John, tells us how the holy bishop founded the minster called Inderawuda (*in silva Deirorum*), and how, in 721, he died, and was buried there. St. John was canonised in 1037, and his remains translated by Archbishop Ælfric, and placed in a richly decorated shrine. With the exception of St. Cuthbert of Durham, no north-country saint seems to have ranked so high in popular esteem as St. John of Beverley. King Æthelstan visited his tomb, and granted to the church many privileges, of one of which, that of sanctuary, we are still reminded by the frithstool which stands on the north side of the choir. St. John and Æthelstan were generally associated as the patrons of Beverley, and they are represented together in several places, both in the Minster and in St. Mary's Church. The banner of the saint figured at the battle of the Standard, and in the Scotch wars of Edward I and his son. And after Agincourt, which was fought on the festival of the translation of St. John, Henry V and his Queen came to Beverley to make their offerings at the shrine of the saint.

Beverley, though never a cathedral church, was one of the *matrices ecclesiæ* of the great diocese of York, and, like its sisters of Ripon and Southwell, was a church of secular canons. In theory the archbishop was the head of the chapter, but practically the chapter was a little republic, as Mr. Leach has shown that of Southwell to have been. The external affairs of the church were managed by the provost, an officer first appointed by Archbishop Thomas in 1092. The canons, originally seven in number, and afterwards nine, had no separate prebends, but received their stipends out of the common estates administered by the provost. Owing to this peculiarity, the canons were called by the names of the saints to whom the altars in the Minster were dedicated, and not, as in most collegiate churches, by the names of their prebends.

We know little of the history of the buildings which preceded the present structure. We have, as in so many other instances, the story of destruction by the Danes in the ninth century, and then a complete blank for nearly two hundred years. Then we are told that Archbishop Cynesige (1051-1060) added a high stone tower to the church. His successor, Ealdred, the last of the English archbishops before the Conquest, enlarged the old church by the addition of a presbytery, and decorated the ceiling of the whole building 'with gold and many colours, with wonderful art.' We have also a graphic description of a *pulpitum* (rood loft) which he erected at the entrance to the choir, of incomparable work in brass, silver and gold. This is expressly stated to have been of Teutonic workmanship, and bishop Bernward's work at

Hildesheim enables us to realise what this means. The church, as Ealdred left it, must have shone with splendid colour. Thomas, the first Norman archbishop, introduced certain administrative reforms at Beverley, but hitherto no documentary evidence has been found of any building work during what we are accustomed to call the Norman period. It is tolerably certain, however, that the nave was partly or wholly rebuilt early in the twelfth century, for at the back of the triforium on both sides of the existing nave we find stonework of this period re-used by the fourteenth-century builders. The late Professor Freeman, in his account of York, Lincoln, and Beverley, published quite recently, pictures the "primitive" nave as standing until it was replaced in the fourteenth century by the existing nave, but the available evidence indicates that the nave which survived the fire of 1188 was the work of the twelfth, and not that of the eleventh or any earlier century. The existing font, which seems to date from rather later in the twelfth century, was probably made for this reconstructed nave.

The fire of 1188 is our starting-point for the history of the present structure. The antiquary Dugdale relates that, in 1664, the sexton casually breaking the ground "in the middle 'ile' of the church, for to bury the corps of one Widow Boothe," found a box of lead containing the relics of St. John of Beverley, and a plate of lead bearing an inscription which stated that in 1188, in the night following the feast of St. Matthew the Apostle, the church was burnt, and that in 1197 a search was made for the relics of the blessed John, which were found in this place and here re-buried. The position of this tomb is still marked in the existing church, in the centre of the nave, in the second bay west of the main crossing. It is certain that the work of rebuilding was not commenced immediately after the fire. Among the miracles of St. John there is an account of the fall of the tower—evidently the central tower. This account is not dated, but it follows a record referring to the barons' war in King John's reign. From this account we gather that the old work was patched up, and a lofty and beautiful tower was carried up over the crossing. The builders, however, had more regard for beauty than for stability, and inserted their new work in the old, after the fashion of those who put new cloth into an old garment. The piers proved insufficient to support the tower, which ultimately fell. The eastern part of the nave was then converted into a choir, the altar erected over the tomb of St. John, and his shrine placed immediately beyond the middle of the tomb. It would appear therefore that an attempt was made to repair the damage caused by the fire of 1188 by the reconstruction of the existing work, and that the nave



GROUND PLAN: MEASURED AND  
DRAWN BY JOHN BILSON.



was comparatively uninjured by the fire. An indulgence granted by Archbishop Walter Gray in 1232 speaks of the church as enormously disfigured by a sad ruin, but the erection of the new eastern arm must then have been already commenced. Of its completion we have no record, except an indulgence of 1261, which shows that the new work had been dedicated before this date—probably some time before, judging from the character of the work itself.

The extent of this work is shown in black on the accompanying plan, which is taken through the wall-arcades below the windows. Speaking of this plan, it is surely a little remarkable, considering the general excellence of the building, that no plan of it has hitherto been published, except a rough and not very accurate plan in the Rev. J. L. Petit's paper of 1846. It is, no doubt, quite true that the earlier students of English mediæval architecture were too much inclined to exaggerate the importance of detail, and to overlook plan and general structure. Indeed, some of the text-books still most extensively used might lead one to conclude that Gothic architecture is a mere question of details. The thirteenth-century work at Beverley, as part of one great design, emphatically corrects such a mistake. The detail, excellent in character it is true, is extremely simple and almost severe. It has none of the luxurious elaboration of Lincoln; indeed it has practically no carved foliage at all, except in the capitals of the aisle wall-arcades. The qualities which command our admiration at Beverley are the skilful planning, the excellent proportions, the admirable way in which the design expresses the structure, and the restraint which governs the whole conception. It has much in common with the Yorkshire Cistercian work of the thirteenth century; indeed, the design of the internal bay of the aisles (shown in the elevation of the staircase in the north aisle) so closely resembles that of the choir of Fountains (illustrated in Sharpe's *Parallels*) as to stamp the two as works of the same school.

The plan of the eastern arm is remarkably regular, very accurately set out, and showing no departure from the general design, except in one respect to which I shall refer presently. The absence of any approach to so-called 'geometrical tracery,' and the general regularity of the design lead us to the conclusion that the work was carried out rapidly, apparently under the control of a single master-mind. The plans with which we most naturally compare the eastern half of

Beverley are those of \*Lincoln, as rebuilt by St. Hugh and his immediate successors—an earlier work which must have had considerable influence on Beverley—and Salisbury, which was commenced in 1220, probably a few years earlier than Beverley. All three show the double cross plan. The eastern transept at Lincoln has apsidal chapels on its east side, as at Canterbury, which so powerfully influenced Lincoln in other respects; at Salisbury and Beverley the smaller transept has an eastern aisle. At Lincoln and Salisbury each arm of the eastern transept is three bays in length; at Beverley only two. The choir of Salisbury (including the eastern transept, but excluding the lower Lady-chapel to the east) is seven bays in length, as at Beverley; but Beverley, (like Lincoln) has four bays between the two crossings, instead of three as at Salisbury, where the eastern and great transepts are thus brought closer together. Lincoln terminated eastward in an apse of peculiar form, with radiating chapels. Salisbury and Beverley have square east ends; at Salisbury the aisles are continued to the east end, but at Beverley they do not extend beyond the eastern transept. In all three churches each arm of the great transept is four bays in length; Lincoln and Salisbury, however, have only an eastern aisle to the great transept, while Beverley alone has an aisle on each side of the transept. Beverley is, of course, considerably smaller in scale, the total internal width of choir and aisles being 64ft., against about 78ft. at Salisbury, and 85ft. at Lincoln. The width of the choir and its aisles and that of the choir bay seem to have been obtained in the same manner in all three cases, by setting out four equal squares on the extreme internal width of the choir and aisles, the *centres* of the main arcade piers being thus given by the angles of the outer squares. Hence it results that the vaulting-bay of the aisle is a rectangle a little narrower than square (by half the thickness of the choir wall), and that of the choir a little shorter than two squares.

The proportion of total height to total width is

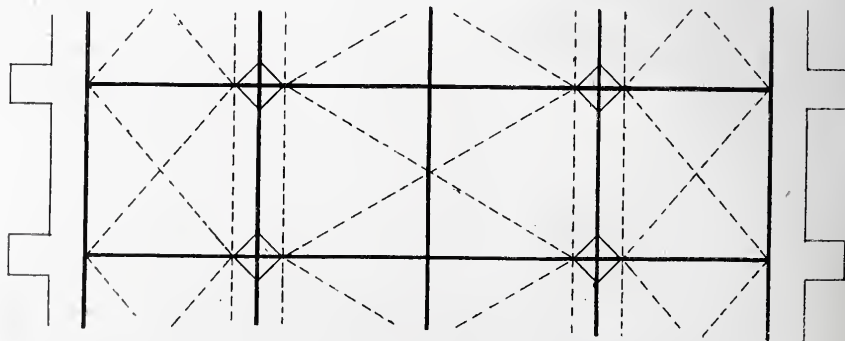
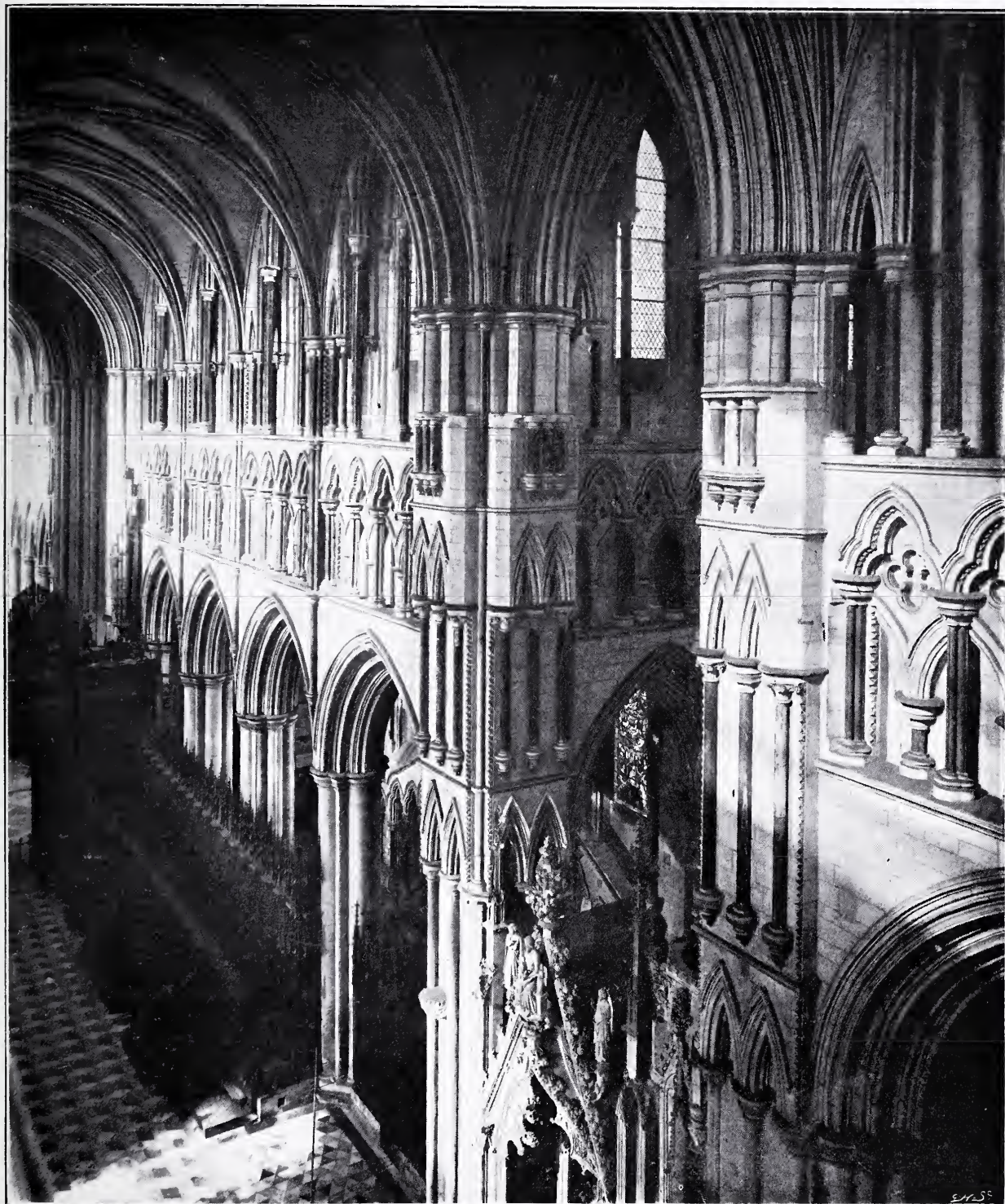


DIAGRAM PLAN OF ONE BAY.



much the same at Beverley and Salisbury, the height from floor to crown of vault being in each case a little greater than the extreme external width between the aisle walls. At Lincoln the

with the crown of the vault; and there is some reason for believing that this method of setting out the cross-section was followed in many late Romanesque churches. But if such was the



BEVERLEY MINSTER: CHOIR, LOOKING WEST.

PHOTO BY C. C. HODGES, OF HEXHAM.

proportion is considerably lower, to its great disadvantage; if an equilateral triangle be set up, with its base on the floor line and equal in length to the total internal width of choir and aisles, the apex of this triangle about coincides

method, it was felt to give too low a proportion, and was abandoned early in the thirteenth century for greater proportionate height. The proportioning of mediæval buildings is, however, a dangerous subject, and we really have not yet



sufficient data to arrive at any general conclusion as to English churches.

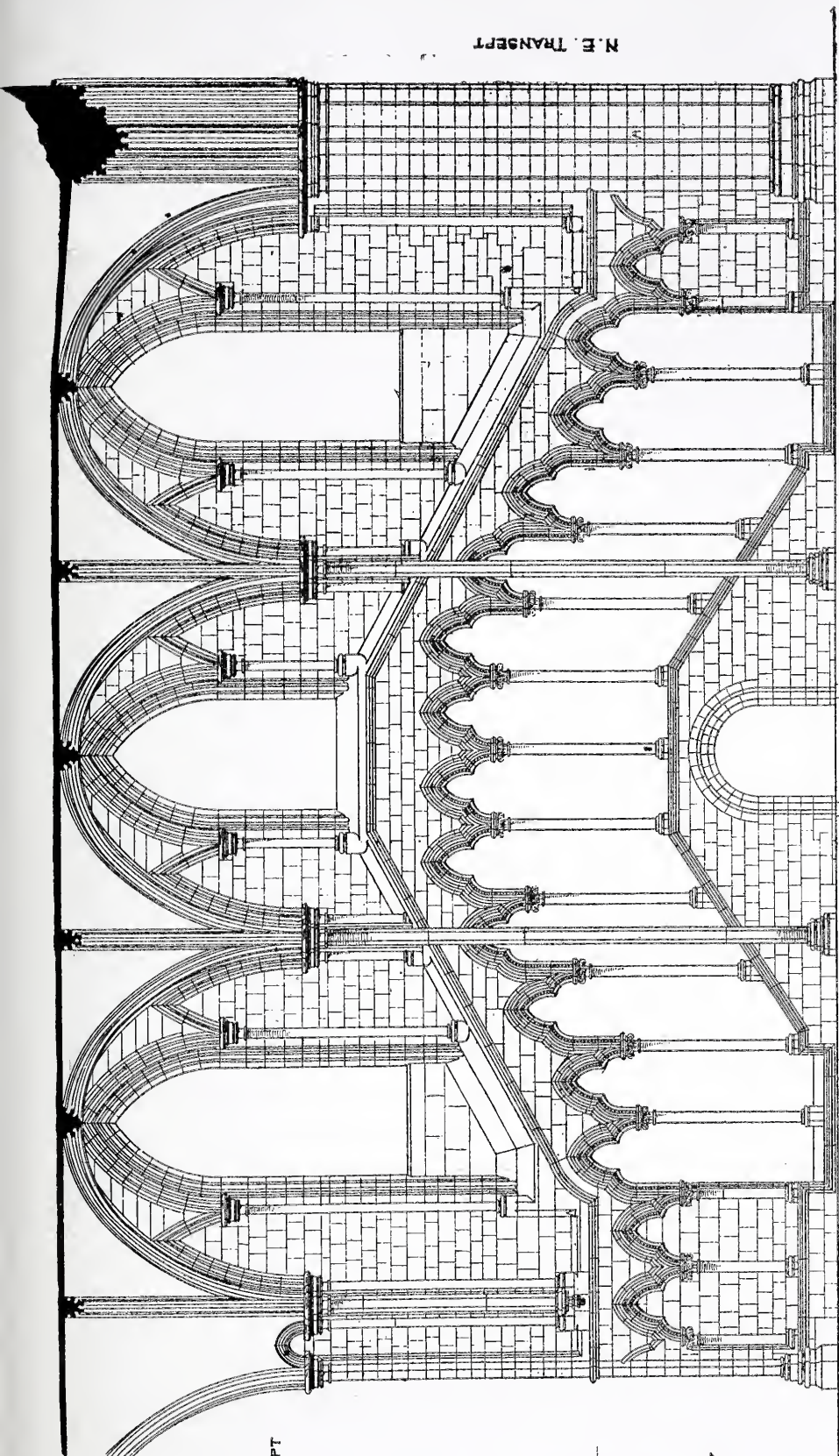
Let us now examine the internal elevation of the choir bay at Beverley, the design of which (as will be seen from the illustrations) is continued throughout the transepts with scarcely any modification. Each pier of the main arcades consists of a cluster of eight attached shafts, the alternate piers varying slightly in plan; the capitals are moulded, with abaci of Purbeck marble, and support well moulded arches of three orders. The triforium is an especially admirable feature, and to it is due much of the fine internal effect of the church. Instead of following the more usual thirteenth-century type of two arched openings, each subdivided into two, in each bay, as at Lincoln, Rievaulx, Lichfield, Westminster, &c., the triforium here is a continuous double arcade, of relatively small height, which forms in effect a horizontal band, of great value as binding the whole composition together. The design of the arcade itself was, no doubt, inspired by the double wall-arcades in the aisles of St. Hugh's choir at Lincoln. It consists of two patterns, so to speak, cleverly placed the one over the other. The back of the arcade is merely a thin filling-in wall, and behind it in each bay is a semicircular relieving arch, which carries the clerestory wall and passage. The superiority of this triforium design will be evident if it be compared, for instance, with that of Salisbury, the sprawling arches of which go far towards ruining an otherwise fine interior. The vaulting-shafts spring from corbels in the lower parts of the spandrels of the great arcades, and are single shafts up to the triforium string, where their plan changes into triple shafts. Although one is bound to admit that these corbelled-out vaulting-shafts are inferior to the French plan of starting the vaulting-shafts from the very floor itself (followed at Westminster and Lichfield), it is a great gain that the corbels are placed low down, as they are here, instead of in the triforium spandrels, as at Salisbury. The height to which the vaulting-shafts are carried here has much to do with the great effect of height which is so characteristic of Beverley. At Lincoln the capitals of the vaulting-shafts are placed below the clerestory string. At Salisbury, Lichfield, and Rievaulx (choir), the capitals are at the level of this string. At Beverley, as also in the later example of Westminster, the shafts finish considerably above the base of the clerestory, and the walls therefore appear to be proportionately higher. Consequently the height given to the vault is less than usual, and the transverse ribs, instead of being true pointed arches, are really depressed arches of compound curvature. We know that this expedient

was adopted elsewhere, in order to ensure the ribs of the vault clearing each other at the same level, but the rib-curve here is depressed to a greater extent than was usual in thirteenth-century work. In the eastern transept, where the span is less, the transverse ribs follow the usual pointed form.

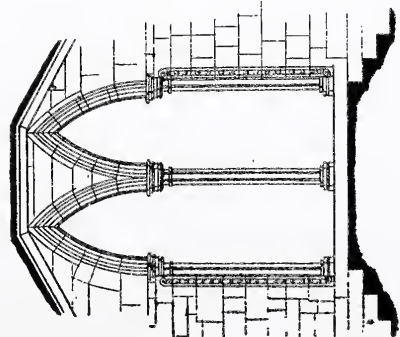
The only part of this thirteenth-century work which shows any hesitation or change of design is the eastern crossing (shown in two of the photographic illustrations). The piers, instead of repeating the shafted plan of the arcade piers (as in the main crossing), are kept quite flat on the faces next the choir and transept, and are decorated with tall wall-arcades in two stages, the upper corbelled out over the lower. Over the upper arcade are three small shafts on corbels, and then the plan is abruptly changed to the normal form of clustered pier, in order to carry the crossing arches. The result is anything but satisfactory, and it is not easy to account for such a clumsy change of plan. Professor Willis thought that the choir was originally intended to end at the west side of this crossing, but the plan alone seems to forbid such an assumption. Above the western arch of the crossing, over the vaulting, are two fragments of wall-arcades, which he took to be parts of the original east gable; there is clear evidence, however, that similar arcades were intended over the north and south arches, and the arcade shaft is of Purbeck marble, which is nowhere used outside the church. These arcades appear to have been designed for an open lantern—an idea which was evidently abandoned while the work was in progress, for there is no arcade over the eastern arch. The plan of this eastern crossing seems to prove that the piers were originally intended to be exactly like those of the main crossing; and, if this had been carried out, the width of the opening into the transept would have repeated that of the main arcades of the choir. It was evidently felt that a width of under twelve feet was far too narrow for an arch sixty feet in height, and greater width was therefore given to the opening by omitting the clustered shafts, and making the piers flat. The same treatment on the sides next the choir avoided undue encroachment on the floor space of the sanctuary. The corbelling-over of the arcades on the piers was possibly a device to add weight to the piers in order to counteract the thrust of the main arcade arches, which has nevertheless caused some bulging of the piers. The abrupt change of plan at the top of these piers can only be accounted for by the necessity of providing a fitting support for the great arches of the crossing, which the flat arcaded piers did not afford.

The plan shows the position of the octagonal

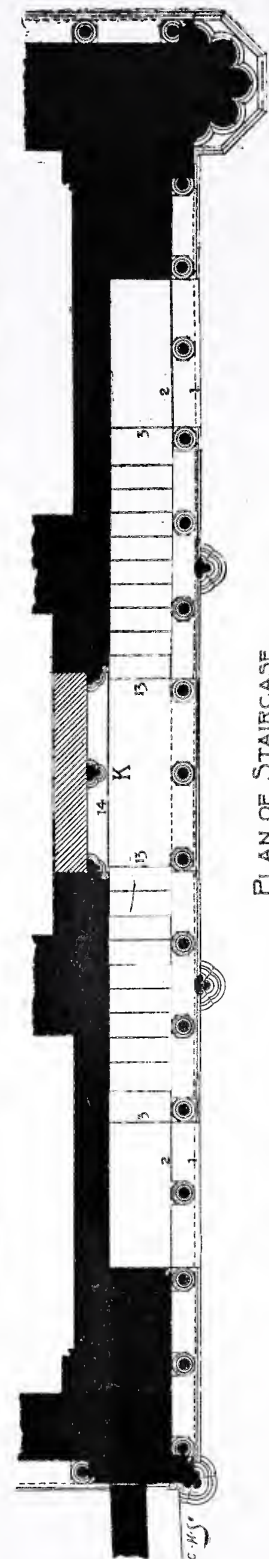




EAST AISLE  
OF N. TRANSEPT



ELEVATION OF DOORWAY  
AT TOP OF STAIRCASE  
AT K



PLAN OF STAIRCASE



BEVERLEY MINSTER: SECTION THROUGH NORTH CHOIR AISLE LOOKING NORTH, SHOWING STAIRCASE  
TO CHAPTER HOUSE: MEASURED AND DRAWN BY JOHN BILSON.



chapter-house on the north side of the choir, as fixed by some remains which were discovered in 1890. It was rather uncomfortably crowded in between the two transepts, with its axis placed on

chapter-house was approached by a double staircase in the choir aisle, cleverly adapted from the design of the wall arcade. It will be seen from the drawing of this staircase, that the trefoil arcades



BEVERLEY MINSTER: GREAT TRANSEPT, LOOKING SOUTH.

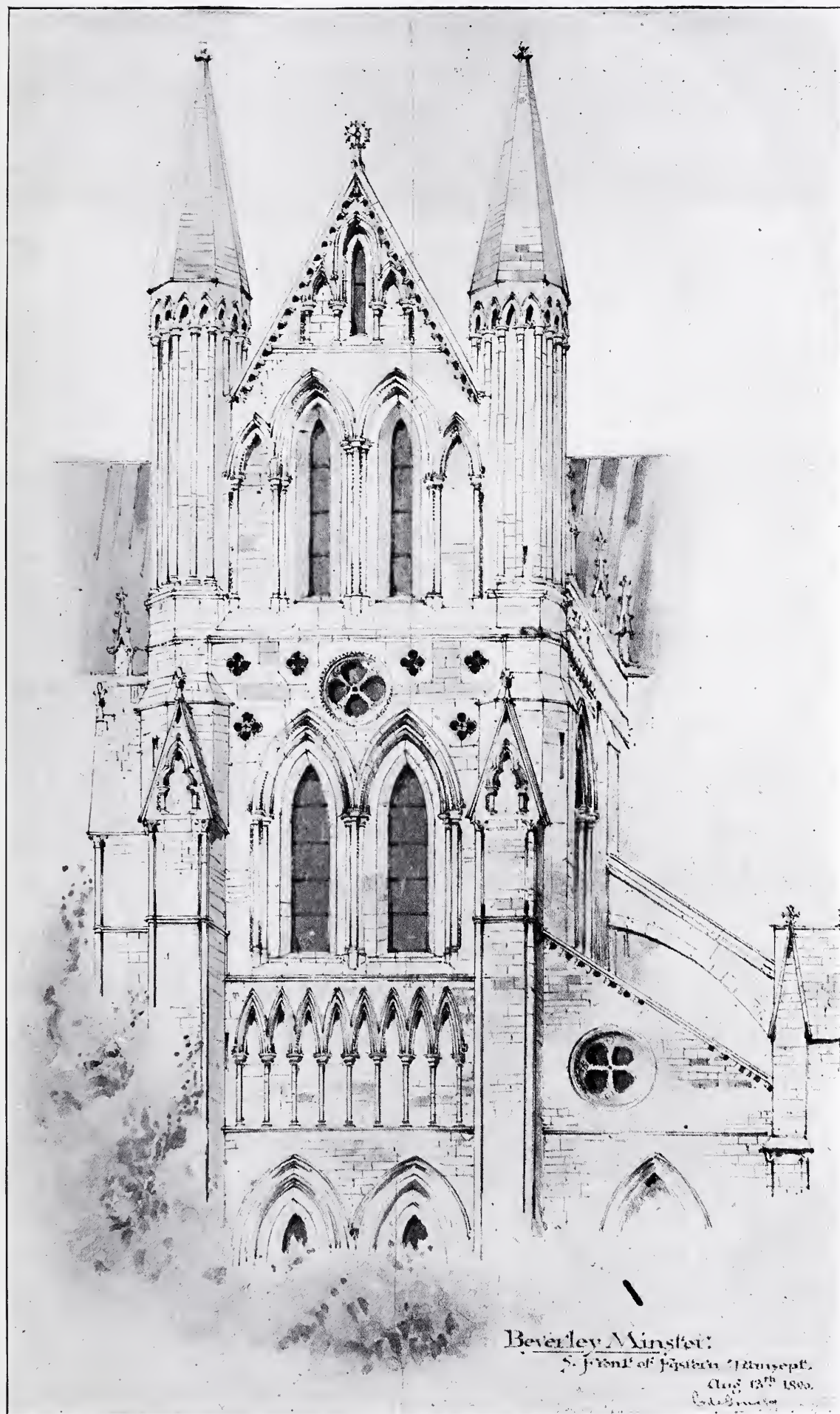
PHOTO BY C. C. HODGES, OF HEXHAM.

the centre line of the middle bay of the choir aisle. The internal face of the octagon seems to have been inscribed in a circle of 32ft. diameter, *i.e.*, double the side of the square on which the plan of the choir is based (*viz.* 16ft.). The

do not range parallel with the string over them. This irregularity arises quite naturally from the fact that all the Purbeck shafts in the open arcade are of the same length.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)





Beverley Minster:  
S. front of Eastern Transept.  
Aug. 13<sup>th</sup> 1862.  
C. de Gruchy

BEVERLEY MINSTER: S.E.  
TRANSEPT GABLE: DRAWN  
BY C. DE GRUCHY.



**C**OLOURED RELIEF : WRITTEN  
AND ILLUSTRATED BY  
ROBERT ANNING BELL.

THE treatment with colour of ornament modelled in relief is one of the oldest and most obvious forms of decoration, as it is also one of the most effective. It is a very wide subject covering a vast range of materials, and would need more of both knowledge and space than I have at my disposal. I propose, therefore, to speak only of the colouring of figure work in plaster or terracotta, a subject which has been receiving some attention lately, and which offers great possibilities of development. It is, with mosaic and stained glass, among the most telling and distinguished methods of decoration.

The first necessity in attempting work of this kind is to realise the difference between modelling for colour treatment and modelling for its own sake. Many of the little finesses and delicacies of surface, the losing of edges into the background or into another form, are as much out of place in this sort of work as would be strongly varied planes and bold projection of parts. It seems to me to have more kinship with designing for stained glass than any other form of designing I can think of. The masses of colour are the first things to be settled, and one has to remember that it is the shape of the mass as a whole rather than the outline of it which affects the eye. In modelling a head, for instance, one must remember that the hair, if it is to be coloured at all strongly, will tell as a mass against the face and neck, and both will tell against the background; the proportion and shape of the mass of hair, then, must be arranged for in relation to the size and shape of the face and neck, instead of treating the head as a whole in relation to the background. Again, as different parts of a dress and different materials will be coloured differently, each must be looked at as a separate patch and designed accordingly. A piece of work which looks quite well from the sculptor's point of view before it is coloured, will often be found to have gone all to pieces when the colour is applied. Skinny and angular forms will come out in places where they are most objectionable, and much that looked very charming in the plain state will have disappeared.

Another very important point, to my mind, is that there should always be a distinct edge of modelling when there is to be an edge of colour. To see two masses of colour touching each other without any difference of plane always gives an unpleasant feeling, I think, and should be avoided. This does not apply necessarily to pattern painted on drapery or elsewhere, or to work coloured in a vague and floating manner, but it certainly does apply when the colouring is bold and rich.

When the modelling is done, and cast in plaster, a certain amount of work with the ordinary wooden



MOTHER AND CHILD :

BY ROBERT ANNING BELL.





FRIEZE: "MUSIC AND DANCING:."  
BY ROBERT ANNING BELL.









THE TOILETTE: BY ROBERT  
ANNING BELL.





modelling tools on the plaster seems to help the effect later on. I like to work on the faces and hands, and get a smoother surface on them than on the drapery: the work with the tools seems to close up the pores of the plaster, and so, when the colour is applied, the texture of the flesh looks different, more ivory-like, than the rest of the work. Then the plaster must be stopped in order that it may take the paint properly. There are several ways of doing this; the best, as far as I know, is to work over it several times with rather a weak solution of shellac in methylated spirits. At first the plaster sucks the liquid up very quickly, then more slowly, and at last not at all, the spirit evaporates and the shellac is left. One can tell when the plaster is sufficiently prepared by a slight shine which comes here and there on the surface. Size also acts perfectly well as far as stopping the cast goes, but I do not think it is likely to be so permanent as the shellac, which seems to penetrate further into the cast; the size remains almost entirely on the

in parts an infinite variety of sheeny gold and semi-lustrous effects can be obtained.

If, instead of being cast in plaster the clay is fired, it can be prepared for painting in the same way as an artist's canvas or panel. One has more command of the colour, I think, on this material, and the surface is more sympathetic to the brush. It is, of course, very much heavier, and there is the usual risk in the firing, but otherwise I much prefer it. To sum up: Coloured relief work must be designed as a colour decoration, it must be modelled by a man who understands modelling in relief, but who can subordinate that to final colour effect, and it must be coloured by one who can accept and work within the limitation of his material. Otherwise this method, one of the richest and most fascinating which the artist has at his command, has, by its very strength and facility, possibilities more terrible than any material I can think of, except stained glass. Let us hope that it will escape the outrages to which that unfortunate art has been subjected.



QUEEN OF HEARTS FRIEZE: BILLIARD ROOM: ELLA MATTA, BERKHAMSTEAD.  
THE PROPERTY OF MR. S. R. TINSON.

BY ROBERT ANNING BELL.

surface, and in a damp atmosphere would, I fear, be likely to peel off.

The painting—ordinary artists' oil-colours are what I have always used—is then begun; a good deal of effect is got by putting the colour on strong and then wiping it off the raised surfaces; several coats of paint may be applied one over the other thinly so that a pleasing broken effect is got. I think that the best quality of colour is obtained when quite opaque passages are contrasted with transparent ones. If the whole thing is done with transparent colour it is apt to look thin and smudgy, and if it is all opaque an unpleasant "back-door-painting" effect generally results. It will be found that somehow the effect of colours on the plaster is often very different from those one is familiar with on canvas, so one has to feel one's way with the work, and often a failure to get an expected effect will suggest quite another and more attractive one. A very rich and beautiful result is got by gilding parts of the plaster and painting over that; it gives, of course, a greater richness to even the most opaque colour, and by glazing thinly

**T**HE LIFE AND WORK OF WELBY PUGIN: BY PAUL WATERHOUSE, M.A.: WITH DRAWINGS BY OLIVER HALL, FRANCIS D. BEDFORD, PATTEN WILSON, AND OTHERS: PART TWO.

WYMESWOLD CHURCH is about four miles from Loughborough, and was restored by Pugin (about 1842) during the incumbency of Dean Alford. In the same county is the manor house of Grace Dieu, of which I shall speak presently.

Northampton is the next town on the homeward way which has a church (or rather a chapel attached to the Roman Catholic Church) by Pugin, and nearer London is to be found the conventual establishment of St. Edmund at Ware. At the last-named place there lived for some time W. G. Ward, one of the protagonists of the "Oxford Movement." Pugin built Ward's house in 1846 after he had already designed the chapel of the college. Ward had great sympathy with Pugin, seeing in him a man of one idea like himself; they fell out, how-





GENERAL VIEW OF CHEADLE AND ST. GILES' CHURCH.

ever, over the subject of chancel screens, and Pugin accused Ward of "heading the anti-screen men." More than one characteristic and amusing story of Pugin is to be found in "W. G. Ward and the Catholic Revival" (Macmillan, 1893) and in "W. G. Ward and the Oxford Movement" (1889). Pugin was very greatly distressed that the leaders of the Revived Catholic Movement did not always see eye to eye with him on the connection between Gothic architecture and Catholicism. The leanings of Newman and others towards that Italian taste, which to Pugin seemed pagan, were a grievous trial to his spirit.

The itinerary which I have been outlining is intended more for the imagination, as a means of mentally placing Pugin's works than as a direction for an actual peregrination. In fact, to tell truth, it includes various buildings which are not wholly worthy either of the architect's reputation or of his admirer's attention. If you wish to spend a day—one day—in the company of a few of the very best of Pugin's works, such as will show you the spirit of the man, his art, and his motives, you may easily, by aid of a bicycle, satisfy your wish. Come with me overnight to a farmhouse in Charnwood Forest. Reach the place if you will by way of Derby, where you may have been admiring Pugin's church of St. Mary (one of the few of his churches that has a

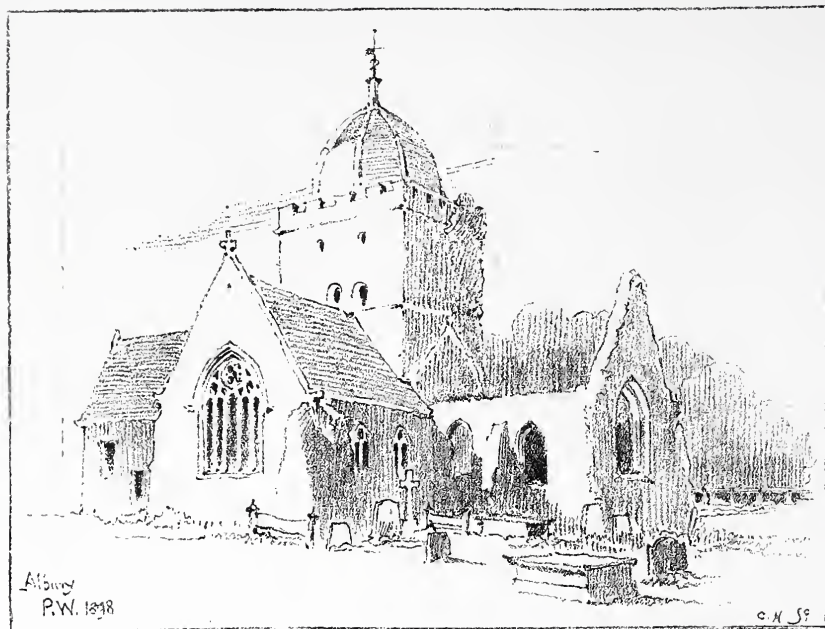
tower without a spire) or come on from Nottingham and your pilgrimage to St. Barnabas, or, if time is scarce, simply take the evening fast train to Leicester from London, and ride up the good granite roads to the airy crags 800ft. above the sea, where we are to spend the night before our morning's work begins. On the morrow as early as you please, we will go across to the grey group of buildings overlooked by the tall crucifix on yonder hillock. The good monks will not expect you before nine o'clock, but they have been up and at their pious work for many an hour. You are perhaps familiar with Pugin's clear little bird's-eye view of the monastery, and if so you will notice at once that one of his intended features is absent. The church has no tower, nor, indeed, has it the transepts and choir indispensable to a Cistercian church, which should be cruciform. Space is left for the extension, and a very neat two-bell turret—nothing more than a gable-topped wall with two bell recesses pierced in it—has been contrived on the wall of what will some day be the south transept. In some ways the buildings are more extended than in Pugin's sketch. The octagon chapter-house was an afterthought, and so was the disposition of the guest-house west of the main monastic buildings, an arrangement which forms a small forecourt to be crossed before the cloisters are reached. The





ST. GILES', CHEADLE, FROM  
THE NORTH-EAST: BY  
WELBY PUGIN.





ALBURY CHURCH, SURREY: SHOWING  
TRANSEPT ADDED BY WELBY PUGIN.

DRAWN BY PAUL WATERHOUSE.

burly brother who is driving a pig as we approach points mutely when we ask the way to the entrance, for silence is part of the rule, except for those who have necessary dealings with the outside world; and even the brother who takes us round will pause when he reaches the cloister door to remind us that there we, too, must abstain with him from talk. The church internally is a disappointment. Shall we ask not to enter it, as it disturbs the true import of the place? Conscious, probably, of the temporary nature of its equipment, and possibly with a proper sense of the austerity of the order, Pugin has used common materials—deal, in fact; no harm in that, but deal stained and apeing oak—and his reredos is trivial; so let us come away if we have entered, pausing only to look at the metal trappings of the great missals, on which, as I think, is a touch of Pugin's thought. There is, too, between the cloister and the forecourt an inferior clock tower—let us trust, an interpolation by a later hand. With these exceptions, there is a wonderful monastic dignity about the whole work, a blending of the religious buildings with the agricultural farmstead—typical of the spirit of the order—a unity with the surrounding nature, an unaffected mediævalism, a genuineness, which do (and we can give no higher praise), which do all that Architecture can do to embody the intent of the foundation, and to allure one to sympathy with that intent.

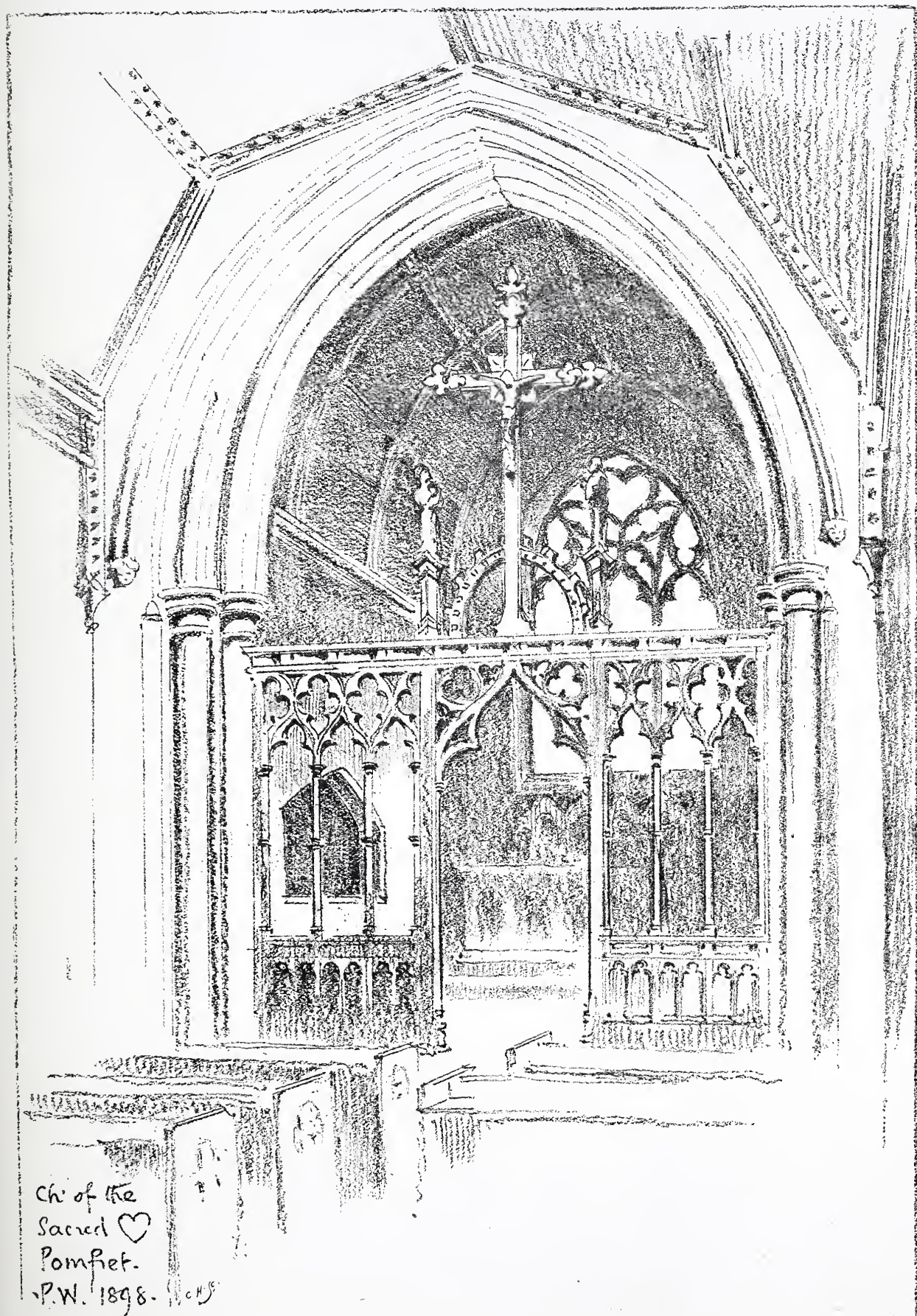
These buildings owe their existence to a conference between two of Pugin's enthusiastic patrons—Lord Shrewsbury and Mr. Ambrose Lisle Phillips. The latter, who was squire of the place, had already established the monastery in another

part of the estate, and in a building whose present state of ruin must be far more tolerable to the eye than its pristine impropriety. Lord Shrewsbury, on visiting the place, at once advised his friend of the desirability of a change both of site and building. He pressed Pugin's claim also, with the result that in 1843 he began the process of building the new abbey, a work in which the monks themselves, true to mediæval precedent, took part as masons and quarrymen, and to which Pugin gave much of his talent gratuitously. Not far from the abbey, but on lower ground, stands Gr<sup>â</sup>ce Dieu Manor House, home of the pious founder, and birth-place in an earlier age of

Francis Beaumont, collaborator of the playwright Fletcher. Mr. Ambrose Phillips (whose descendants have returned to the ancestral name of De Lisle) employed Pugin to restore his house—a beautifully situated building, the chapel of which bears more than other parts of the fabric the evidence of the architect's design. It consists of a chancel, a nave, and an aisle beautifully proportioned and richly decorated. The grace of a rood screen, and the singular fitness of the form of the rood and attendant saints to occupy the space outlined by the arch of a chancel, were always well appreciated by Pugin, and never better exemplified than here. The house has not for many years been occupied by its owner, and there has, consequently, been a long discontinuance of worship in the chapel, which has suffered, and is suffering, the usual disadvantage of disuse. It is none the less a very alluring and genuine building, containing a variety of sound and beautiful design.

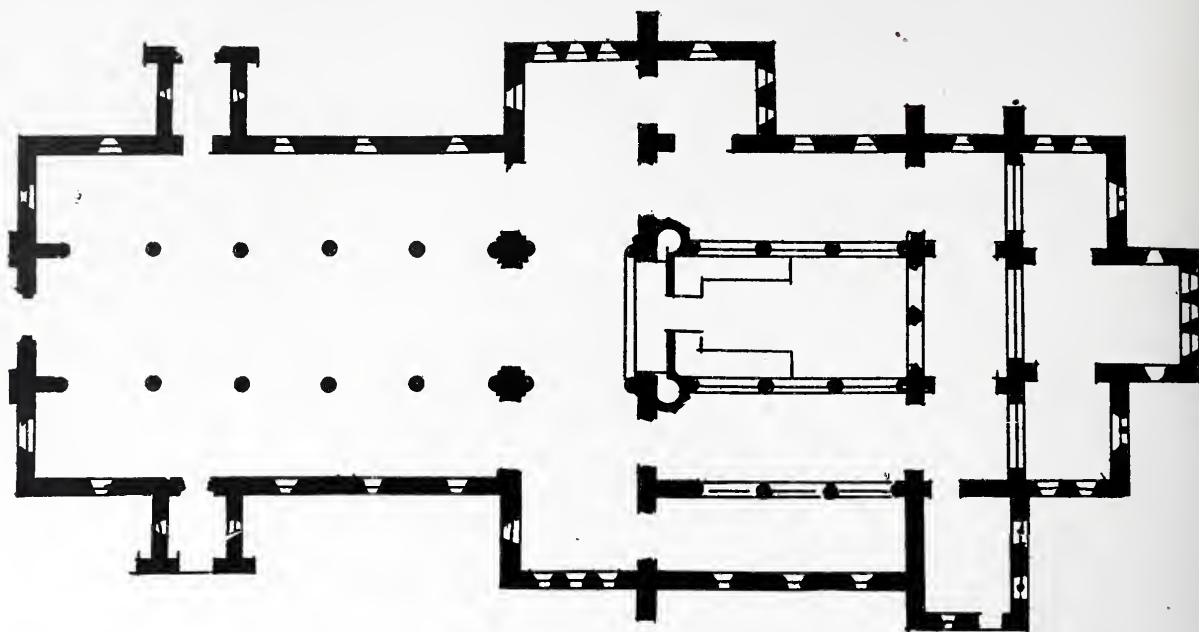
But we have ground to cover before we can reach Alton; so we must hurry away, getting help from the train at Coalville if you will, or, better still, if time can be spared, riding in to Ashby for lunch, and thence nine miles on to the train at Burton. At Uttoxeter we can neglect Pugin's Church of St. Mary, a disappointing and insignificant pile of red brick, and pass onward to Alton. We have come with the idea that Alton Towers will be the main object of our pilgrimage, but probably the forbidding aspect of the flag tower, which peers with Balmoral-like pertness over the tree-tops, coupled with the announcement that the Towers are not shown to the public, and with a sight in a shop window of a very





THE JESUS CHAPEL ACKWORTH,  
NEAR PONTEFRACT: FROM A  
DRAWING BY PAUL WATERHOUSE.





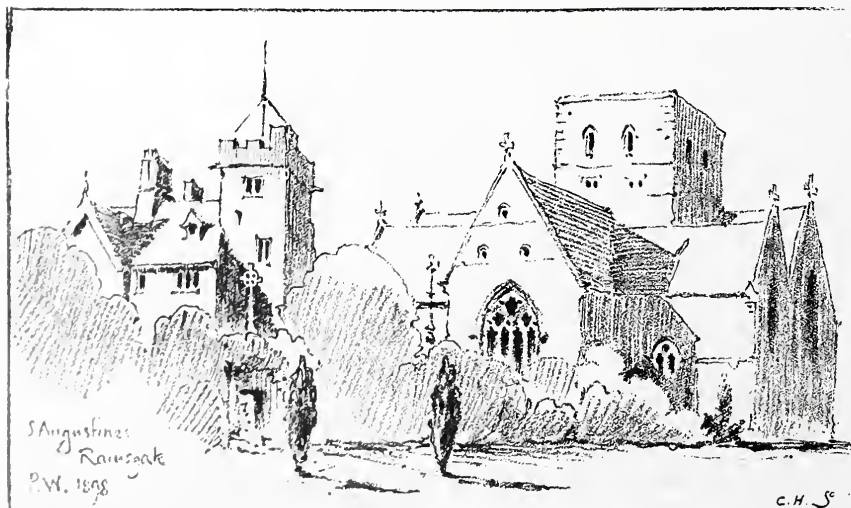
PLAN OF ST. BARNABAS', NOTTINGHAM.

dispiriting view of the main front of the mansion, will induce you to spend your time on the heights of Alton Rock by the really majestic castle, separated only by a narrow, bridge-spanned gorge from the conventual buildings of St. John. I am inclined to conclude that Pugin cannot have been really happy over a "mansion" job. There is a look of incongruity, of spiky pretension, of incoherent agglomeration about the mass of the buildings which makes one feel that to be with Pugin himself one must linger rather among his sacred than among his secular work. We dread the Towers, but Alton Rock contains a revelation of his power unsuspected by those who may have been tempted by Ruskin to label him a "specialist in finials." The castle, the details of which are Perpendicular in character, is a fine piece of grouping, and stands boldly, even

mediævally, upon its rock. Built on the roots of a real antiquity, it probably has little in common with its predecessor, as the style adopted is later than that of the old work; but when you come to regard it as the original work of a man who worked many years before anyone else in England was capable of Gothic integrity, you must acknowledge it a marvel. In effect, it owes much to its position, much also to the genial red stone of which both it and the adjoining religious foundation are built; but neither of these advantages could have saved a monster, and how easily monsters were designed in the forties!

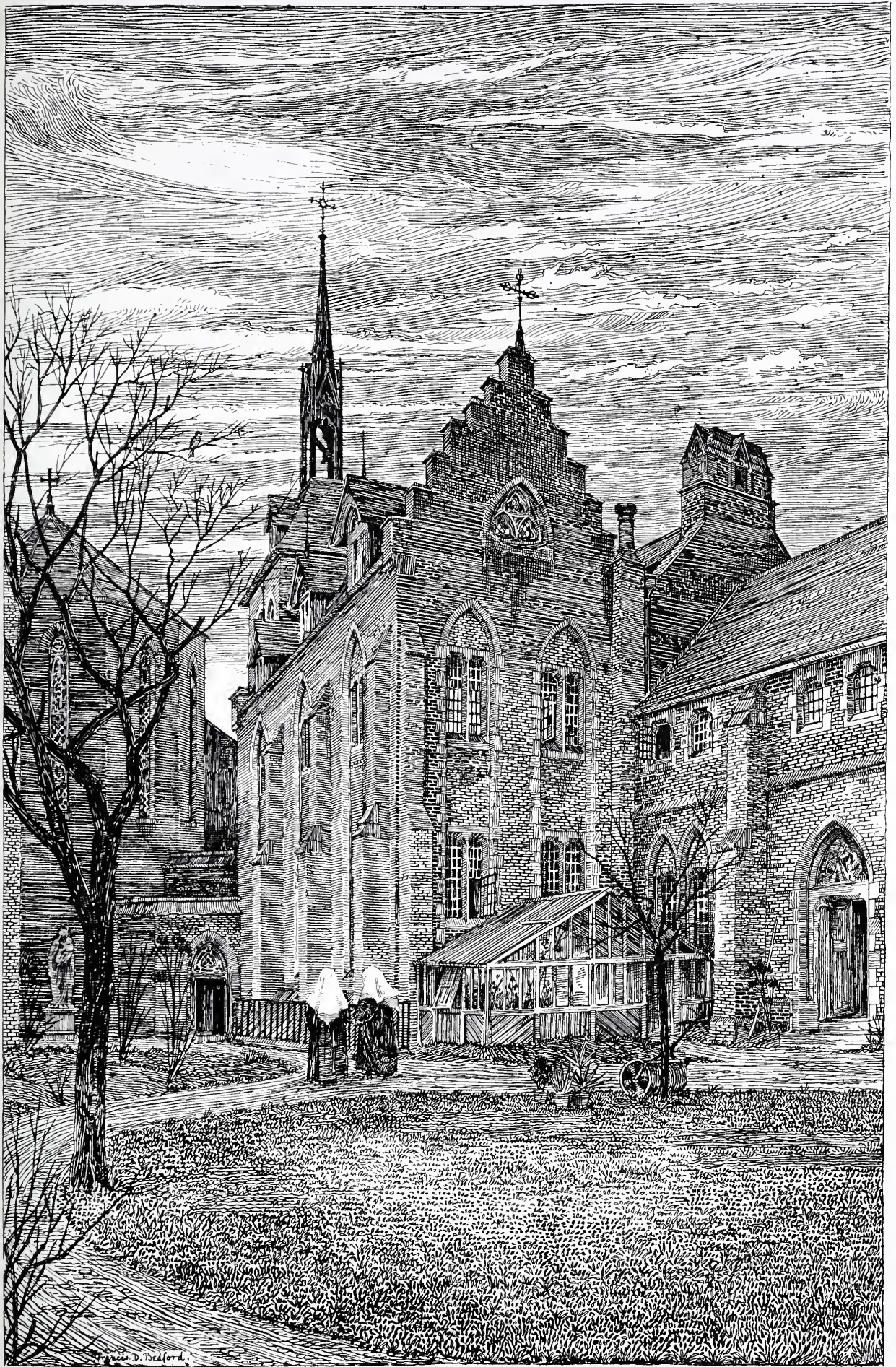
As far as intention goes, the buildings of the St. John's Hospital have suffered change. Originally intended as an almshouse for Bedesmen, they are now peopled by nuns, but the buildings, with a few exceptions, resemble those intended by Pugin when

he made his illustrations for the *Dublin Review*. They are of a rich Perpendicular type, which one is at liberty to think Pugin treated with more skill than the earlier Gothic methods. His "Lancet" work is apt to be unduly gaunt, but with Perpendicular Gothic, in which a sterile design so rarely succeeds, Pugin, the antithesis of sterility, was prepared to excel. Stand on the platform of green grass by the Castle, and look across the tree-clothed gorge to the chapel and its neighbouring



ST. AUGUSTINE'S CHURCH AND THE GRANGE, RAMSGATE:  
DRAWN BY PAUL WATERHOUSE.





CONVENT OF OUR LADY OF MERCY,  
BERMONDSEY: FROM A DRAWING  
BY FRANCIS D. BEDFORD.



cluster of picturesque roofs. How rich and yet how refined is the tracery of the west window. How harmonious are the contrasting forms of roof, tower, and chimney that grow around the shrine rather like the accidents of mediævalism than the simultaneous product of a modern drawing board. How congruous is all this with the old-world life of the nuns who glide in and out of the gate, and how sympathetic with the Nature that surrounds it. There is no great *éclat* about this work—it might not make a show as an Academy drawing or as an illustration in a building paper, but, with the possible exception of the clock tower, which is weedy and too tall for its surroundings, the whole composition, castle and convent alike, is profoundly modest and profoundly artistic. Stacked though it is with the result of individual study, it does not smell of research. Pugin could be alike learned and spontaneous—I was not sure of it till I went to Alton. Set as these buildings are in a wild garden, rank with the riches of gay poppies, growing in that uncultivated cultivation which an English garden so seldom reaches, I thought as I stood there unconsciously of the garden of the Rotonda at Ravenna, and of that other so-called Rotonda, the Villa Capra at Vicenza. Pugin would not like that comparison, which, after all, is only one of impressionism, not a parallel between works of art.

But the sun is sinking, and we must chase him westward for an hour's daylight at Cheadle, and to Cheadle the roads are hilly and bad. Looking back over the right shoulder, we see once again the buildings on the rock, and as we look are reminded that they are said to have an Austrian precedent. This is not unlikely, but is it the buildings themselves or their surroundings; or is it partly the particular blend of certain country scents that makes one think rather of Nassau?

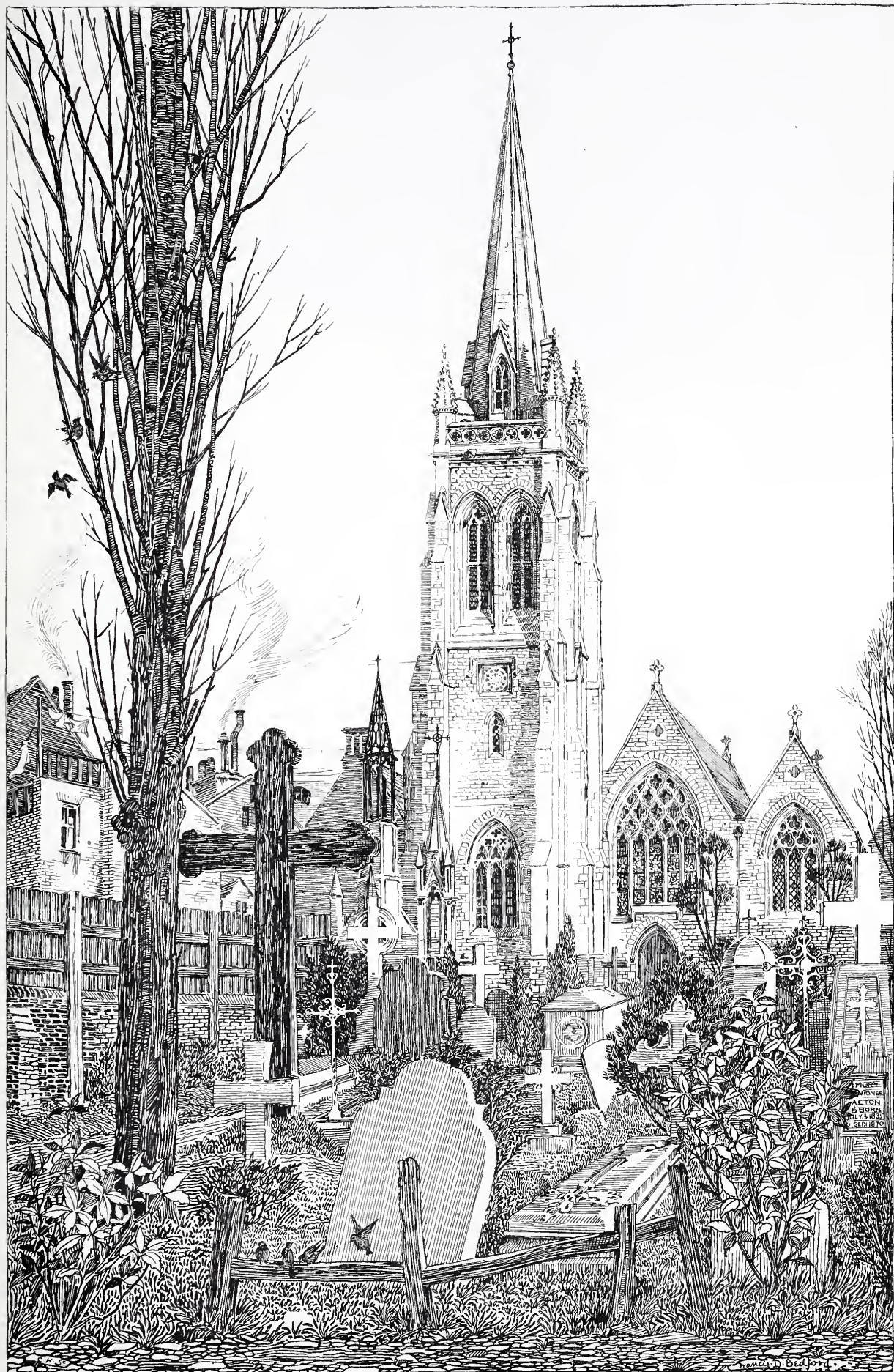
Cheadle, as one approaches it, leaves no doubt as to which is its principal building. It is, when you get into it, one of those rather uncomfortable towns that combine old English characteristics with the squalor of modern commerce. On the whole Old England, backed up by a wanton profusion of elderly public-houses with signs, wins the day; but there never was a town so dominated by a modern building. It has a Protestant church, to be sure, a respectable and time-honoured one; but St Giles' coolly walks off with the honours. I am not going to give blind admiration to this building, or to assert that it is perfect, nor even to admit that it is the best thing Pugin ever did; but remember, please, you who are architects, the dangers which beset a designer who for once is let loose without limits of purse or space. When this church was built Lord Shrewsbury practically said to Pugin: "Do your utmost; be bounded by nothing but your own discretion and your own ambition." Most

architects of fame get one such chance in a lifetime, and most of them make an elaborate failure of the opportunity. What has Pugin done with his chance? He has built a large church and a rich church. It has outwardly all the carving it can carry, inwardly all the paint they could lay on, and yet it retains its dignity. The stained glass is not happy, and the painting of the Judgment over the chancel arch (by Hauser, of Rome) is about as bad as you would expect it to be; but, for all that, it is a wonder that any architect of Pugin's period should have been left unfettered in a building of that size without losing his head. The polychromatic decoration is a miracle of licentious continence. No doubt it looks better to-day than it did in 1846, but if so let us at least give Pugin credit for the power of anticipating a future effect. I doubt if he would approve the present wish on the part of the congregation to repaint it. The church is of the Decorated period, and consistent; it has a fine screen and rood, and rather too fine candelabra, which prevent the rood being properly seen in a straight view down the church. A good many people in London have never heard of Cheadle Church, or if they have would probably go to the wrong Cheadle to look for it, but it has a great reputation in the Midlands. Few modern buildings are so frequently visited for their own sakes. I met a pedlar on Cheadle Hill who told me, with apologies, that if I was a stranger in those parts I might like to know that yonder was the great church of St. Giles "as hundreds comes to visit every year." There are not many architects of the Victorian age whose works are acclaimed by pedlars. Let us, to be fair, divide the credit between Pugin and the man with the pack; but such recognition is at least very like fame.

A particular description of St. Giles' would only be tedious, but a few words will tell of its main characteristics. The blood-red doors in the western entrance are not, as one might think, an afterthought. Pugin made them red, and Pugin planted on them those great gilded lions. St. Peter and St. Paul fill the lower tower niches, and above them over the first string course donor and patron balance one another; on the south St. Giles and on the north the Earl of Shrewsbury, kneeling with a model of the church and backed by St. John, his eponymous saint. St. Giles' corbel bears the legendary hind; Lord Shrewsbury is supported on his own heraldic coat. The church has aisles both north and south, the former terminated by the Lady Chapel, the latter by that of the Blessed Sacrament.

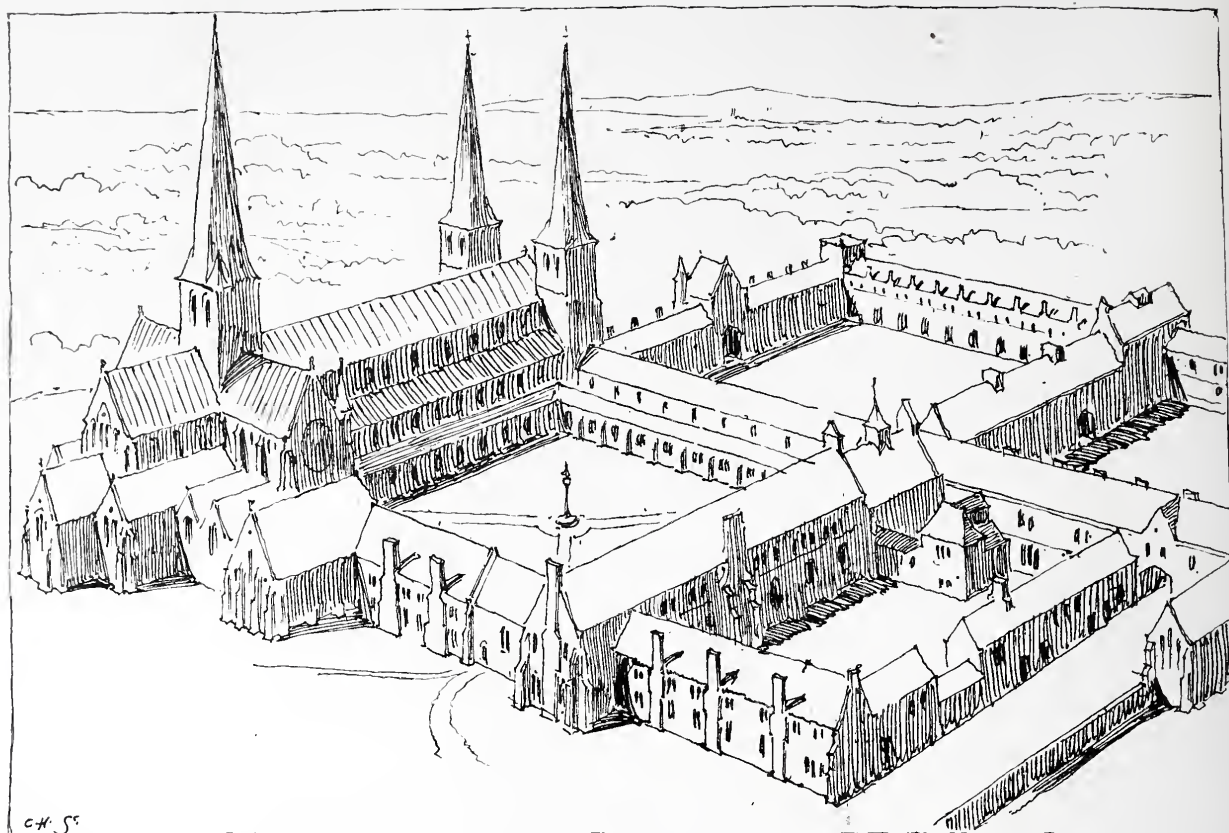
Much of the carpenter's and smith's work was "executed by the resident artizans of the village," but the great gates of the Sacrament Chapel were, I believe, made by Hardman, of Birmingham. The





CHURCH OF ST. THOMAS OF  
CANTERBURY, RYLSTON ROAD,  
FULHAM: FROM A DRAWING  
BY FRANCIS D. BEDFORD.





ST. GREGORY'S PRIORY, DOWNSIDE,  
NEAR BATH, AS INTENDED IN 1842.

AFTER A BIRD'S-EYE DRAWING BY PUGIN.

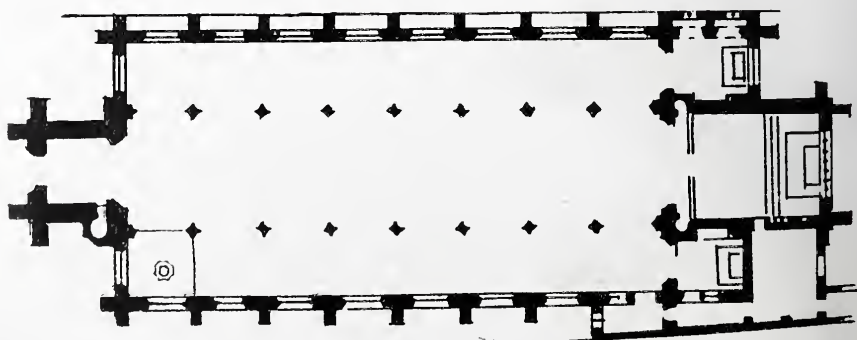
whole of the works were superintended by Mr. Denny, who was the master of the works at Alton Towers.

I mentioned in connection with St. Mary's at Derby that it is one of the few, perhaps the only one, of Pugin's churches, besides that at Macclesfield, that has no spire, only a square pinnaced termination to the tower. This peculiarity is the result, not merely of accident, nor even of taste; the spire was in Pugin's eyes almost an essential addition to a church. This is what he says on the subject:—"Every tower built during the pure style of Pointed architecture either was, or was intended to be, surmounted by a spire, which is the natural covering for a tower; a flat roof is both contrary to the spirit of the style and is also practically bad. There is no instance before the year 1400 of a church tower being erected without the intention at least of being covered or surmounted by a spire. . . . In fine, when towers were erected with flat embattled tops, Christian architecture was on the decline, and the omission of the ancient and appropriate termination was strong evidence of that fact."

Before considering Pugin's London works, it will be well to at least mention some of the scattered examples which lie outside the geographical range we have hitherto been examining.

There are one or two pieces of Pugin's work in the neighbourhood of Guildford. The first is at Albury, where the old parish church has been superseded by a modern erection. The old church, however, still stands—or rather, crumbles—in the grounds of the Duke of Northumberland's park. Its chancel is roofless, its tower is the haunt of birds, its aisles are deserted, but there is still a semblance of preservation about the south transept, of which Pugin would appear to have created the carcass as well as the contents.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



PLAN OF ST. GEORGE'S, SOUTHWARK.

AS ORIGINALLY INTENDED.



*Oliver Hall*

THE ABBEY OF ST. BERNARD :  
FROM THE SOUTH SIDE : DRAWN  
BY OLIVER HALL.





AT GOMSHALL :

DRAWN BY E. TURNER POWELL.

**T**HE CHURCH AND THE VILLAGE :  
NO. I: ALBURY AND SHERE,  
IN SURREY : WITH SKETCHES  
BY E. TURNER POWELL.

HIDDEN away in Albury Park, over-grown with untrained foliage, lies undisturbed the beautiful old parish church of St. Peter and St. Paul. The tourist seldom finds his way to it, and even the many artists, who frequent the neighbourhood, are often unaware of what is really *the* most interesting feature of an interesting locality. Guide books tell us that the late owner of the Park, having reserved a portion for a family mausoleum, closed the old church, building, "in compensation," a new one for the villagers.

The transaction reminds one a little of the glass beads and knives, given by traders in exchange for the gold and precious stones of the savage, and as one trusts the latter is contented with his new playthings, so it may be hoped the Albury native has not yet realised what he lost in exchanging his birth-right for the smart new building on the hill, thus giving up the oldest church in Surrey.

The church shows traces of Saxon work. Portions of the masonry are of still greater antiquity—it appears to have been built on the site of a Roman temple. The circular bases of the octagonal columns and the font, both here and at

Shere, are any way of a much earlier period than the rest of the buildings. The name Albury, or Elde Berrie, as the Domesday Book has it, refers to the old camp situated on Farley Heath, and it may well be that from this camp much of the material for the church was drawn. With the exception of the memorial chapel referred to, the interior has been dismantled, and the whole place locked up; but right of entry is not denied, and the place amply repays a visit.

Tradition relates that the tower once supported a spire similar to that of Shere, which was replaced by the quaint shingle dome shown in the sketch. Of one of the most interesting features in the interior—the frescoes—the ancient histories are silent; they were written, probably, before the frescoes were discovered. The latter are so much effaced by time and obscured by whitewash, that it is difficult to make even a guess at their subjects, but one finds the Holy Child and St. Christopher, with other saints at whose identity only guesses can be made. The memorials in the church must have been most interesting. The oldest mentioned in the records is a small brass of a man in full armour. Round another is a long inscription telling us how "That Religious and Christian Matrone, Dame Elizabeth Merrie, the most beloved and desired consort of Thomas Merrie," died on July 9th, 1652, in the thirty-ninth year of her age



"in which time she bare unto her husband (by whom this memorial was erected) fourteen sons and five daughters." The sorrowing husband seems to have thought that perhaps the length of her epitaph may have been some compensation for the brevity of her life. Yet her life can scarce have been short when prolonged in the lives of so many descendants. So he caused the following to be written, to commemorate her virtues, and record his grief:—

Though 'tis in vain to raise dead stones to Her  
Whose Virtues her own lyfe's inscriptions were ;  
Of what a Wyve's loss hath graven in my Heart.  
I have this hardy Pyle inspired to mutter  
Plaints that would break a widow'd heart to utter.  
The Type of Conjugall obedience ;  
The Pattern of unconquered patience ;  
The Closet of religious prayer tyred ;

The Altar which devote zeal daily tyred ;  
The Lyfe of discreet hospitality ;  
The Soule of home-affecting huswifry ;  
The rare Example of maternal care ;  
Died in this one Urne, and concinerate are.  
Press gently, Earth, and keep each grave in trust  
Till Heaven revisiteth its most rich dust.

Another member of this good lady's family, dying in 1646, has an inscription ending with these rather quaint words :

My body pawned to Death doth here remaine  
As surety for the Soule's return again.

Here is also the grave of William Oughtred, a celebrated mathematician in the seventeenth century, rector of the parish, and tutor to Lord Stafford, younger son of the then Earl of Arundel. He was a brilliant genius, and remarkable for his

generosity in giving gratuitous instruction to those around him. Amongst the many who thus profited, was no less a person than he who after became Sir Christopher Wren. He finished an extraordinary career in a manner worthy of it, dying in June, 1660, at the age of 87, in an ecstasy of joy on hearing of the restoration. Though Albury Park, now one of the seats of the Duke of Northumberland, has passed through many hands, the description of the grounds by Aubrey, the historian, writing nearly two centuries ago, still holds good : "A most romantic wild spot." The house is modern, for the original mansion was burnt down in Queen Anne's reign. Belonging for many years to the Duncombe family, it passed to the possession of the Dukes of Norfolk in 1638, one of whom began altering it under the direction of Captain John Evelyn. Having added the great dining hall and laid out the gardens, the Duke's "virtuous Ladye" dying, he in consequence, Aubrey says, "growing dissolute, neglected the design and all other honourable things." In 1678 the estate was again sold, this time to the famous "Silver Tongue," Heneage Finch, afterwards Earl of Aylesford, and Solicitor-General to Charles II. After his defence of the seven



ALBURY OLD CHURCH.

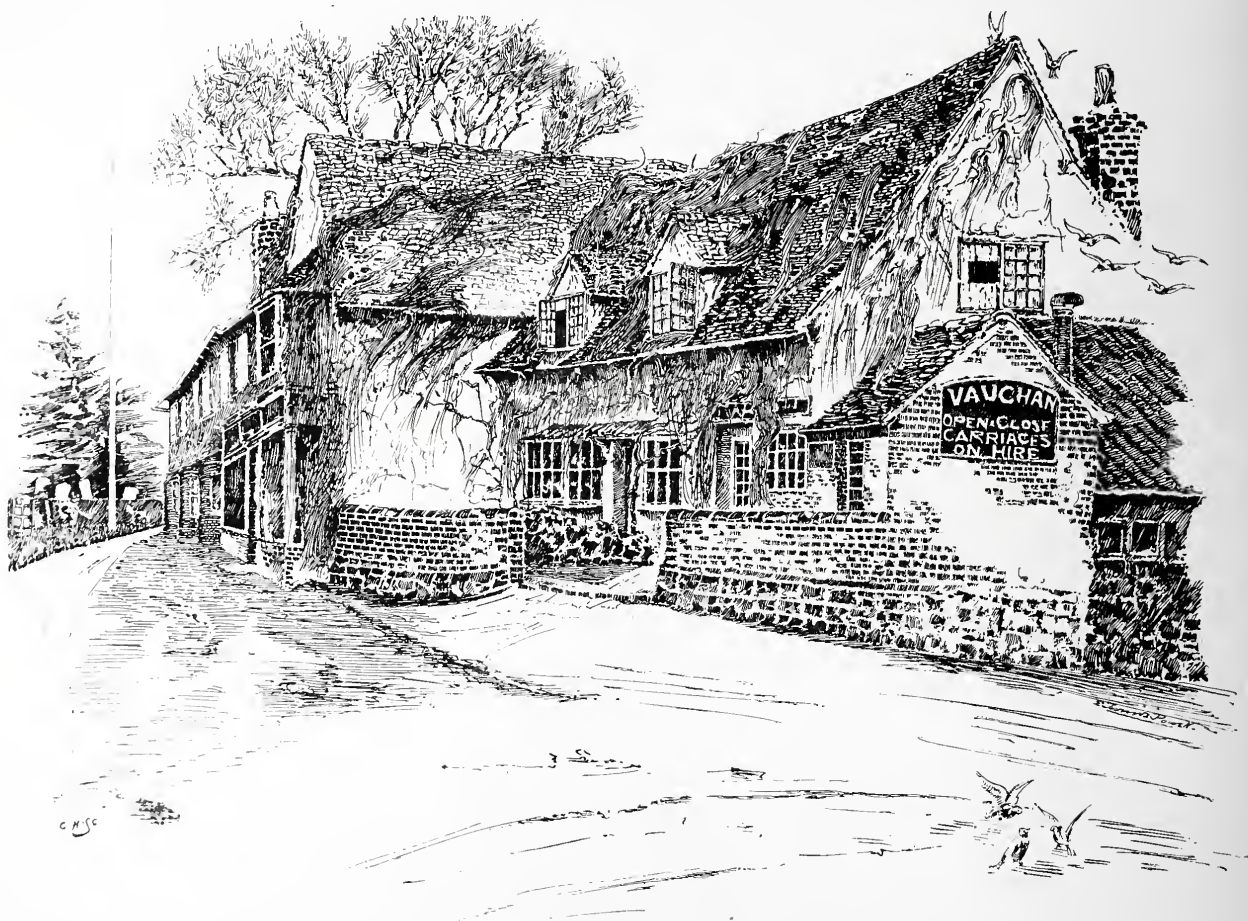


bishops, he was presented by the grateful prelates with a fine piece of plate, which unfortunately perished with so many other valuables in the fire that destroyed the old mansion. Leaving Albury House, a stroll across its beautiful wooded park beside the silver waters of the lake, with its splashing little waterfalls, brings one to the neighbouring village of Shere.

The simple sylvan beauty of this little village, together with the grosser but still very comforting attractions offered by the old White Horse Inn, draws many artists there. With them, alas, comes too often the photographer. In spite of the latter,

of the White Horse one can gaze down a deserted street at the pigeons strutting up and down; when we can watch sleepy old hounds, who seem to regard the great tree that occupies half the open space between the church and inn, as having been planted for their special benefit.

The picturesque inn which, with its quaint rooms and ingle nook, are happily safe in the hands of their landlord, who appreciates them, is but a few steps from the church, dedicated, according to one record, to St. Giles, and in another to St. James. We are told also in the records that at one time it possessed besides a Rood, images of five saints—



LOOKING TOWARDS SHERE CHURCHYARD

however, pictures of Shere are not often met with. Yet, having seen no less than thirteen cameras at the same moment in the churchyard one bank holiday, the wonder is what becomes of all the results! Certainly the majority of the tourists had not the least idea as to what makes a picture, for all crowded close to their subject. Few in this instance saw the additional pictorial value the funny little wooden bridge spanning the stream across the street, gave to that as charming a specimen of an English village as one could desire. Shere must be thought of—on days that are not bank holidays—when leaning out of the window

St. Mary of Pity, St. John the Baptist, St. Anthony, St. Nicholas, and St. Roch. Connected with Shere was Sir Reginald Bray, whose arms and device of the hemp-breaker decorated one of the church windows. He was, we are told, a man who was not afraid to speak his mind to his monarch, at a time when such boldness was apt to leave the owner of such a tongue a head shorter. Henry VII., however, had the greatest respect for him, rewarding his wisdom and justice with a present of the manor of Shere. He was, also, "well-skilled in the science of architecture," and erected a memorial chapel, in St. George's Chapel,





THE ALBURY PARK.

Windsor, which still bears his name, and is decorated with his arms, crest and cypher, and with "his device or badge intended as a rebus on his name, being the figure of a break or bray." His greatest achievement was the designing of Henry the Seventh's chapel in Westminster Abbey. He had, with some others, the privilege of laying the first stone of this chapel on January 24, 1502, but, dying in the following August, was unable to superintend the completion of the work. The font of Sussex marble in Shere church is very old and worthy of especial notice, as is also the Norman south door. The original parsonage is an old timbered house, built on woolpacks, and having, Aubrey says, "a mote deep round it, where are the best and largest carps that ever I saw; and though they be in the mote, yet (the water running) they are more properly river carps. It is also famous for good trouts."

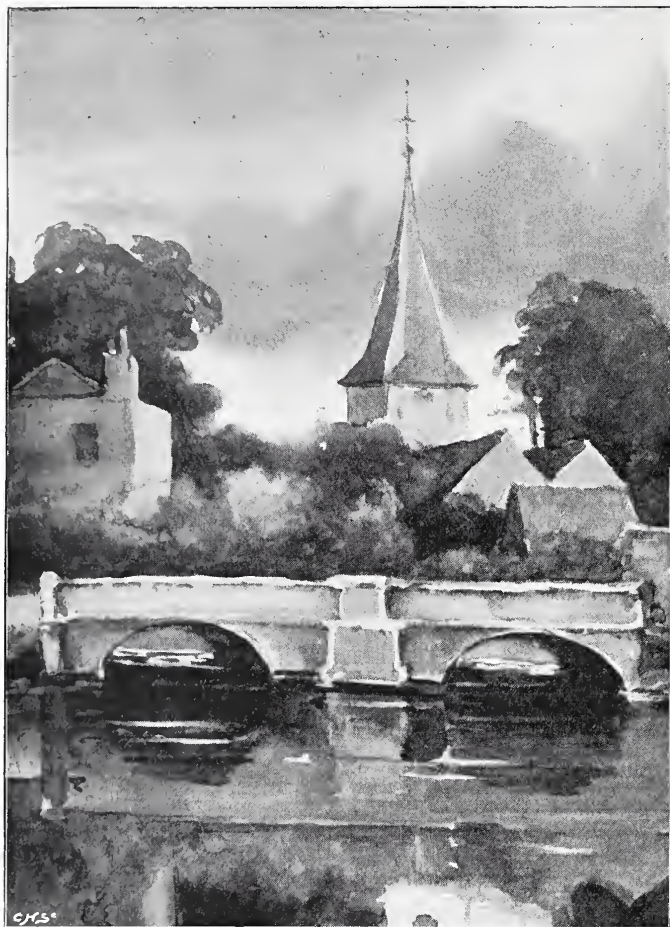
Quiet little Shere did not always bear the character for respectability as now, but had a

reputation for keeping the church festivals by "wakes" or "drinkings," and we are told the "Kyng-game" was played with much profit both in the eighteenth and twenty-sixth years of Henry VIII. A short way through the churchyard and across the plank bridge over the stream brings us to Gomshall, or Gomselle, as it was when given by Stephen to his son William of Blois. There is nothing of particular interest in the place, but the last glimpse of the February sunset reflected in the village pond formed a fitting frame to the series of beautiful pictures with which the day had abounded.



THE WHITE HORSE: SHERE.





SHERE CHURCH.

THE LIFE AND WORK OF JEAN CARRIÈS, A LITTLE - KNOWN FRENCH SCULPTOR AND POTTER: BY M. EMILE HOVELLAQUE: PART FIVE.

"TONES," Carriès would say, "keep in their place; colours start from the wall." His eye was curiously exacting of the rarest and most refined harmonies of tone, intolerant of vivid colouring. Of tree-blossoms even he said one day, "They look dirty at a distance, and crude when you are near." Crudity he avoided at all price, breaking every pot, however admirable, which seemed showy to his fastidious taste. "My pots are in harmony with surrounding things," was a frequent expression of his; "they are in keeping with the trees out there on the boulevard." Their mysterious relations to natural objects, their discreet harmoniousness, the strange life of their skin-like surfaces tempting the caress of the hand as much as they rejoiced the eye—such were, with a sort of wild accent that made them curiously characteristic of Carriès himself, the qualities of these first essays. They raised the astonishment and delight of the artists Carriès invited to his atelier to examine them. But in that

success lay the germ of the disastrous future. Mr. John Sargent spoke with enthusiasm to the Princesse de Sceaux-Montbéliard of the extraordinary material Carriès had invented. An interview was arranged, a colossal decorative portal of sculptured *grès*, rapidly designed in its essential lines by Eugène Grasset, and submitted to the Princess, was ordered by her at a price of 60,000 francs, part of which was paid in advance.

Carriès brought back the written agreement, drunk with joy, brandishing it as the hardly-won promise of fame and magnificent achievement. That day he held his death-warrant in his hand.

Carriès quickly saw the enterprise he had so recklessly undertaken was crushing, the price ridiculously insufficient. He trusted to his skill, luck, and courage to master the almost insuperable difficulties of his task: as for the ruin which lay ahead, he probably did not think twice about it. His past success dazzled him. The very magnitude of his undertaking filled him with as much triumph as fear. The hope of his whole life was about to be realised. He had long foreseen the part ceramic decoration would play in the architecture of the future. He was determined that decoration should be his. His ambition embraced all forms of craftsmanship calculated to make our dwellings more beautiful within and without. He conceived with

force the mutual dependences of the different crafts, their possibilities of application. Had he lived his energy would probably have renewed or stimulated our most important industrial arts, and clearly defined their relation, their strict subordination to architecture. His mind had so urgent, so growing a need for unity, so strong a craving for harmony, that the incoherences of our bastard styles filled him with an impatience which would rapidly have become an activity for change. When death arrested him, he had already turned his thoughts to the secrets of stained glass. It is impossible to say what projects might not have germinated later in his brain.

But he had tempted destiny once too often. The weight he so gaily accepted was too great even for his shoulders; it bore him down, broke and killed him. The last years of his life were spent in a hopeless fight against disaster. The story of that fight must be told, as far as possible, in his own words.

Two things were directly responsible for the fatal issue of Carriès' enterprise. First, his too exacting desire for absolute perfection; and, secondly, the superhuman difficulties he had to vanquish with insufficient means.



His sense of perfection was implacable. He pitilessly destroyed things perfect to every eye but his. One of his most curious characteristics was his indifference to his past work: most artists value their smallest sketch: Carriès cared not the least for his most important masterpieces when once he had passed beyond them. But, on the other hand, so long as they were in execution none could be more jealous of them than he. "My work begins *where other men leave off*," he used to say, with striking truth, and nothing could properly be said to exist for him until the exquisite finish he alone could give had completed it. He cared to satisfy no one but himself; and he was the hardest of

task-masters. He could easily have finished his portal in a year for 60,000 francs, and contented the Princess. He worked four years at it incessantly, spent more than 150,000 francs over it, alienated his patron, ruined his health, died in the struggle, and left it unfinished rather than give less than his best. A letter to Mme. de Scey-Montbéliard will show his temper:—

"Madame, yes, I received your letter, received it here indirectly, and if I have not already answered, it is because private business has prevented me. Now, since you *will* have it, here is a square answer to what you ask. As for the work ordered, I have toiled at it thirty-four months without a single respite, for the modest sum of 46,000 francs, which hardly represents the expenses of material outlays, to say nothing of my time and costly ceramic experiments. My fault in this business was to undertake such a colossal work, without any precedent in ceramics, for the sum of 60,000 francs, 46,000 of which have been paid down, and twice as much spent by me out of my own pocket. But no more of that. What interests you is to know *when* you will have your gate. I can't possibly say. The difficulties are too great, cannot possibly be foreseen in thus setting up an entirely new work of



HEAD OF A BLIND MAN.

art. *But what is always possible, is cheap commonplace.* I could rapidly give you your money's worth. I would rather give you back your money."

Carriès in no manner exaggerated the cost and difficulties of his experiment. No similar undertaking could fairly be compared with his. The very idea of enamelling and baking, not small bricks as in the Persian friezes, but massive slabs, was almost impracticable—the process infinitely delicate and expensive. The building of his atelier alone swallowed up 12,000 francs; 26,000 more were absorbed in casting the portal when modelled. Thus, 40,000 francs were spent before a single fire was lighted. It is impossible to estimate what those fires devoured from first to last, or to guess how Carriès fed them. Not less heroic than his tenacity in persisting was the energy which found fuel for those insatiable flames. Not the least exhausting of his labours was the perpetual necessity to rush from Montriveau to Paris, persuade, convince and win fresh aid, squander his strength and eloquence in finding fresh clients for his bronzes and pottery, and then return feverishly to his oven, into which he threw his hardly extorted gains. It is a miracle his frame so long resisted the alternate strains of his desperate struggle at Montriveau and



hardly less ruinous struggles in Paris. His one purpose bore him up. But his bitterness grew on him. "The Princess treats me like a stolid tradesman, bound to deliver his goods to the hour," wrote Carriès, "me, me who am, from year's end to year's end, a crazy dreamer utterly absorbed in research and art!"

It was the old story of the fundamental misunderstanding between the artist and the patron. Carriès' experience is one of the saddest pages in that story. Probably no one person ever knew all he suffered. From his letters, from his conversations, some idea can, however, be gathered of his long agony.

"My work," he writes to Maurice Lobre, "exceeds all you can possibly imagine in difficulties of every kind. I don't know how I can keep on my legs through all the exhaustion of it."

"Before baking it, old fellow, I must have casts of my door which already weighs 22,000 kilograms; it must be divided into 600 parts. Each brick exacts four zinc moulds: that makes 2400 moulds to cut out. After, I must re-chisel and adjust the 600 pieces and recast them one by one. Thus 600 new moulds, several men working for four months, 12,000 francs.

"It is madness, and will be maddening, but what can I do?"

In August, 1890, he wrote to M. Bassot:

"I want to write, and yet I'm obliged to make a desperate effort to do so, I've so lost the habit of

that difficult tool the pen. For the last month I have had no notion of where I am. My work has eaten me up; I'm at sea among dreams, and that lady (the Princesse de Sceaux-Montbéliard) will have the very flesh of my flesh when she has my nightmare. As for my troubles, no more. It would be too long a story. For the time being it is a matter of soundings, guessings, fisticuffs. In my poor old

cranium, which I have to turn to every trade, it's hell and all its devils without rest."

The onset only grew more furious with time. Two years later he writes:

"I have taken up that maddening business again. I would never have begun such a thing if I had had the least idea of what it was to be, of the obstacles and complications of every kind. I feel as if I were tossing about in a gigantic opaque jar of some kind, where I can't see a thing that is going on round me. It's the Ego whirled away in a wild dream, and fighting against the bitterest reality. My enemies are all the elements, fire, air, water, &c. I am obliged



THE SMILING NUN.

THE LAST WORK OF CARRIÈS.

to brood over my artistic conception, and work like a labourer at the same time. For I *must* succeed, and quickly. You can have no idea of the agitation I am in at times. I fumble my way through darkness. My very unconsciousness of difficulty, while I try to find innumerable things at the same time, helps me. That unconsciousness is the only force which urges me on without ever doubting things will come right in the end.



"To succeed in enamelling and baking into grès 700 bricks without distorting them, statuary, architecture and all, more or less extraordinary in form, and keep them harmonious, make them all fit in as if by enchantment; ah! 'tis hard. Never mind; let's talk of something else." And, later to M. Alexandre. . . . "My work is eating into my very flesh. I'm fighting against it for very life. It will be long killing, ruinous. It's permanent anxiety between every baking. Nothing can be more harassing than waiting nine days to see how the firing has succeeded. While the enamelling lasts, I wipe the cold sweat from my forehead, torturing my mind with every refined subtlety of research. As I never enamel three consecutive pieces with the same enamel, for 200 pieces I sometimes have to compose 80 new and different formulas; and, if everyone doesn't hit the bull's-eye, it's disaster when the pieces are taken from the ovens. My mania alone keeps me from giving way

artisan by whose genius the lost traditions of industrial art were again living. His success was immense. The extraordinary originality and novelty of his gift were acknowledged by all. He was hailed as the master craftsman of his time, at once an artist of genius and a workman worthy to be compared with the noblest of the past. The State gave him tardy recognition in a large order for its Museums. Imitations of all kinds arose. Every Salon since 1892 bears traces of his influence in rare patinas, new decorative arrangements, ceramic experiments of all sorts, wanting; alas! like all imitations, in the infallible taste and deep art by which Carriès justified his most startling caprices.

Thanks to him, the long-neglected rights of material were finally asserted, a personal execution appropriate to each exacted, a new conception of fine workmanship in sculpture made general.

By this exhibition Carriès had attained glory: fortune was within his reach. He seemed indifferent



VARIOUS TYPES OF POTS OF REGULAR FORMS

before these killing emotions, and all the troubles of my life, which are not small. My hair is turning white with it."

In February, 1892, to Georges Hoentschel: "My expenses are so crushing and my resources so small I must strain every nerve to bring back a few things to sell. And as I always dread the fire which devours all I do, I have to make four things to hope for one." As M. Alexandre truly says, even of these he destroys three or four, keeping only what is absolutely perfect, pitilessly breaking or throwing away whatever is doubtful or common.

The exhibition of that year, 1892, was the last gleam in his life. When the haggard and pale workman, his clothes torn and stained, brought back from Montriveau the marvels he exhibited in the Champ-de-Mars, he was saluted by a long cry of astonishment and enthusiasm. In the name of the assembled artists, Dalou demanded of President Carnot the cross of the Legion of Honour for the

to both. He would have been excusable had he profited by his success, for his needs were pressing. He could easily have sold to some founder, like all his fellow-sculptors, the right of reproducing his works, or rapidly modelled fresh ones for sale. But he could allow no other hand but his to touch his sculpture, and he was incapable of doing less than his best. His artistic probity was rendered only keener, his sense of perfection more fastidious, by praise, and more than ever he shrank haughtily from concession. Approbation rendered him uneasy instead of satisfying him, raised his criticism, and stimulated him to change. A fresh exhibition was eagerly looked for in 1893—had he exhibited his success would have been confirmed; he appeared neither that year nor the next. A man is soon forgotten in the multitude of names and efforts that every year solicit public attention in Paris. By his abstention, Carriès seemed deliberately to neglect his fame and allow fortune to slip through his





A CHOICE FROM A SERIES OF GOURDS.

hands. Few understood his noble carelessness, his disdain for easy success. Only his intimate friends knew Carriès was at a turning point in his life, resolute to strike a great blow and reappear before the public only when some work which fully satisfied him should be achieved.

For years his experiments in pottery had kept his sculpture in abeyance. All he leaves is in reality the work of his youth—of a man hardly thirty. A growing desire for greater simplicity, an impatience at the “picturesqueness” of his past efforts, urged him to give the measure of his full virility and chastened taste. The terrible anxiety of his gate was kept at bay by his increased sense of power and hope; he saw his way clearly to the end which so long, like the horizon, had retreated as he advanced. He returned to pure sculpture. He began his “Martyrdom of St. Fidèle,” the first promise of a great future that was to be denied him. The group is an unconscious image of his fate, a tragic forecast of the destiny which struck him down. The saint kneels in prayer; his clasped hands, his lifted eyes, implore with an ineffable expression of terror, hope, and faith; the dawn of a celestial vision sweeps across his face,

convulsed by the horror of impending death. The strange barbarous knife of the bestial executioner descends on his bare head, irresistible and merciless. The blind forces of destruction are gathered into the shapeless hand that shatters like a bolt the ecstasy of aspiration, the delicate eager life that informs the wasted features of the saint. Such was the last work which haunted Carriès’ brain. It remains unfinished, like the interrupted prayer of the saint, though completely modelled, since its final realisation, in some bronze or incrustated grès, more magnificent than any he had yet dreamed of, was not granted him.

His fatal gate recalled him to Montriveau while he was beginning his “Abbess,” and hesitating whether to attempt finishing the group at once. He fell ill in February, 1894, alone, utterly isolated. For the first time his courage was shaken—death was too sinister in the wintry desolation of Montriveau. He escaped and returned to Paris. His health was apparently soon restored. Yet he seemed to feel that the enemy still waited for him at Montriveau; though his presence was necessary there, an obscure fear delayed his departure continually. At length he started. Almost at once



A FEW VASES.





MASK OF HORROR.

he was again struck down. The fire which for years had served him like a slave, humoured him, given him glory, yielded him freely its treacherous obedience, suddenly turned on its master, in one moment wrested back the secrets gained by years of effort and suffering, and killed him. Carriès was still languid; one fatal day he remained too long before his ovens, burnt on one side by the flame, frozen on the other by the icy torrent of in-rushing air, and there he received the final wound. He took to his bed. He was treated for a rheumatic attack: it was a pleurisy. He would not have survived a week had not his dear friend, M. Georges Hoentschel, whose name cannot be pronounced without deep emotion, hurried to Montriveau and brought Carriès back to Paris: the abscess in the lungs burst on the journey, nearly suffocating him. "Et mes bibelots!" exclaimed Carriès. "Voyons! pour l'art! Ça ne peut pas être fini!" Night and day in Paris Hoentschel struggled against death, hoping against all hope, as if he would, by dint of tenderness, ardent energy, more than brotherly devotion and passionate force of will, preserve, in spite of all, his friend, and give back to the world the treasure it was losing in that brain over which the last darkness was rapidly closing. Several times during the month of anguish that struggle lasted some hope gleamed on us, and never more fully, as it seemed, than during the last days of June, when the disease was preparing its final and victorious attack. But Carriès' frame was undermined by the superhuman strain he had borne,

ruined by the multiplied emotions and fatigues of years of want and feverish ardour, wasted by the excessive nervous tension, the perpetual spasm of desire which had lifted him up to the level of his dream, broken him, and thrown him, finally emptied of life, on his death-bed. His constitution, always delicate, was shattered. For years his heroic will alone had borne him up through privation and ill-health; his brain alone had kept him living. Latterly his friends, reassured by his deceptive air of strength, had ceased to be uneasy at his recklessness. They knew, besides, how hopeless it was to attempt influencing a man who obeyed no voice but the inner one; for no artist, perhaps, was ever more utterly the prey of an all-absorbing dream, the instrument of an instinct that worked its way irresistibly through all obstacles to the image of beauty whose radiance blotted out all else. To that image Carriès struggled blindly, necessarily, as a plant struggles towards the light. So strong was that instinct, he mistook its vehemence for the physical strength his frail body never possessed, its incessant urging towards realisation for a faculty to realise incessantly. This deceptive sense of power made him contemptuous of opposition and fatigue. He was used to see hostile forces bend before him. Ill-health seemed an annoyance, to be banished by sheer determination. He was singularly careless. He slept habitually in a narrow closet above his atelier, next the roof, through which wind and rain penetrated freely. At Montriveau his hasty meals were miserably insufficient. His health should have exacted every care, and he



THE MASK OF THE BEARDED JEERER.



accorded it none. It was prepared to resist no shock. Never was a more rare and hazardous union of faculties bound together by a frailer bond. Carriès lived by a Will whose force was such he felt himself invincible. He died when his wearied body refused to obey that Will any longer. We thought it possible to arrest for a time the visible wasting of his frame; the hope was vain. Silently the work

action. He had been as solitary throughout life as other men at the hour of death. No one can properly be said to have known him: to no one did he really confide himself. Thus it is impossible to say exactly what his thoughts were then—whether he felt his life ebbing away, and with it the vast world of hopes, of visions, of beauty unrealised, retreating back into the eternal darkness



THE BUST OF A YOUNG BOY.

of destruction continued in the very sources of life, inaccessible and inexorable.

Carriès was as gentle as a child during his illness; all his old imperiousness and boastfulness seemed gone. He would remain for long hours silent, with a strange, wistful expression on his face. In spite of his friends' loving care, the intense solitude he had ever felt possessed him doubly in his in-

from which they had emerged so briefly; or whether he was living again in memory the ever-present past as we see it, after illness or in sleep, distant and hushed, like an evening landscape seen from a height, peaceful as the far-off rumour of a great city whose agitation we have left. Whatever his thoughts were, a singular and childlike beauty seemed born of them, passed into his face, and



rendered it most touching. His work haunted him : Bingen, his "accomplice," was almost the only friend he asked to see in the few days preceding his death ; the tears welled silently up into his eyes, he pressed his hand, for he was too weak to speak, and turned away. To the end his sense of beauty was his keenest passion. In a violent fit of coughing, as the nun offered him a cup, gaudy and gilt, he pushed it aside, and said, as soon as his pain would allow him to speak : " No, ma sœur, not in *that* cup, *please* ; in the little grey one, which is so

sullen roar of that great voice that throbbed intolerably through the grey July heat alone penetrated into the dying ears of Carriès, for ever closed to human voices : its monotonous pulsation measured the lapse of those last moments. His suffering was great. An injection of morphia was made. He seemed to fall asleep. At nine death was a matter of minutes. We went up to his bedroom. His hands stretched motionless upon the sheet, Carriès was gazing fixedly before him : his imperceptible breathing hardly stirred the silence



THE FROG.

simple and pretty." So did the Italian sculptor of the fifteenth century refuse the ill-chiselled Christ, and beg for the cross by Donatello, even in his last moments.

Suddenly the fever increased. The suppurating pleurisy poured its corruption into his blood. Gangrene set up in the lungs, and spread with the rapidity of a conflagration. The end had come. It was the 1st July, 1894. Without thundered the funereal cannon that saluted, for the last time, President Carnot, assassinated a week before : the

of the room : his emaciated body was hardly to be traced under the thin counterpane. Opposite, on the basement of his "Portrait," standing in his room, suffered and died in like anguish and beauty, in a like splendour of pain, the exquisite mask of his mother : the identity of those two faces was strange and most moving at that last hour, which effaced years and difference, and all the bitter traces of life, to enhance alone the indestructible features of common origin and soul. Alone the firm, permanent lines of construction sub-



sisted: the forehead pure under the heavy masses of beautiful disordered hair, the magnificent sweep of temple and wasted cheek, the fine imperious projection of the powerful nose. The delicate austerity, the nobility of the head were unspeakable: in the shadow of the sunken orbits the eyes shone forth, resplendent with will and life, with a radiance so strong, Carriès seemed to prevail over death, powerless to reduce him. . . . Suddenly, like the last gleam which at sunset sends a dying glory through the sky, a gleam passed over his

all its heart-crushing weight. The gleam died away, the head took the hard and delicate beauty of marble; a colder pallor spread over it, a greyer shade; the eyes were emptied of all sight; all was over.

Carriès had brought back from Montriveau a small vase of rarest grès; throughout the sinister journey he had held it, almost unconsciously, in his hands, and at Paris it was ever by him. He continually caressed it in the long silences of his illness, rejoicing in its beauty. He would praise it, give it



THE FROG.

features: all the forces which had made the heroism of his soul, the beauty of his frame, the nobility of his dream, seemed to be gathered for one brief moment on the surface of the body they were abandoning, visible in that final radiance. And that exudation, that halo of strength and life was so potent and so beautiful that it was impossible to believe the end had come; our human anguish before that tragedy, one moment suspended, yielded to the thrill of a sublime beauty stronger than Time or Death. Around us the silence grew denser, closing on us with

to be admired, dreaming ardently of the rarer and more exquisite grès he would soon create. That little vase was the very flesh of his flesh, born of his brain at the price of infinite pain: in it were summed up all his obscure efforts, his past anguish, his watching, his bitter expectation, his triumphs: it was the supreme and marvellous result of his hardly-gained secrets—the sure promise of results more marvellous still. He was not separated from it; it was placed in his dead hands, with a few flowers.

(TO BE CONCLUDED).





NETLEY CASTLE, HAMPSHIRE:  
SEA-FRONT AND PROSPECT TOWER.

J. D. SEDDING, ARCHITECT.

**T**HE WORK OF JOHN SEDDING,  
ARCHITECT: BY J. P. COOPER,  
ASSISTED BY H. WILSON: PART  
FIVE.

BY the study of old work he had formed his eye—gained a sense of proportion and fitness in things. Old herbals were his architectural books. With flowers he covered screens and bench-ends. Cusps and crockets he had at first used, but, gradually leaving hold of the past, he learnt to do without them, and natural forms gained ground till they were transformed into knots of foliage, twisted flower patterns, or birds and beasts. The same men were nearly always employed, so that with greater freedom and wealth in design we find corresponding powers of execution. Figures were seldom introduced, for he was not able to afford men capable of executing them, and was unwilling to employ the mechanical carvers who flourish on “Ecclesiastical Art” and make cemeteries desolate. “He had a fine impatience,” to quote Mr. Lethaby,

“for trade art, ecclesiastical ornament, and the conventions of so-called appropriateness; he wanted the best work of fine thought, and direct appeal from one mind to another; personal vitality and emotion, not forgeries by day labour, farmed out by contract, of past art, for us dead and done. It was the feeling of old work that he felt with penetrating insight, and his originality arose in stimulating himself by a study of old work considered not as mere forms, facts, and dates, but as ideas, as humanity, as delight. If he felt this delight in reading their work, might he not delight others in turn—‘by clothing current thought in current shapes’?” It is this leaning on past styles which has been so ruinous to architecture. “They say that modern architecture is a failure, and I partly believe it. What is a failure? It is something that has missed the mark, fallen short, lapsed. It is implied that architecture has lapsed from its ancient ideal; that it has fallen from its high estate as queen of the crafts; that it has lost that amplitude of craft-mastery which distinguished the





THE HALL, NETLEY CASTLE, HANTS.

J. D. SEDDING, ARCHITECT.

architect of olden time. Let that pass. Swift remarked that the latter part of a man's life is taken up in curing the follies, prejudices, and false opinions he has contracted in the former. This is somewhat our case. We are conscious of, and are trying to amend, our many failings. And at the head and front of our offending is that naughty pursuit of style-mongering. We have been goaded on from this side and that to revive and copy work of many periods, and the harm that has resulted from this has not been confined to architecture, but has extended to the handicrafts. An accurate history of modern architecture during the last sixty years would be a delightful burlesque on the fallibility of human judgment — delightful for its ill effects upon ourselves, upon the crafts, and upon you. If English crafts are not better, it is mainly owing to the way in which the architect has followed the multitude to do evil. The architect should stand this day before his fellow craftsmen clad in a white sheet, labelled as ringleader of art revolution, prince of electric paper designers, chief culprit in the debauchery of the handicrafts. But to be fair, the disintegration of the

arts from which we so much suffer is not his doing. Is your design chaotic? You reap the dragon's teeth that he has sown. Does confusion reign in the workshops? Your fate was linked with his when, in the pride and naughtiness of his heart, he ransacked the centuries and went 'globe trotting' for fresh *art motifs*. Does your work bring you fever and restlessness instead of Art's honest recompense of reward in satisfaction for well-meant toil? It is that we gathered, and gave you to eat, the fell fruit of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil. Do you languish under the coercion of the 'styles'? It is that modern architecture is based upon

acquired styles. Are you prone to imitate rather than to invent? The architect, who is past-master at this craft, taught you how to forge. Is your art fickle as fashion? It is that the architect has winnowed with every wind, and you have been borne along in such direction as he set the sails."

If Sedding spoke despondingly of the present century architecture, he was far from despairing over that of the future. The past was gone never



THE TERRACE, THE DOWNS, HAYLE.

J. D. SEDDING, ARCHITECT.



to be recalled, "but what of that?" He left loose his grasp on it and stepped forward into the unknown, fully convinced that in architecture "the strongest and sweetest songs" might yet remain to be sung. In the rush of civilisation—a word, according to Disraeli, too often mistaken for comfort—the artist has lost his grasp on the world. We see building after building, reared by intelligent hearts, swept away or mauled past recognition, and we gaze horror-struck, as if all the beauty of man's handiwork was to be snatched from us, and we left with a few museums—cemeteries of art—to be viewed with indifference by the populace—places of delight and bitter regrets to those who understand.

originality, by all means get some." If each one but did his best to express his own thoughts and visions we should soon have a new style. Architecture is not so divorced from all other arts that the main laws which govern them should not touch her. There was an Elizabethan literature as well as an Elizabethan architecture. There is a Victorian literature; but in architecture the age has been spent in trying to do God's work, and create a national style, which, if we are to have it at all, must be as the growth of a flower. Till architecture ceases to be all but a closed profession to any save capable business men, we are hardly likely to advance much towards an architectural



THE DRAWING-ROOM, NETLEY CASTLE.

J. D. SEDDING, ARCHITECT.

Green fields are swept away to give place to the mushroom growth of an advanced age; the fairest sites are fouled by the giant hotels raised for the enthusiastic multitudes who come to gaze on them. And yet—as long as there are men and women, flowers and trees, and night which casts a glamour over day's most hideous growths—the artist need never despair, since he need never lack subjects for inspiration.

A man who has learnt to see with his own eyes the beauty of the world cannot, if he takes the trouble to learn to express himself, fail in giving a fresh view. Flaubert's advice to De Maupassant holds good in architecture—"If you have no

life; till the business faculty become of secondary importance to the architect, we can hardly expect to find places given in our cathedrals, churches, and other public buildings to the painter and sculptor—to promote the cordial relations between whom and the architect Sedding said was the one great desire of his heart, and the purpose of his life.

#### SOME CONSIDERATIONS OF JOHN SEDDING'S WORK. BY H. WILSON.

The critic of the art of modern architecture is in a difficult position—first, because there is no architecture; and, second, because what passes for such is not art. I do not mean to say





NETLEY CASTLE, HAMPSHIRE: THE ENTRANCE FRONT.

J. D. SEDDING, ARCHITECT.

that the men who produce all this work are not artists; they very often are, only the conditions under which we live are absolutely antagonistic to the production of works of building art.

If you took a painter, and, having got from him a sketch for a picture, you were to chain him up in a corner of his studio; were to give him a few decorator's assistants, and then compelled him to produce that picture by their means—the result, if the painter escaped lunacy, might be interesting, but you could not call it a work of art.

The modern architect is in much the same position with regard to every craft and art he is supposed to direct—with this difference, that, instead of being chained up opposite one work, there are so many that he sees each less than once or twice a week for an hour or two at a time. In writing, therefore, of the work of any architect, so many allowances have to be made for circumstances of education, of training, of business conditions, that a real criticism becomes almost an impossibility.

In this study of John Sedding I shall, therefore, direct attention more to his intention than to the work itself; more to his aims than to his achievements; explain ideals, not lesser possibilities. In art, as in everything else, the ultimate judgment must be based on the intention and on motive.

I lay stress on this aspect of the work because it is at once the least disputable, and, moreover, of the most value to ourselves. A man's own work is the

material deposit of his spirit; the only thing about him that cannot be made to lie; at once his best biography and truest epitaph. Where, however, as in the present case, there are so many intermediaries employed in the transmission and execution of the original idea, we cannot base our judgment wholly on the work itself.

After all, the best critic is he who can divine most of the artist's thoughts. It is not alone from the beauty of the achievement of others that we derive most help and inspiration; it is from the stimulus that the work indirectly provides. For this reason the best work is often the least perfected. The greatest, the most suggestive masterpieces, are those which can only be completed in the beholder's chamber of imagery. Just what was wanting in the master the spectator himself supplies; and he, the work, and the master are one.

Thus, in John Sedding's work it is not what it actually is that we most love, but what it makes us think of. It is not what he accomplished that we must admire, but the triumphs he suggested.

Those, too, who knew him best know also that those suggested triumphs, under more favourable conditions, would have been accomplished. But, because the building artist of to-day is bound hand and foot, his spirit swaddled by many bands, his energy curbed by many chains, his actual work can never fully represent himself.



Feeling all this very keenly, though saying little, Sedding often reminded one of a spirited horse reined in and spurred on at the same time. His energy was almost explosive, and, for want of its true outlet, expended itself in those melancholies known only to the enthusiast—the marvels of mediocrity.

The best work of John Sedding will, I think, never be fully known. It can only be appreciated in its effects. It was not what he did that should command our greatest admiration, but what he made others do. His claim on our regard does not rest, as some may think, on the invention of a new style, nor even upon the more or less successful modification of an old one, nor does it rest wholly or even mainly on the mass of work he left

necessary person, and only ceases to be admirable when he claims to be regarded as a creator. Sedding's art is not scholarly, but his designs are full of himself, and those who knew his nature are the greatest admirers of his work. In him every lineament declared the enthusiast and betrayed his sensitive organisation; showed him vivacious, observant, ardent, intensely affectionate. Such a man is of necessity deeply religious, though his religion may be too great to be comprised within the bounds of any dogma. It is an ever present sense of the mysteriousness of existence, an unbroken communion with the unseen. I feel sure that it was this abiding sense of other-worldliness that gave such force and fulness to Sedding's design. On the dark background of belief in mystery, form



ST. AGNES' INDUSTRIAL SCHOOLS, KNOWLE, BRISTOL:

J. D. SEDDING, ARCHITECT.

behind, beautiful as much of it is. It rests on his personal influence, on his inspiring enthusiasm, on the intellectual stimulus he provided. Certain natures flash like luminaries across the mental sky, warming us in their passage, lighting us on our way. Their path shines with borrowed radiance long after the source of light has gone. Sedding was one of these. He was a radiant centre of artistic activity; a focus of creative fire; a node of magnetic force. Enthusiasm streamed from him, and, like electric waves, vitalised the spiritual atmosphere and raised the mental temperature of those around him. The exponent in his time of personal art, his example taught all to care little for grammarian of art, for the classifier, or the scholarly artist. Yet the classifier is a wholly

and colour glow with new significance. We find this all through the history of art. The greatest, the most moving painters have been the seers. This has nothing to do with morality, nothing with ethics. The minds of men gifted as Sedding was are openings into the unseen. Through their transpiercing vision we see as on a background of lucent darkness, mysteries revealed but not explained, Nature coloured and transformed by the seers' personality, but not distorted.

One feels that the world of artists is divided into two schools, those who see Nature for themselves, and those who see her through the eyes of others. John Sedding was one of the first, and this fact has not a little to do with our admiration of his genius. Yet because of his seriousness he was easily



pleased, and, knowing mystery, loved simple things. Flowers and children, trees and skies and common pleasures satisfied him most. His delight in them is everywhere apparent in his design. Brought up on the countryside from early infancy, his growing mind drank in the wildness round him. His earliest impressions were those of country life, and when the days of pupilage were over, and the bondage of London had become oppressive, he returned again to the countryside, made by exile more avid and receptive than ever. His destiny, by a happy chance, took him to Cornwall as partner

ness, of the engaging quaintness, which spring to the eyes everywhere from his art.

The churches in which his work lay were then, in the main, unrestored, and it is not difficult to imagine the effect on a mind, brought up in the narrow groove of neo-Gothic, of the wealth of fancy, the romantic imagery, the wild exuberance, the naïve expansiveness of mystery-fed imagination contained in those lonely hillside shrines. Tiny churches, built of gigantic granite blocks—rude outside, richly carved within—glowing with colour or made magnificent by the sombre stain of time,



ST. AGNES' INDUSTRIAL SCHOOLS, KNOWLE, BRISTOL.

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with his brother Edmund, already settled there. Cornwall was then far more remote, more untravelled than now. In Sedding's day, too, the individuality of the people was more marked. The salient features of their character, its enchanting ruggedness, its unpreparedness, had not been modified by the influence of civic life and thought.

Here Sedding developed and expanded under the teaching of wild Nature in field and sea and sky. The cross-crowned heights, the tumuli, the menhirs, and dolmens of the moors enriched his fancy with those suggestions of remoteness, of weird loveli-

spring out of the coombes and pinnacle the moors in the most unlikely places. One thinks of Malory, with his wayside chapels, all overgrown with briars; chapels enclosing fair silver altars, full richly arrayed, whereat stand ministering hermits, with armoured knights kneeling a-row before them. John Sedding felt all this; his spirit was saturated with the legendary aura breathed from out every corner of that fascinating county, and, though his work at this time shows strongly the influence of Street, though it is thin in quality, tentative in character, yet in the glowing colour, in the ever-present evidence of



Nature study, in the little oases of fantastic imagery sprinkled over his designs, we see how deeply his adopted county affected him. Through the thin simulacrum of a style we see the artist eager, impetuous, impatient to realise himself; even thus early we get glimpses of the man as he was, full of a rich vitality: and we see the promises of that fulness of fancy, that wild luxuriance of imagination he later developed. His work at the time was like an old tale retold with a new accent—for, though he was

went home before he had fully found himself. His ideals and influence survived, and had a new existence in the spirit of his brother John. The first new work the latter undertook was the church of St. Martin, at Marple. It had been originally designed by the elder, but was so modified in execution that it became John Sedding's own. Here again, in the comparative hardness of the detail, in the half-timber porch, in the general rectilinearity of the design, we recognise the results of his training.



VIEW IN COURTYARD, ST. AGNES' INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL, BRISTOL.

J. D. SEDDING, ARCHITECT.

the outcome of the Gothic revival, he lived a continual protest against it. He felt the tyranny of its arbitrary and ridiculous ideals while striving to be loyal to its principles as practised by his master.

The ideals and example of his elder brother Edmund had also much to do with Sedding's development. Edmund, if report does not err, was by far the more gifted of the two; he had much of the spirit of Rossetti in him, but, never strong, he

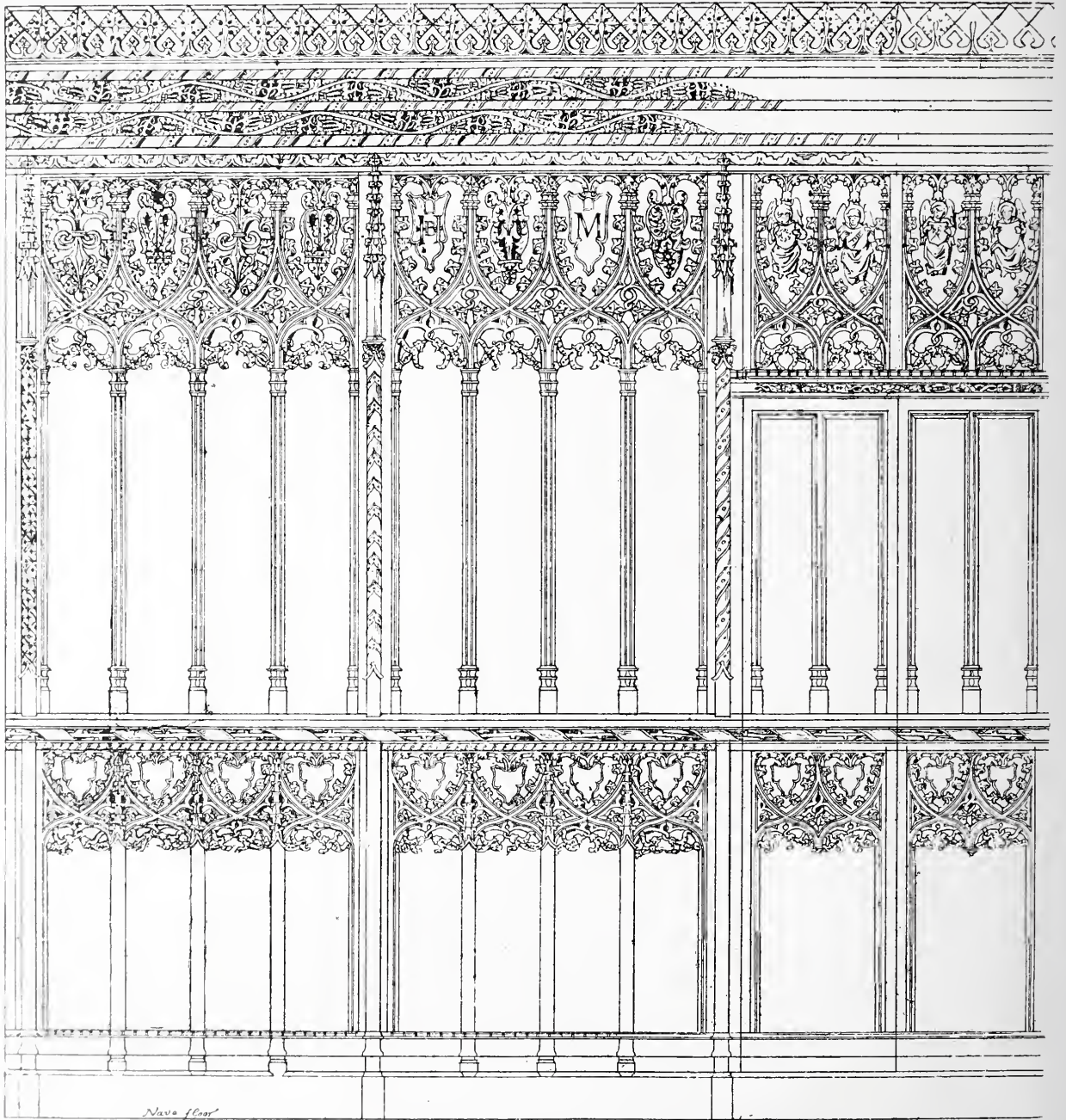
Still, every here and there in the management of the masses, in the arrangement of light and shade, and, above all, in the rich though sombre decoration of the chancel, we see the strong spirit striving to escape from the Gothic armour.

He was too strong to be correct—correctness is the sole privilege of the inane; too untameable to be bound by rule—rules are but crutches for halting intellects. In all this early work one divines him



militant against innumerable disabilities, one sees him hampered by the stupidity or ignorance of workmen, by the cupidity of their employers; torn one way by a desire to do the best, and another by the immediate necessity of doing something. Longing for leisure to create, but compelled to design while the workmen were waiting; and, though

Long after the time when most men give up ideals and take to organisation and the management of business, Sedding went about sketching, measuring, and even in the train filling note-books with ideas of design for future working out. His sketches alone would fill many volumes, his written descriptions many more. Yet, when told he should



CHANCEL SCREEN, HOLBETON.

RESTORED BY J. D. SEDDING, ARCHITECT.

spurred on by the beauty of outside Nature, found himself driven continually against the dead wall of modern building conditions before the ideas could take proper shape. He was, as, indeed, we all are, ever at war with circumstance and conditions. That he never faltered in the battle for thirty-seven years says not a little for his courage.

leave sketching to students, replied that he should "never cease to be one."

This receptive attitude of mind kept him ever young. A man only grows old when he ceases to absorb and assimilate. It kept him ever on the alert for new ideas, for new methods.

(TO BE CONCLUDED).









THE CHURCH OF MIRIAM—"THE  
VIRGIN MARY"—AT FOCADA:  
DRAWN BY WILLIAM SIMPSON.



**A**BYSSINIAN CHURCH ARCHITECTURE: LETTERPRESS AND ILLUSTRATIONS BY WILLIAM SIMPSON, R.I., M.R.A.S.

THE occasion of my visit to Abyssinia was the expedition to that country in 1868, when Lord Napier went to Magdala in order to relieve the prisoners that were held there by Theodore, who was then Emperor, or "King of the Kings of Ethiopia." As "special artist" of *The Illustrated London News*, I was instructed to devote as much attention as possible to the habits and customs of the people of what was then a region about which our knowledge was limited. The religious forms and usages of the Abyssinians would, from their marked peculiarities, have attracted my attention, even if my instructions had not included them as subjects; and the singular character of their churches would have interested me quite independently of the functions I had to perform.

The Abyssinian Church is Coptic, a branch of the Eastern Church, which has existed in Egypt from the earliest period of Christianity to the present time. It is said that the conversion of Abyssinia took place about the year 330, and the work is attributed to Frumentius, who became the first Abuna, or Bishop. There is only one bishop in Abyssinia, and the rule is, that when he dies, another is sent from Alexandria; this would seem to imply that the first conversion had taken place through Egypt.

The churches in Tigré, the northern part of Abyssinia, help to confirm this—for their plan, in many of them, is very similar to those of the old Coptic churches of Egypt. In Amhara, or the more southern portion of Abyssinia, a very different form exists; which suggests that as the conversion went on from the north, another temple of some kind was met with, and it was merely altered to suit what was required by the new faith. The Tigré churches are rectangular in plan, while those in the south are circular. Some of the northern churches have the nave and aisles repeated exactly as they may be seen to-day in the Coptic churches in old Cairo. In the Amhara churches there is nothing that can be identified with either nave or aisles. What we would call the chancel is in the centre, and the divisions are formed by walls round it, like the layers of an onion. It is said that these southern churches are the same as those that were used by the Falashas, or Jews, and that the Christians merely changed the orientation; the Jews entered from the east, and the Christians

now enter from the west. Some have suggested that these round churches had their origin in the primitive circular hut, which is very common in most parts of Africa. This is possible, and it contains nothing that interferes with what would be the later notion, that the Christians derived the round form from the Jews. In some of the Tigré churches there is an evident combination of the round and rectangular plans. In the Church of St. Kirkos, at Addigerat, of which a plan is given, it will be seen that there is no nave or aisles, and that the rectangular inclosure takes the place of the circular.

It may, perhaps, be best to describe the round churches first, as they are the most characteristic of the country. The plan is given of the Church of Medhani Alum, or "The Saviour of the World," at Mara, and it will convey a fair idea of these structures. Mara is near to Mishuck, a march or two beyond Antalo. Although these churches are round externally, the holy place in the centre, A, is square. This is called the "Makdas," a word based upon the Hebrew קדש, meaning "Holy," and from which the words translated "Holy of Holies," as the name of the sanctuary in the Temple at Jerusalem, are derived. The priests only, with their attendants, enter into this when the sacramental consecration takes place. The second court, B, is called the "Kudist," which is probably another form of the same Hebrew word. The people enter into this inclosure, but there are no seats, they only stand or walk about. The outer court, C, is called the "Kuneh-Mahelet," from a Psalm or song, because it is in this place that the male part of the congregation sing during the service. The men enter by a door on the north side, at D; and the women by the door at E, on south side, that being the women's side of the church.\* In many of the smaller churches the inclosure forming the third court is not continued all round, but a portion of it only exists at the western edge, in a form that might be called a porch. The three-fold division of churches is not insisted upon in the Western, but it is in the Eastern Church; and it becomes a special detail with the Abyssinians. It is difficult to say whether this has been derived merely from the rule of the Eastern Church, or more directly from the Jewish influence, which would naturally have the tabernacle and the temple, as the model that had been followed. In most cases there is a wall or fence of some kind forming an inclosure round the church,

\* In the western churches, where the separation of the sexes is carried out, the north side, if I mistake not, is allotted to the women.



TABÛT, OR ALTAR OF  
ABYSSINIAN CHURCH.DRAWN BY WILLIAM  
SIMPSON.

and the space within is used as a burial-ground. At the Mara Church there were a number of very rude wooden coffins above ground—why they were not buried I cannot tell, but there has been, it may be supposed, some reason for leaving them in such a position. The *Quolquol*, *Euphorbia candelabrum*—popularly known as the “candelabra tree”—appears to have a sanctity attached to it, for it is often to be seen at churches and at tombs.

The entrance through the outer fence, when there is one, is called the “Deja-salaam,” or gate of bowing down, indicating that that ceremony is gone through upon entering, or by anyone passing by the church; the words are also translated as “the Gate of Peace.” In the better class of churches there is an erection, G, at this spot; and near to it are the “Dowels,” or stones, H, which, on being struck with a wooden mallet, supply the place of bells. In some of the Coptic churches of Egypt wooden boards are used for this purpose—it would be hard to say which of these are the most primitive methods of calling people to worship.

In the plan, there is, on the north-east, a small house at a little distance from the church, F, this is called the “Beatalehem,” or Bethlehem, meaning the House of Bread; its symbolism, intended by the name, will be understood from the explanation that the sacramental bread and wine are prepared in it. The wine is merely water into which raisins have been soaked. The bread is baked in the

Beatalehem; the same rule is observed in the Coptic churches in Egypt, where there must be a house with an oven attached to each church, and the bread is made by the sacristan, or some functionary, who sings portions of the Psalms while he is so engaged. Most probably the same thing is done in Abyssinia. The north door of the Makdas, or Sanctuary, C, is called the “Beatalehem Door.” The priest is robed in the sanctuary. This is a custom of the Eastern Church to which some importance is attached, and I am under the impression that the Pope is robed behind the altar at St. Peter’s before the mass.\* The priest, with his deacons, acolytes, etc., carrying the large processional cross, and censor with incense, march out by the Beatalehem door, and proceed to the Beatalehem itself for the sacred elements, with which they return again by the same door, and while doing so they chant verses selected for the purpose. This will explain why the north door of the sanctuary has received its particular name.

The Makdas, or sanctuary, is said to have four doors, one to each of the cardinal points, but that in the east is built up—the reason for this is supposed to be the words in Ezekiel xlv., 1, 2—but a small window is left, this is called “The Door of Light.” The door on the west is where the Sacrament is administered to the laity. All the doors are closed during the ceremony of consecration,

\* “Bishops, when they celebrate pontifically, take their vestments from the altar, simple priests put them on in the sacristy. But this distinction is probably not very ancient, for even in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries it was the common custom for priests, at least in England, to vest in the sanctuary.”—Addis and Arnold’s “Catholic Dictionary,” Art. Vestments, p. 923.



Section.

TABÛT.

DRAWN BY WILLIAM SIMPSON.



and none but the priests and their attendants are admitted. After the consecration the west door is opened, and the priest stands on the steps, while the recipients move from the south to the north, receiving the Sacrament as they pass. The bread is in a small basket of some kind, covered with an embroidered cloth; the priest takes out each morsel, and when I saw the ceremony, he seemed to hide it from sight by holding it under his right hand, which he partly covered with his left, while placing it into the mouth of the individual. One of the attendants—probably one of the deacons—then administered the wine, with a spoon, from a

where the Sacrament is administered, as in the Abyssinian churches. This veil in the Russian Church is also identified with the veil of the Temple.

I come now to the description of the altar, which, in a Christian church, may be assumed to be the most important part of the sacred edifice. Dr. Neale, in his "*History of the Holy Eastern Church*," who, although he was a learned authority on liturgical matters, was led astray himself, and has led others astray, from what he has written on this subject. At the time when he wrote he was only able to quote two authors—Renaudot and



ROUND CHURCH OF MEDHANI ALUM, AT MARA.

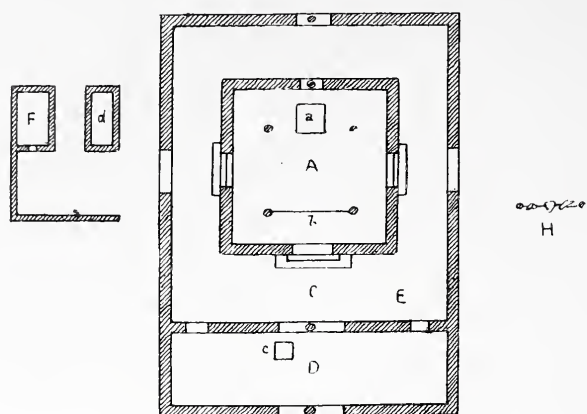
DRAWN BY WILLIAM SIMPSON.

vase or jug of some kind, which served as a chalice, which he held in his hand.

Within the western door of the Holy of Holies are two posts, which support a piece of drapery, *b*—often in some of the poorer churches this is merely a piece of matting or dirty cloth—but it is intended as a "veil" to conceal the altar and the interior of the chamber. Evidently it is a repetition of the veil of the Temple, and is a further evidence of the Judaic influence that pervades these places of worship. At the same time it ought to be stated that in the Greco-Russian Church there is a veil at the principal entrance to the altar in the holy place, the entrance having the name of the "Royal Gates,"

Major Harris—and from their accounts it is evident that they never saw, or, at least, closely inspected, what they describe. As I had opportunities on our march to and from Magdala of entering churches and making sketches, I think that the account that I am able to give will be found to be fairly correct. The altar *a* is formed of four posts—often these were, in small churches, only the stems of small trees, and but rudely trimmed—about 4ft. from the ground there is what might be called a shelf (its Abyssinian name is the "*menber*"), on which is placed the "*Tabût*"; this last is formed of marble, alabaster, or shittim wood, and might be described as a "*slab*." I give an illustration of one,





A. Makdas, or Sanctum.  
a. Tabût, or Altar.  
b. Veil.  
C. Kudist, or Second Court.  
D. Kuneh-Mahelet, or Third Court.  
c. Reading Desk.

E. Women's Court.  
F. Beatalehem, or House of Bread.  
d. Chief's Tomb.  
G. Deja-Salaam, or Gate of Bowing.  
H. Dowels, or Stone Bells.

PLAN OF THE CHURCH OF  
ST. KIRKOS, AT ADDIGERAT.

DRAWN BY WILLIAM  
SIMPSON.

taken from a "squeeze," which is now in the possession of the Rev. W. D. Parish, the vicar of Selveston, in Sussex; this one is about gin. by 8in., and may be about a couple of inches in thickness. A cross is rudely carved on it, and there is an inscription in the old Ethiopian characters, part of which states: "This is the Tabût of Michael Gabriel"; in the other corner is the name "Mariam Jasous," probably the name of another proprietor; below the cross the words are: "10 and 2 Apostles and Four Beasts"—that means the Twelve Apostles and the four cherubic creatures. On this Tabût the bread—in a small basket, I suppose, and the wine, in some kind of chalice—is placed during the Act of Consecration. In the altar I have given an illustration of, there is a lower shelf, on which books and other articles connected with the ritual appear to be placed, and the whole is surmounted by a piece of cloth resting on the top of the four posts, which I understood was looked upon as a kind of baldachin.

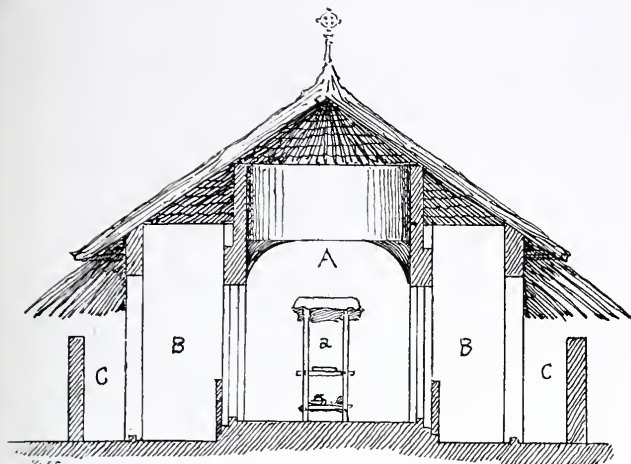
I am under the impression that the whole of the altar was broadly called the Tabût; but this title is only an extension of the name applied to the slab of marble, or shittim wood, as the case may be, that rested on the menber, or shelf. That is the really sacred object—the most holy thing in the church. It is the real altar, because on it the sacrifice takes

place. The slab is not fixed, for in some of the ceremonies it has to be carried about in procession outside of the church; on such occasions it is carefully enveloped in cloth, and treated with the greatest veneration. Mansfield Parkyns states that the Ark, or Tabût, is "so sacred, no one may approach or much less touch it."

It will be necessary here to give the legend connected with these Tabûts, or, as Parkyns calls them, "Arks." This legend also adds to what has already been alluded about the Judaic influence in the Abyssinian Church. Here, in passing, it may be mentioned in connection with this aspect of the subject, that the Abyssinians still practise the rite of circumcision. Well, according to the old legend, the Abyssinians consider that they are descended from the Queen of Sheba; but there must have been a few Abyssinians in existence when she went to see Solomon at Jerusalem "with a great train." Be that as it may. When the Queen was at Jerusalem, she, so the tale relates, had a son, and Solomon was the father. The child was named Menelik—the name of the present Emperor of Ethiopia, who claims to be a direct descendant—this son remained in Jerusalem where he was educated before he came to Abyssinia. Some of the Jewish priests were appointed by Solomon to accompany him, and among other things, they were allowed to make a copy of the Ark of the Covenant to take with them; but, according to the story, the priests placed the copy in the temple, and carried off the real ark. This ark is said to be, to this day, in what might, perhaps, be called the Cathedral Church at Aksum. No one sees it, on account of its great sanctity, and should the eyes of any person dare to penetrate the sanctum, blindness, if not death, would be the result. The further belief that follows this legend is, that the Tabûts in the altars are copies of the ark at Aksum. The difference between a box two cubits and a half long, and a slab of stone or wood about eight or nine inches in length is too obvious, and need not be dwelt upon,—I am only giving the legend as it is accepted by the Abyssinians.

It may probably be a safer speculation to point out the resemblance which these Tabûts bear to the stone which is placed in the altar of Latin churches, and on which the chalice with the bread and wine is placed during the Mass—exactly the same, so far, it will be noticed, as in the Abyssinian churches. In the Latin Church the stone is generally a slab of marble about the same size in every way as the Tabût; but instead of one cross, it has five, and it has also a cavity in which the relics are placed. There is another similarity that is somewhat remarkable as the relics are human—relics of persons who have been canonised as saints by the Church—that are placed in the altar stone, the





A. Makdas, or Sanctum.  
a. Tabût, or Ark: the Altar,

B. Kudist, or Second Court.  
C. Kuneh-Mahelet, or Third Court.

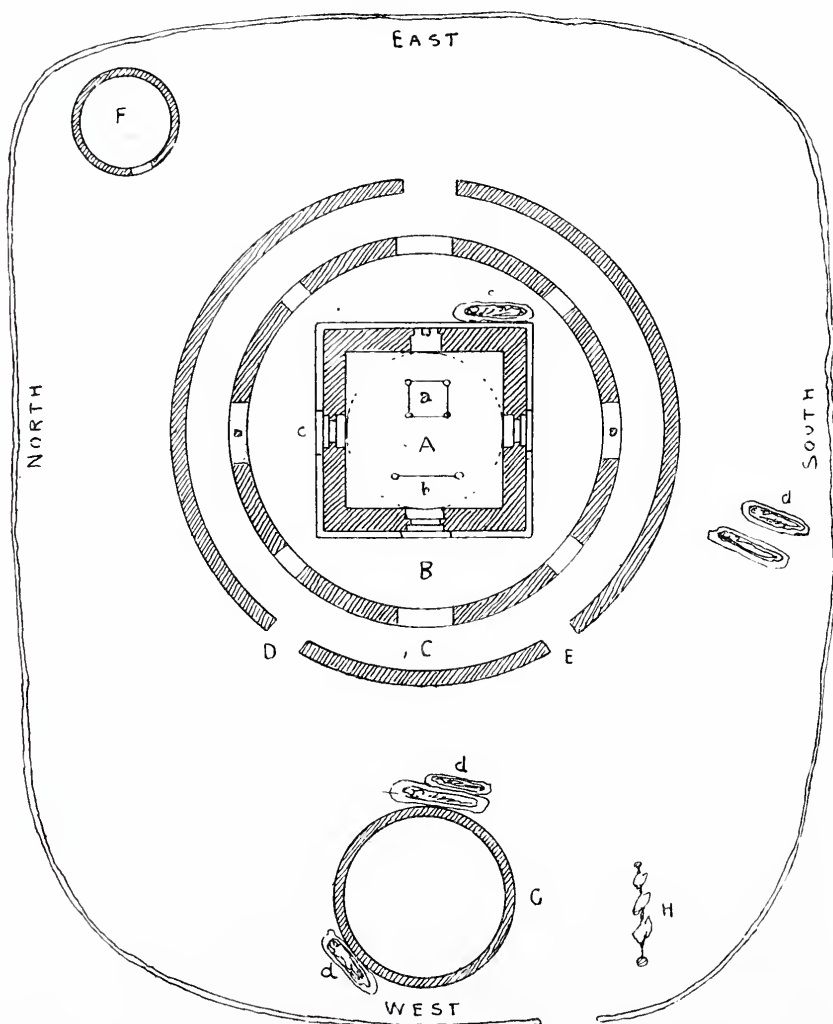
SECTION OF THE CHURCH  
AT MARA, NEAR MISHUCK.

DRAWN BY WILLIAM  
SIMPSON.

hole or cavity that receives them is called the "sepulchre"; although the Tabût is a solid piece, its name is the same word as that employed in Arabic for "coffin." The word Tabût is used in that sense almost through the whole of the East. There must be, one would think, more than mere accident in this striking identity. It is said that the use of relics began in the Western Church from the custom at an early date of performing the service on the graves of martyred saints in the catacombs. This may be so, but it becomes doubtful from the fact that the Greco-Russian Church also uses relics\*; and, as in the Latin Church, the ritual of the Mass cannot be gone through without them. The use of relics in the Church began so early, it is rather difficult to explain the exact process through which it originated, but its symbolism appears to be evident enough. It is the same which is expressed in old pictures by the skull at the foot of the Cross, and is meant to declare the triumph of the Lord of Life over Death.

Dr. Neale was led into error by assuming that the Tabût was

a box which contained something; and the authorities to whom he trusts for information seem to have had the same mistaken idea. Major Harris says that the priests told him that a parchment with the date of consecration of the church was in it; this shows that that officer had not even realised that it was an altar, or he could not have received that as its only purpose. Dr. Neale gives the prayer of the Ethiopic canon that precedes the consecration, and if he had attended to it he would have saved himself and others from blundering. As the words of the prayer show that the elements are consecrated on the Tabût or Ark, I shall quote them here: "O Lord our God, who did command Moses Thy servant and prophet, saying, Make Me precious vessels, and put them in the Tabernacle on Mount Sinai. Now, O Lord



A. Makdas, or Sanctum.  
a. Tabût, or Ark: the Altar.  
b. The Veil.  
B. Kudist, or Second Court.  
C. Kuneh-Mahelet, or Third Court.  
D. Men's entrance.

E. Women's entrance.  
F. Beatalehem (Bethlehem), or House of Bread.  
G. Deja-Salaam, or Gate of Bowing-down.  
H. Dowels, or stones which serve as bells.  
d d d. Wooden coffins.

\* In the Greco-Russian rule, the relics are placed in a sort of bag, called the *Antimins*. Only priests and deacons can touch the *Antimins*, a layman must not lay a hand on it. In that it is the same as the Tabût.

PLAN OF THE CHURCH AT MARA, NEAR  
MISHUCK: DEDICATED TO MEDHANI  
ALUM, OR "THE SAVIOUR OF THE WORLD.

DRAWN BY WILLIAM  
SIMPSON.



God Almighty, stretch forth Thy hand upon this Ark, and fill it with virtue, power, and grace of the Holy Ghost, that in it may be consecrated the Body and Blood of Thine only begotten Son, our Lord," &c.\* This confirms what I was told about it as an altar when in Abyssinia; and it at the same time shows that transubstantiation in its fullest sense is the doctrine of the Abyssinian Church.

The sanctum of these round churches being built substantially—and my impression is that stone was generally the material—suggests that this particular part of the structure is the survival of some earlier type than the circular walls, forming the two outer divisions, belonged to; these, I believe, were often constructed with mud, and perhaps oftener of mere wattle and dab, thus showing a marked contrast in character. In the section of the church at Mara it will be seen that the square plan of the sanctum changes at the top into a circular form, as if it was intended for a drum to support a dome or a substantial roof, and its appearance in the section looks as if it had been cut short to suit the exigencies of the thatched roof. Nothing that I saw or may have read of since, gives any hint of an explanation, so the subject must be left as a possible problem for the future.

I give the plan of the church of St. Kirkos, at Addigerat—that is in Tigré—and it presents a compromise between the southern and the northern types of structure. It is a round church converted into the rectangular. The sanctum is the same as in the southern plan, but the walls forming the second court are also square, and the outer court becomes a pronaos on the western end. The Beatalehem and Deja-Salaam, it will be noticed, are also rectangular in plan. Some of the churches in Tigré, as already mentioned, are more or less free from what may be called this onion arrangement in their plan, and some are all but exact copies of the Coptic churches of Egypt, of which an example will be given in a further contribution on the rock-cut churches.

In the illustration of the church of Miriam—the Virgin Mary—at Focada, which is in Tigré, it will be seen that it is built of stone, the use of this material being more common in the north than in the south. This was sketched from the west end, and shows the stone bells. As there is no thatch roof in this case, the walls of the sanctum are carried up into the form of a tower above the roof, thus supplying an additional hint to what appears above on the origin of this part of these churches.

\* "A History of the Holy Eastern Church," by the Rev. John Mason Neale, p. 185.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



THE WALL-ARCADE :  
SOUTH AISLE OF NAVE.

PHOTOGRAPH BY DR. E. H.  
HOWLETT.

## B EVERLEY MINSTER: BY JOHN BILSON, F.S.A.: PART TWO.

THE semicircular arched doorway beneath the upper landing of the staircase gave access, by a descending flight of steps, to an undercroft—the sacristy, no doubt—vaulted from a central pillar. The structure was contemporary with, and formed part of the design of the eastern arm of the church, with which it was connected.

Before we leave the work of the thirteenth century, we must say a few words in praise of its exterior treatment. A comparison with Lincoln or Salisbury shows that the structural system here is much better expressed by the design. The flying buttresses are well managed, and proper provision is made for them on the clerestory wall—in contrast with the inconsequential treatment at Lincoln, in this respect. The transept gables may safely be pronounced to be quite the finest things of their kind and date in England. Each end of the great transept has a simply treated doorway, with a semicircular arch—not, it is hardly necessary to say, specially a mark of early date, but merely the most suitable form for its position and purpose. Over the doorway are three great lancets, ranging with the main

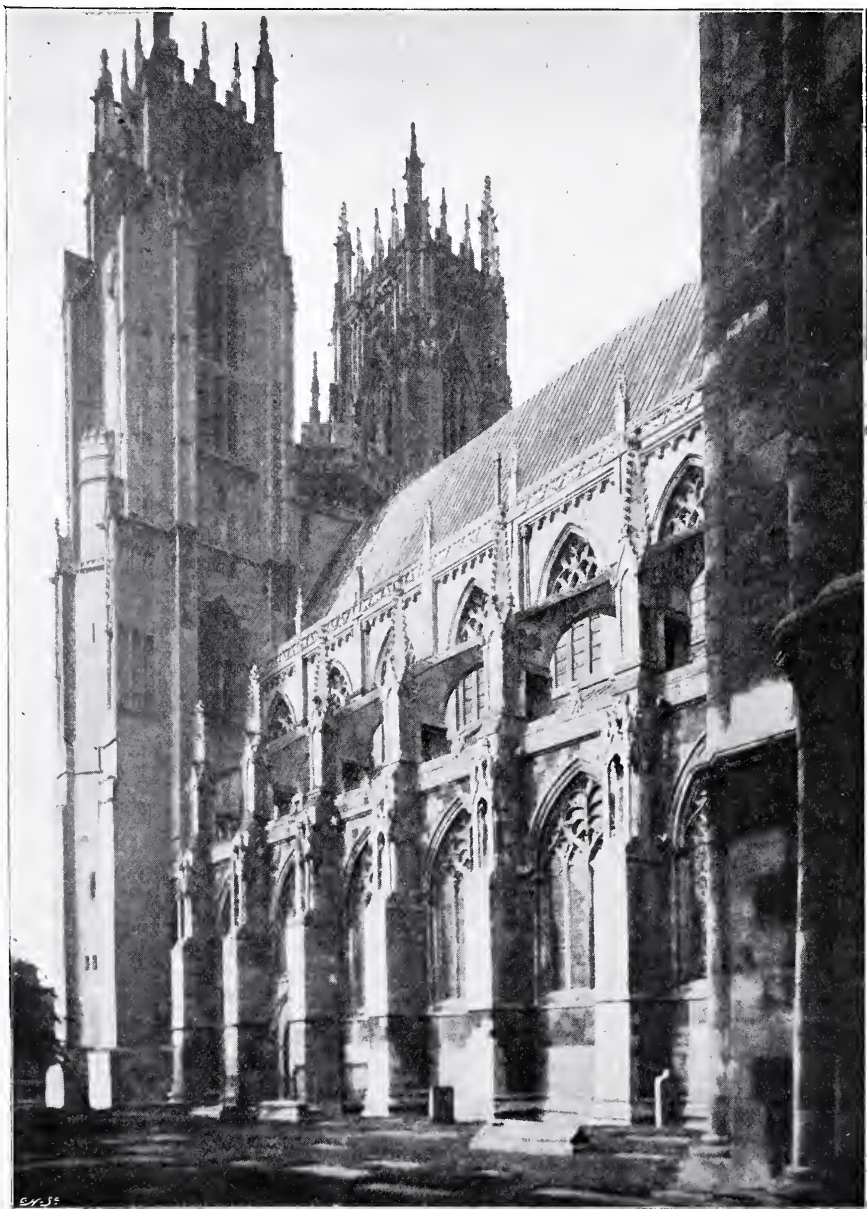


arcade and triforium on the inside. Over these again are three smaller lancets of unequal height, to suit the line of the vaulting and ranging with the clerestory. In the gable is a comparatively large wheel window with shafted 'spokes'; the 'plate-tracery' piercings are the nearest approach to 'geometrical' tracery that we find in this work. The half-gables of the aisles contain smaller circular windows. The gable-end of the lesser transept is very narrow, and tall in proportion to its width, and is differently treated from that of the great transept. The lower stage has two lancets ranging with the aisle windows. Over these windows on the inside the triforium arcade is carried across the end of the transept, and on the outside the corresponding space is occupied by an arcade of acutely pointed arches. Above are two lancets, with a small circular window in the spandril over them. One is rather surprised to find this little circle so crudely treated on the inside, where it looks like a mere hole cut through the wall just under the vaulting. The narrow lancets in the gable open into the roof-space above the vault. The gables of both transepts are flanked by tall octagonal turrets, substantial structures as befits their position, which contribute in no small degree to the success of the design.

There can, of course, be no doubt that the thirteenth-century builders contemplated the re-building of the whole church. Their design would be complete from end to end, but their work only extends westward as far as the first bay of the arcade and triforium immediately west of the main crossing. Here there was a pause for some seventy or eighty years, during which time the earlier nave was still in existence and in use—the 'primitive' nave, with Cynesige's western tower, Professor Freeman thought, but far more probably a Norman nave of the time of Archbishop Thomas, or of his nephew and namesake, the first provost of Beverley and afterwards archbishop.

The canons were evidently preparing for the rebuilding of the nave in the early years of the fourteenth century. In 1311 they obtained a royal writ against certain persons who falsely represented themselves as messengers sent out by the chapter to collect for the new fabric. The character of the work indicates that it can scarcely have been commenced before about 1320, and we know that it was in progress in 1334, when Archbishop William de Melton ordered his receiver at Beverley to pay ten marks to the keeper of the fabric towards the fabric of the high altar, and twenty marks towards the fabric of the nave.

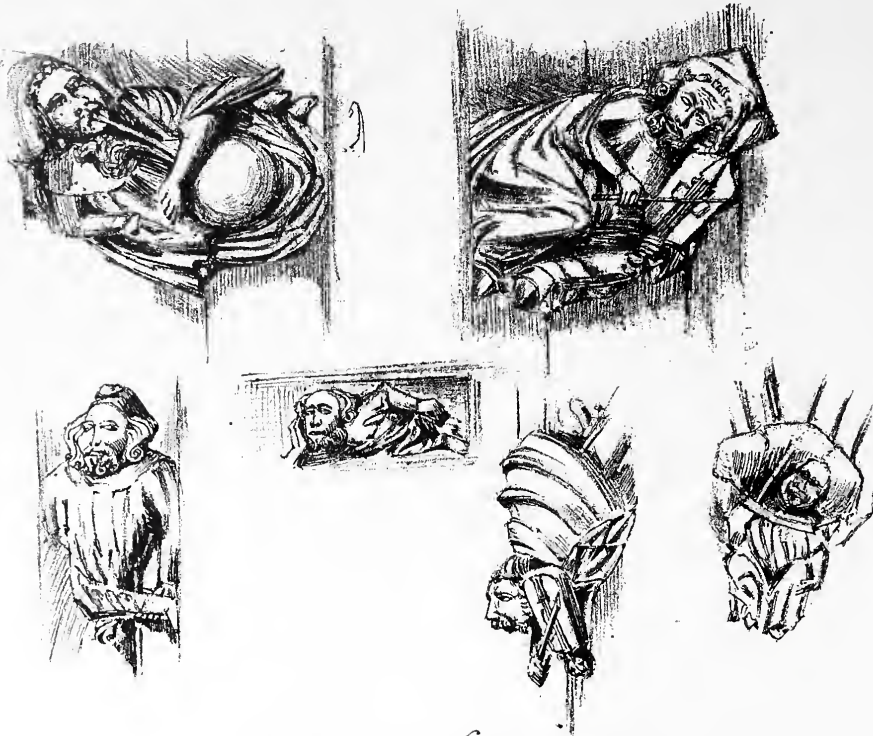
The nave is a very remarkable example of conformity to the earlier design. Instances of such conformity are by no means uncommon, but this nave follows the design of the choir and transepts with much less variation than is usual in such cases.



BEVERLEY MINSTER :  
SOUTH SIDE OF NAVE.

PHOTOGRAPH BY C. C. HODGES,  
OF HEXHAM.





*Grotesques from  
Beverley Minster.*

GROTESQUES FROM BEVERLEY MINSTER.

DRAWN BY C. DE GRUCHY.

Foliage is introduced in the capitals and label stops, and the mouldings are 'translated' into fourteenth-century sections. The arcade of five openings in the clerestory of the choir becomes an arcade of three openings in the nave, to give space for the three-light window which takes the place of the single lancet. But the general design remains the same, and its most characteristic feature, the triforium, is repeated with very slight modification, the dog-tooth ornament being retained throughout up to the west end. The vaulting, too, is still of the simplest quadripartite form. This accord between the work of the two periods contributes much to the fine effect of the building as a whole. As Leland said, in his matter-of-fact way, the church is "of a fair uniforme making." The wall-arcade beneath the windows of the south aisle repeats in its general design the arcades in the earlier work, while that in the north aisle is of slightly later character, with ogee arches and crocketed label-moulds. The charming head of a lady shown in the photograph is from the wall-arcade of the south aisle. The aisle windows contain well designed flowing tracery, and the treatment of the buttresses, with their niches and pinnacles, is well worth attention. The aisle parapets on each side have a series of curious little figure subjects, similar to those which occur in the fourteenth-century work at York and Selby. The parapets of the choir and transepts were added at the time of the rebuilding of the nave. It is worth remark that

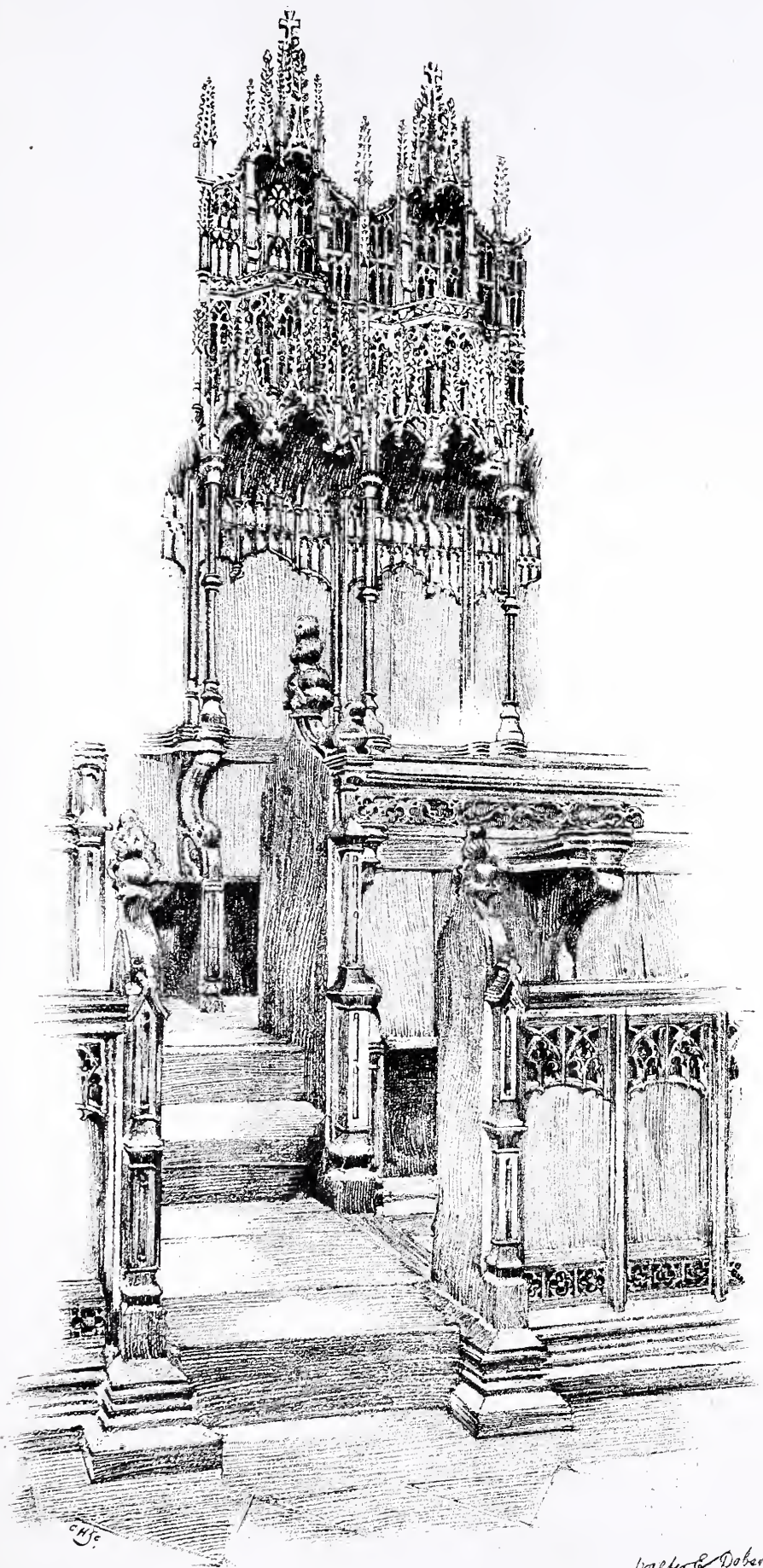
the filling-in of the nave vault between the ribs is of brick, the bricks used being the same size as those in the North Bar, erected in 1409 at the opposite end of the town.

Certain irregularities in the plan of this nave may be commended to the notice of those who write picturesquely about the supposed intentional variety and irregularity of mediæval plans. These irregularities can be accounted for quite naturally when we remember the conditions under which the new work was built. We know that mediæval builders, in rebuilding a church, invariably left as much as possible of the old building standing for regular use, until it was absolutely necessary to remove it. In this case, the

fact that a considerable revenue was derived from gifts at the tomb of St. John, which stood in the eastern part of the nave, furnished a strong reason for leaving the old building standing as long as possible. The new work was therefore commenced with the wall of the south aisle. Equal widths were set out between the buttresses externally, and this accounts for the fact that the second bay west of the crossing (the easternmost bay of the new work) is considerably narrower than the bays east and west of it. The wall of the north aisle followed that of the south aisle, the greater part of the old nave being still left standing. In setting out the bays of the north aisle, an initial error was made by ignoring the fact that the angle buttresses next the transept aisles were not of the same projection on the two sides of the nave, and this error was slightly increased in each bay, so that by the time we arrive opposite the porch, the divisions on the two sides have become quite two feet out of line. Here the error was apparently discovered—they could now get a through cross-line—and it was partially rectified in the three western bays. When the old nave was completely removed, the setting-out of the arcade piers necessarily followed that of the aisle bays, with the result that the transverse ribs of the vault had to be set obliquely across the nave. This is, however, much more noticeable on the plan than in the actual building.

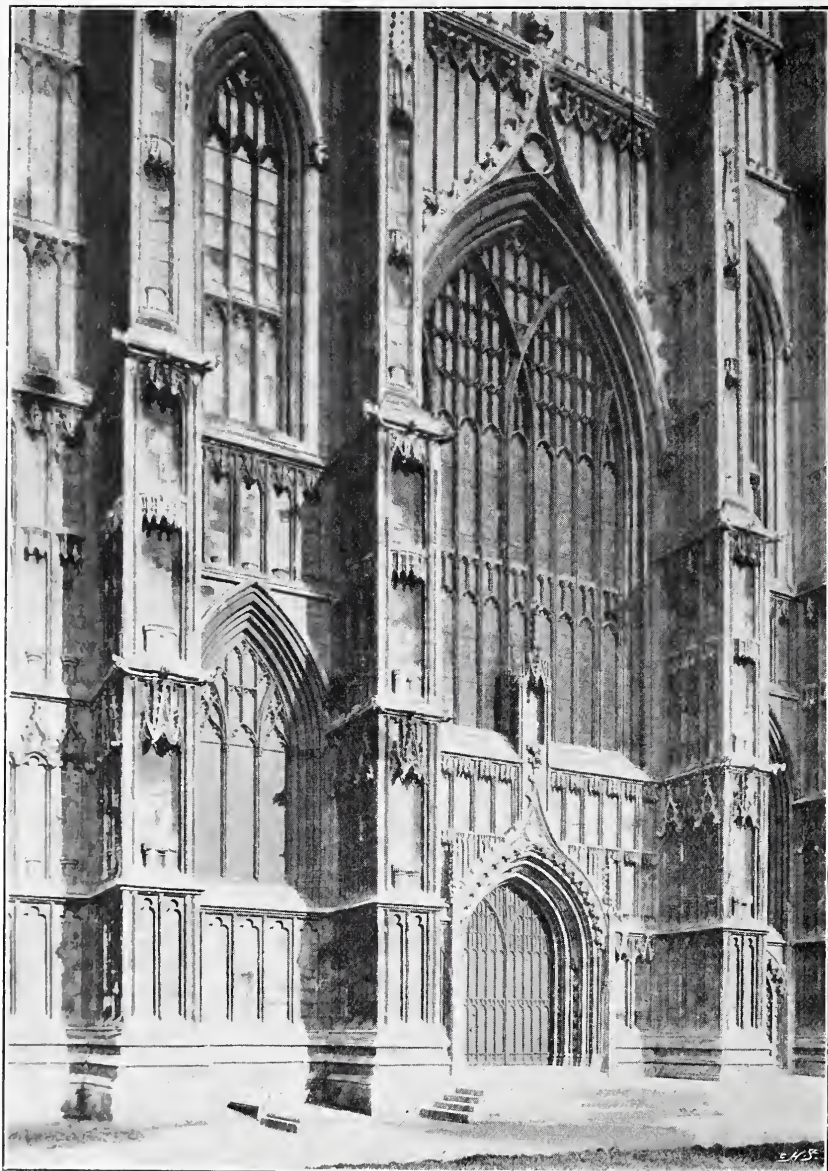
At the west end of the nave, especially in the





OAK CHOIR STALLS: BEVERLEY MINSTER:  
DRAWN BY WALTER E. DOBSON.





BEVERLEY MINSTER: WEST FRONT.

PHOTOGRAPH BY DR. E. H. HOWLETT.

north aisle, there are clear indications that the works were abruptly stopped while still in progress, and when they were resumed, evidently after a considerable interval, flowing forms in the window tracery had given way to 'perpendicular,' whilst a marked change took place in the character of the details generally. The western towers were evidently part of the original plan, though, when the work was stopped, they were only commenced. The north porch belongs entirely to the later date. The stoppage was no doubt due to the terrible Black Death of 1349, and the recurrence of the plague in the following years. The way in which the work of the earlier and later periods is intermingled in the western bays of the north aisle affords material for a very curious and interesting study, which strikingly illustrates the suddenness of this fearful visitation.

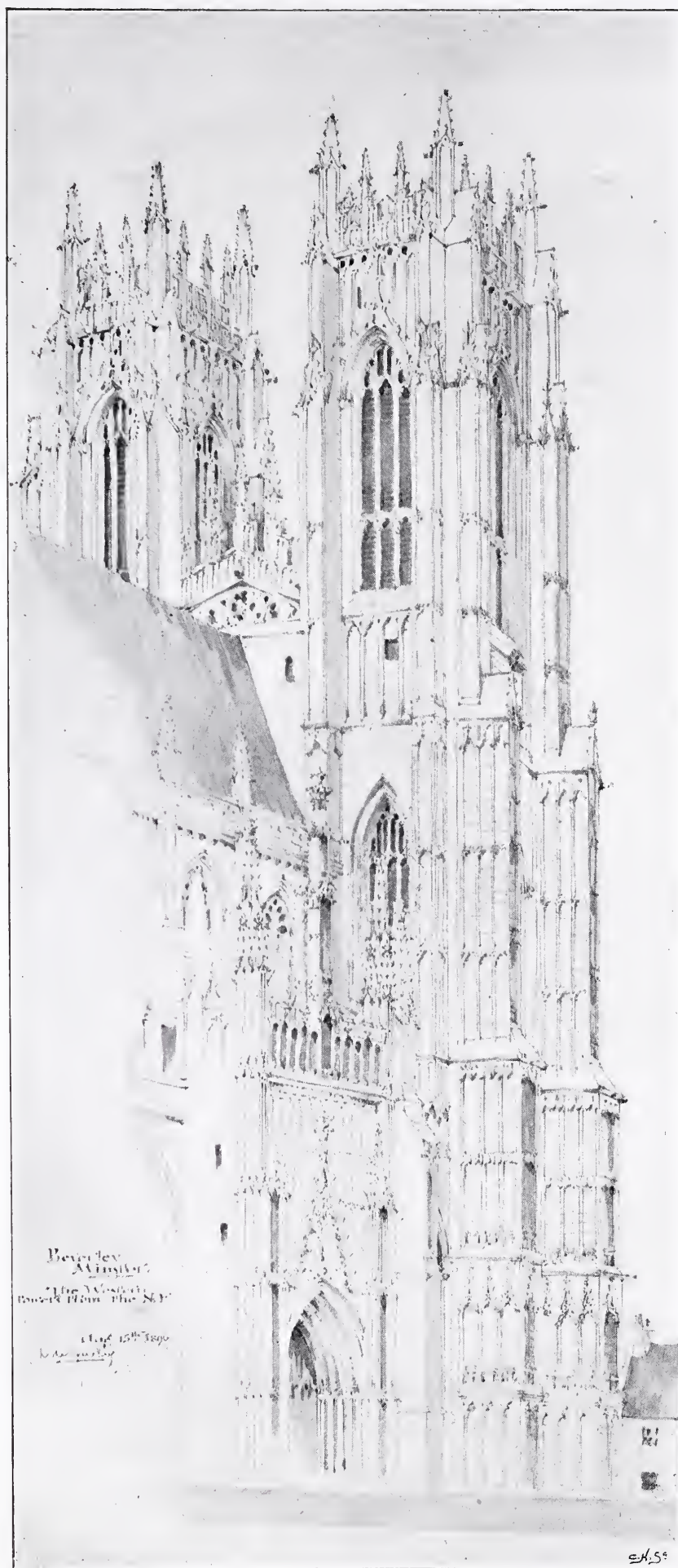
The completion of the west front seems to have

occupied a considerable period of time, extending well into the fifteenth century. It is frequently spoken of as a copy of the west front of York. The general design may quite possibly have been suggested by York, but it is by no means a copy, and its lofty proportions are certainly more graceful than the widely-proportioned front of York. We must remember, too, that when the west front of Beverley was commenced, York was still without its western towers, and it is not improbable that the towers of Beverley were completed before the north-west tower of York was built. Both at York and Beverley, the towers have the single belfry window on each face. In the York towers the buttresses stop below the parapet cornice, which forms a strongly-marked horizontal line. In the Beverley towers the pinnacles grow out of the buttresses, and preserve the vertical character which is so admirable a feature in the design of the west front, as in the church generally. The details of the front are perhaps a little 'hard,' but it is nevertheless one of the finest façades we possess of the late mediæval period. Professor Freeman was extremely severe on what he called its 'sham' gable, and he

could scarcely speak of Beverley without condemning "the fault which ruins this otherwise noble front." Such a criticism would have more force if the designer of the west front had been also the designer of the nave, and it is quite evident that a steep-pitched gable would have ruined the design of his front as it stands. Instead of carrying through the lines of the nave roof, he preferred to ignore them, and to build a storey between the towers, with a low gable, panelling the face of this storey, and continuing the panelling across the towers, so as to give a broad horizontal band, subordinate to, but binding together, the strongly-marked vertical lines of the tower buttresses. I venture to think that he chose wisely.

The completion of the west front practically closes the history of the structure. I have only space to notice quite briefly the minor structural alterations, monuments, and fittings. The altar





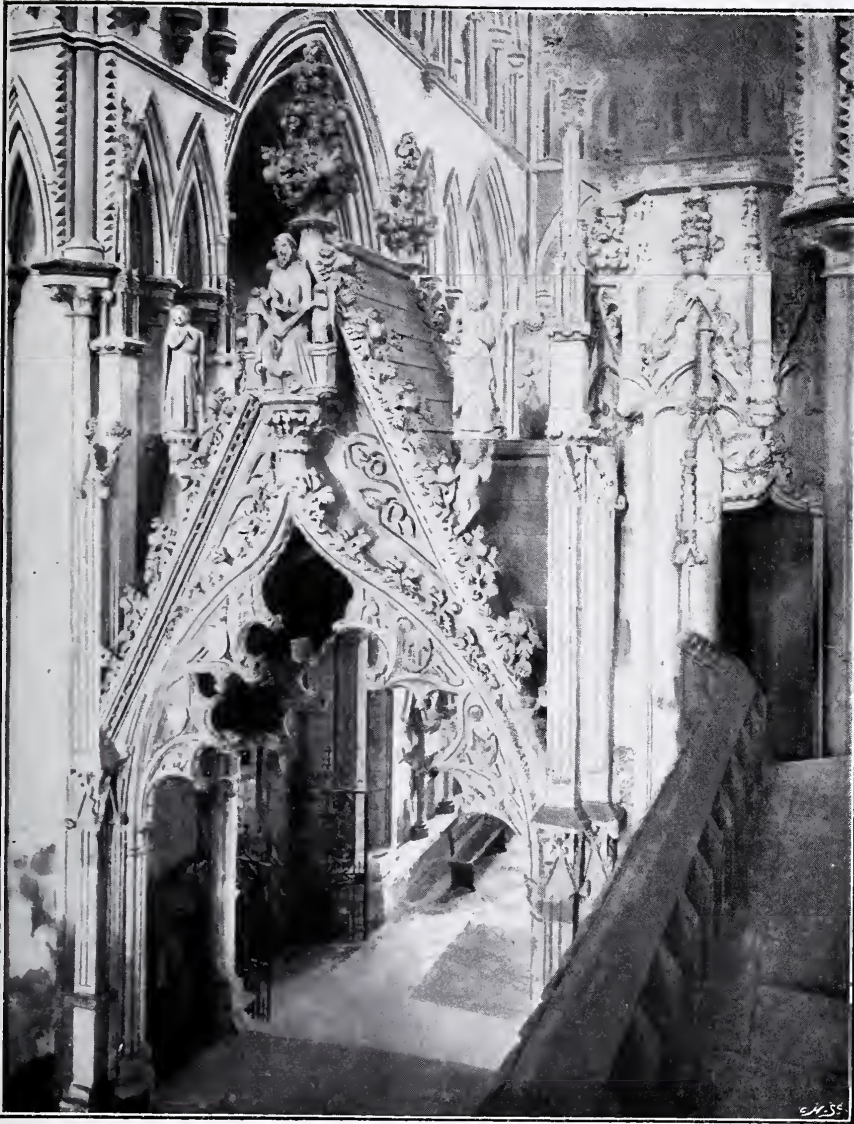
BEVERLEY MINSTER: THE WESTERN  
TOWERS; FROM THE NORTH-EAST:  
DRAWN BY C. DE GRUCHY.





BEVERLEY MINSTER: BACK OF  
ALTAR SCREEN AND CHOIR,  
LOOKING WEST: PHOTOGRAPH  
BY C. C. HODGES, OF HEXHAM.





THE PERCY TOMB.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY C. C. HODGES, OF HEXHAM.

screen was, as I have already mentioned, in course of construction in 1334. Its western face has been entirely renewed, but a few fragments of the original work, richly decorated with painting and gilding, are still preserved in the church. The eastern face (illustrated on a preceding page) is, however, nearly perfect, and is a very beautiful and elaborate work. The canopies of the niches over the piers are marvels of delicate carving. The three arches and the groining behind them support a loft of somewhat unusual width for this position. The well-known Percy tomb, miscalled "shrine," adjoining the altar-screen on the north side, is of slightly later date, and was erected after the staircase to the loft over the screen had been completed. It commemorates Eleanor Fitz-Alan, the wife of Henry, first lord Percy of Alnwick. She died in 1328, but the canopy cannot have been finished before 1340, for a shield of France and England quarterly occurs on the south side. All the shields in the spandrels of the ogee arches are

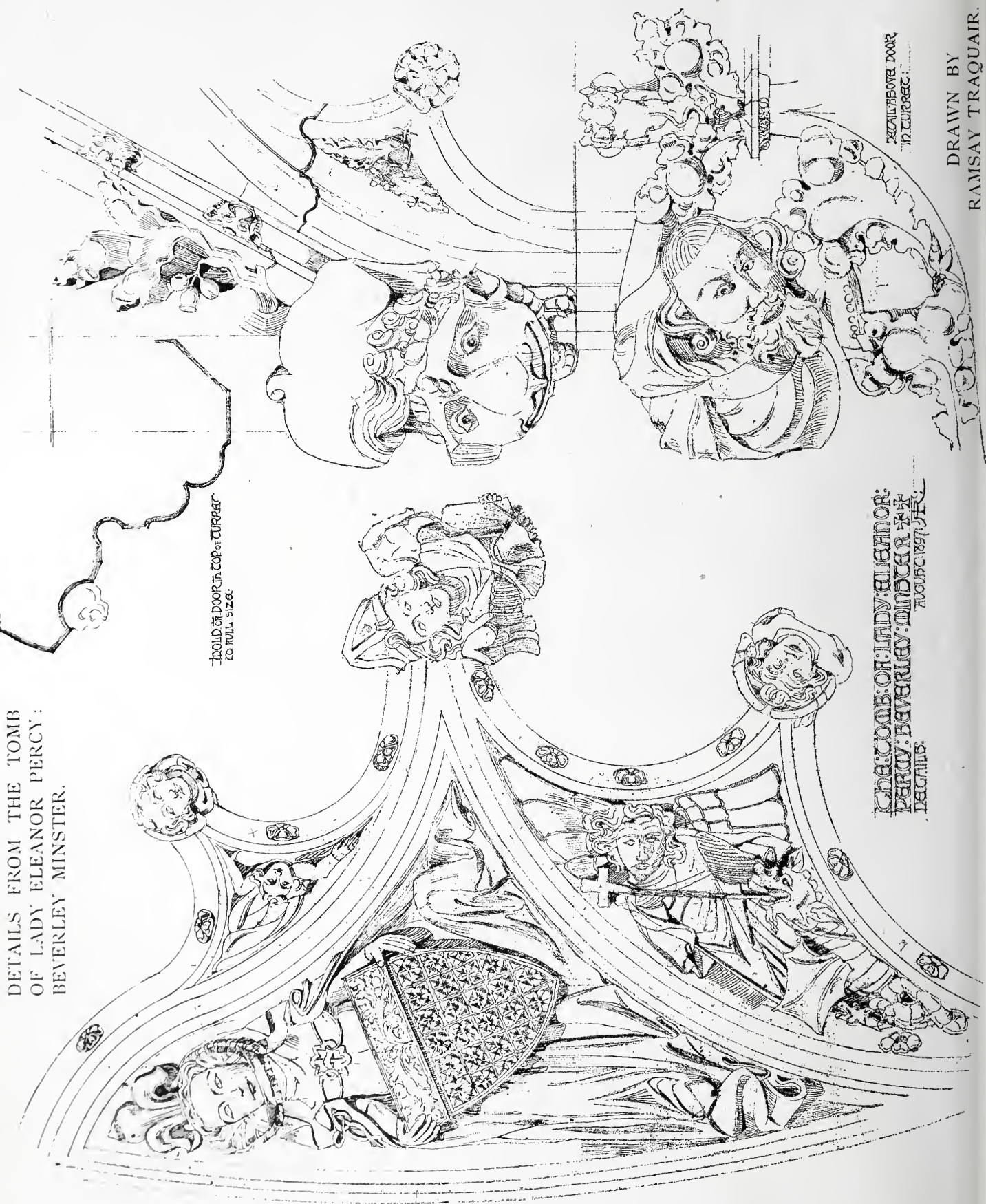
held by knights armed in mixed mail and plate, except one shield on the south side which is held by a lady (see drawing on next page). On the finial of the arch is a seated figure of our Lord receiving the soul of Lady Eleanor, represented by a little figure in a napkin held by an angel on either side. An adoring angel stands on a bracket on either side of the gable, which is richly crocketed with a conventional rendering of vine leaves and grapes. The bracket (illustrated on p. 259), representing a lion and dragon fighting, gives some idea of the magnificent vigour of the sculptured ornament of this remarkable work. On the south side of the nave is a canopied tomb of somewhat similar general design, but less interest. In the eastern aisle of the north transept is a tomb of a priest, also of the fourteenth century, which has so far remained unidentified. It is remarkable for the profusion of heraldry with which his mass vestments are decorated.

The alterations made in the fifteenth century are here less extensive than is generally the

case. The most important of these was the remodelling of the east gable of the choir and the insertion of the great east window, the date of which, 1416, is fixed by a bequest of £40 in the will of William de Waltham, a canon of Beverley. This window contains the only mediæval glass which has survived; parts of the lower lights are thirteenth-century work, and parts are of the fourteenth century, no doubt from the nave, but almost all the upper part of the window is glazed with the original fifteenth-century glass; the tracery lights have a series of prophets and apostles placed alternately, each figure with a legend on a scroll, those of the apostles being their proper sentences from the Creed. At a rather later date, 'perpendicular' windows were inserted in the south aisle of the choir, and in the aisles of the eastern transept. The Percy chapel, an addition in the angle between the retro-choir and the aisle of the north-east transept, was built towards the end of the fifteenth century, probably by the fourth Earl whose tomb it



DETAILS FROM THE TOMB  
OF LADY ELEANOR PERCY,  
BEVERLEY MINSTER.



DETAILS OF DOOR  
IN TURRET.

THE TOMB OF LADY ELEANOR  
PERCY, BEVERLEY MINSTER. J.E.C.  
AUGUST 1897.

DRAWN BY  
RAMSAY TRAQUAIR.



contains. The east window of this chapel was apparently removed from the aisle wall when the chapel was built.

The wooden sedilia on the south side of the sanctuary are worth notice as elaborate work of the first half of the fourteenth century, a period from which comparatively little woodwork has survived. The last work executed before the dissolution of the collegiate establishment in 1547 was the fine series of choir stalls. The misericords form a most interesting series. Four of them bear the names of the chancellor, precentor, treasurer, and clerk of the fabric, respectively, and one is dated 1524.

## ENGLISH IRON RAILINGS, GATES, ETC., OF XVII. AND XVIII. CENTURIES: BY NELSON DAWSON.

It is curious to note the side-light thrown by our old iron gates and railings on the history of Ironwork in England. Other work in this metal has been preserved to us in the way of armour and weapons, domestic objects, firedogs, grates, and chests. Also ecclesiastical work, such as screens or grilles, church door hinges, etc., but a certain phase and period seem to be represented almost entirely by railings. Perhaps this is because



FROM THE PERCY TOMB: BEVERLEY MINSTER.

PHOTOGRAPH BY DR. E. H. HOWLETT.

Some of them are spirited examples of mediæval caricature.

Still, when we leave St. John's minster, it is scarcely the elaborate later work which has impressed us most. It is rather the simple, severely dignified earlier work which has impressed us by its very simplicity—the restraint of the thirteenth-century work which could almost afford to do without ornament; the restraint of the fourteenth-century architect in harmonising his work so carefully with that of his predecessors, instead of showing us how clever and original he could be. And perhaps nowadays the lesson of simplicity and restraint is not the least useful lesson for us to learn.

they still remain in front of the old houses, whose contemporaries they were, to be seen and admired every day when we pass by. It would be surprising to see them in a museum, duly labelled, though many are quite worthy of such a fate. It is better that they still serve their original purpose, even though they be a little dilapidated and time-worn.

One thinks of them as a series too, because of this comparative aloofness—they have no counterpart in other English Ironwork or Decoration—they began almost spontaneously without much gradual development, began, reached a stage of artistic maturity, held their ground for perhaps nearly



two centuries, during which they passed through consecutive steps of appreciable, if small, differences—and, finally, when the feebleness of old age did not enable them to continue longer in the right path, passed away. In spite of the attraction of the subject, it does not appear to have been dealt with, though no doubt the difficulty of finding any facts concerning it—authors, designers, or anything else—may have been a deterrent.

There appear to be more of these gates and railings left in London and its suburbs than in other parts of the country, and it may be only a coincidence perhaps, but one is reminded of the very interesting old

as the woods and forests lasted, when with them it came to an end. There was thus a large supply of good smithing iron to be had close at hand to the big city, and this, so nearly coinciding with the commencement at least of the railing period, seems likely to have had some influence on their production.

Again, the supremacy of the English on land and sea during the sixteenth century caused a great increase of wealth among English merchants—those of London in particular, and so, no doubt, many a worthy citizen, becoming too rich to live longer over his business place, built himself a



CHEYNE WALK, CHELSEA.

[Some ancient Ironwork appears to have been adapted and conformed to a modern railing, probably losing interest in the process.]

houses in Surrey and Sussex, still well preserved, of the half-timbered period—Elizabethan—either earlier or later. They are now farm-houses, and visitors come a long way to see them. The fine old interiors have an air of being larger and more important than their present use would warrant—as if they had been used by richer people—which is accounted for by their having been built by the wealthy iron-masters who owned the smelting works and iron mines then existing. The extensive woods and forests clothing the district supplied the fuel required, and “Sussex Iron” had an excellent name and character. These facts show that a large trade in iron was done for a time, probably as long

“lordly pleasure-house” in the then rural suburb of Chelsea or Hampstead, or even far Highgate, and that he should not be out of the fashion, and having the means, the front of the house was enriched with the beautiful ironwork of the time. No doubt the great fire of 1666 also drove many a rich family out of the City who never returned, but built comfortable houses outside. Any or all these facts would help to account for the presence of this particular form of ironwork in and about London. In the case of one house in Chester, where it is said a beautiful railing still exists—Spencer House—the name probably implies that in the pre-railway days when travelling was all but impossible,





CHEYNE WALK, CHELSEA.

[Old Ironwork—"Réchauffé."]

the aristocratic families (here the Spencers) had their town house in the county town. With the advent of steam all this was altered, and the old houses which had been built rather more sumptuously than usual, dropped a step in the social scale, passing into the hands of professional people—doctors and others.

It is doubtful if any exterior railings, prior to the time of Queen Elizabeth, are to be seen to-day. Exposure and change would be quite sufficient to account for that, so that the period of time covered is that from 1600. Nothing of interest was done after 1800; about two centuries cover the whole series. There is a paragraph in Mr. Gardner's excellent book on Ironwork which we will take leave to quote here, as it puts clearly and correctly the stage that preceded, and led up to the railing period.

"The most essentially English development of smithing is seen in the tomb railings, formed of plain and massive vertical bars, of which our cast-iron spear-headed area railings are the descendants. While in foreign countries they were endeavouring to retain beautiful lacy designs for their grilles and tomb-rails, and to overcome the assailable weakness of these by elaborate defensive crestings, we were going straight to the point, by

introducing a rail of vertical bars, with no horizontal bars or filling in whatever between them to afford a foothold. Beauty was made subservient to practical utility in a way that at once brought such railings into universal use; so that no monument of any pretension was left unguarded by them, down to the close of the Tudor dynasty." This seems to give a clear conception of what was then happening. But the inference we should draw is that while the smiths on the Continent were luxuriating in artistic licence, and letting themselves "go" in richness of detail as much as possible (an historical fact more than once repeated in

Art), our English smiths preferred the plainer and simpler work as a matter of artistic reticence.

In all the history of Art and Architecture it has appeared that England, though more slow to seize on any new movement or tendency than our more lively French neighbours, for instance, and therefore generally coming a little later in point of time with any new form of work, has nevertheless benefited, and by her very slowness been given the opportunity of seeing what faults to avoid. So that it is most likely that while the foreign smiths were trying to make their screens and grilles more and more sumptuous, by multiplying the detail—the

ROSETTI'S HOUSE (QUEEN'S HOUSE),  
CHEYNE WALK, CHELSEA.

[This reproduction does not do this fine piece of work justice.]



inevitable end was that the work became a matter of the vice and file—the work of fitters, not smiths. The more practical English smith refused to be thus inveigled and drawn aside from the true object of his craft, sticking to the plain bar that in those days was a task of good smithing to forge out of the rough lump of Sussex or Swedish iron as it came to the workshop. But beyond even this was the artistic appreciation by our English character of the simplicity and reserve of the long vertical lines, of the upright bars broken now and again by a few twisted turns, or at times placed angle-wise to the front. But beyond this very little ornament, the horizontal top bar was often made larger and battlemented for effect, and the corner standards, which were, of course, larger than intermediate bars, were enriched at the top with a four-way fleur-de-lis. The intermediate bars were often formed at the top into bunches of three or more spikes, and here and there one as a pricket for a candle, which, in pre-Reformation times, would be used when saying masses for the repose of the dead.

The reason for taking such particular notice of this matter of the plain bars in the ironwork previous to the period dealt with is both to indicate the natural growth, and that we may appreciate in the later development the reason why the straight, upright bars enter so largely into the design. But no particular light is thrown on the varying dates of the specimens—in spite of much search and inquiry, few facts as to the making or designing, or even approximate dates, can be obtained—with the exception, of course, of such as bear a date, or have initials or monograms worked in.

Where old railings exist in front of an old house, one can form an opinion that the two were erected simultaneously; but even that is not very reliable. Many such specimens of ironwork have been moved on when the house they were made for has been pulled down, and a case in point is the very elaborate gate in Piccadilly in front of Devonshire House, recently placed there, which is its third position.

While, then, we endeavour thus to account for the retention in England of the long, upright bars, we must also satisfy ourselves as to the change of ornament, which in the later work was so different from that of the preceding period. The cause is not far to seek, and we find it in the invasion of Classic or bastard Classic Art that occurred in the reign of

Henry VIII. This monarch not only imported Italian Art—he also imported the artists—and, royalty thus setting the fashion, the flood increased in volume momentarily. What might be our condition now, if the King and the Pope had not quarrelled so bitterly, as to cause the latter to recall all the faithful—including the Italian artists, who were so transforming our Art for us, it would be hard to say. But the effect was seen in the next reign, when, owing to the prosperity of the country, great mansions sprang up everywhere—these and their surroundings and belongings being in the newly decorated style.

If there was one detail more than another which prevailed in this work, part Italian, part Flemish, part English, the cartouche with its scrolled border may claim the honour. It is not unpleasing or unorthodox in any way, and lends itself to



CHEYNE WALK, CHELSEA.

[A very fine example.]



both flat surface work, and at times undercutting—but good, bad, or indifferent, it seemed to catch on in England. Being so popular and prevailing a mannerism, it seems quite likely that the English smiths who were called upon to provide railings for the new houses, were impressed like others, and so succeeded in producing something of a similar shape in their iron.

Scroll work in iron is, of course, not peculiar to any period—its general use shows it to be one of the natural forms into which ornamental iron inevitably falls—but if we take one of the usual ornamental panels from an English railing of about 1650—some more than others—it seems likely that the design was evolved in this way. However, it is not a great matter, artistically. It is certain that on the old traditions of simple up-right bars was grafted a new form of enrichment, and the English smith, instead

of putting a little ornament on every bar, very wisely saw that a much richer effect would be gained by putting the plain vertical bars and ornamental panels side by side, which he did in nearly every case, as we see to-day.

In the "English Renaissance," by Mr. Reginald Blomfield, lately published, a chapter has been devoted at the end of the work, to the ironwork of

the period which his book covers. This hardly does justice to it, considering its artistic value as an Architectural adjunct—if one may so put it. He says: "Throughout the 16th and first half of the 17th centuries, English smithing was content with simple and unambitious work—the grille round Henry VII.'s tomb at Westminster seems to have been the last effort of the Mediæval iron worker."

This grille—screen is a better word—being bronze, its connection with the iron-worker is not quite apparent; it is a very beautiful work and one of which we may well be proud. Previous to this sentence, though in point of time it should follow: "The history of ironwork in England since the days of Mediæval Art is rather curious, as smith's work appears to have been revolutionised by one man." We cannot but infer that it is the French smith Tijou who is referred to.

Now Tijou most probably began his work at

Hampton Court in 1670, and is last heard of in England in 1711—40 years afterwards—a term which would probably represent the working part of his life. From the consideration of the late excellent reprint of his book of designs, we are now much more familiar with his style of work than before.

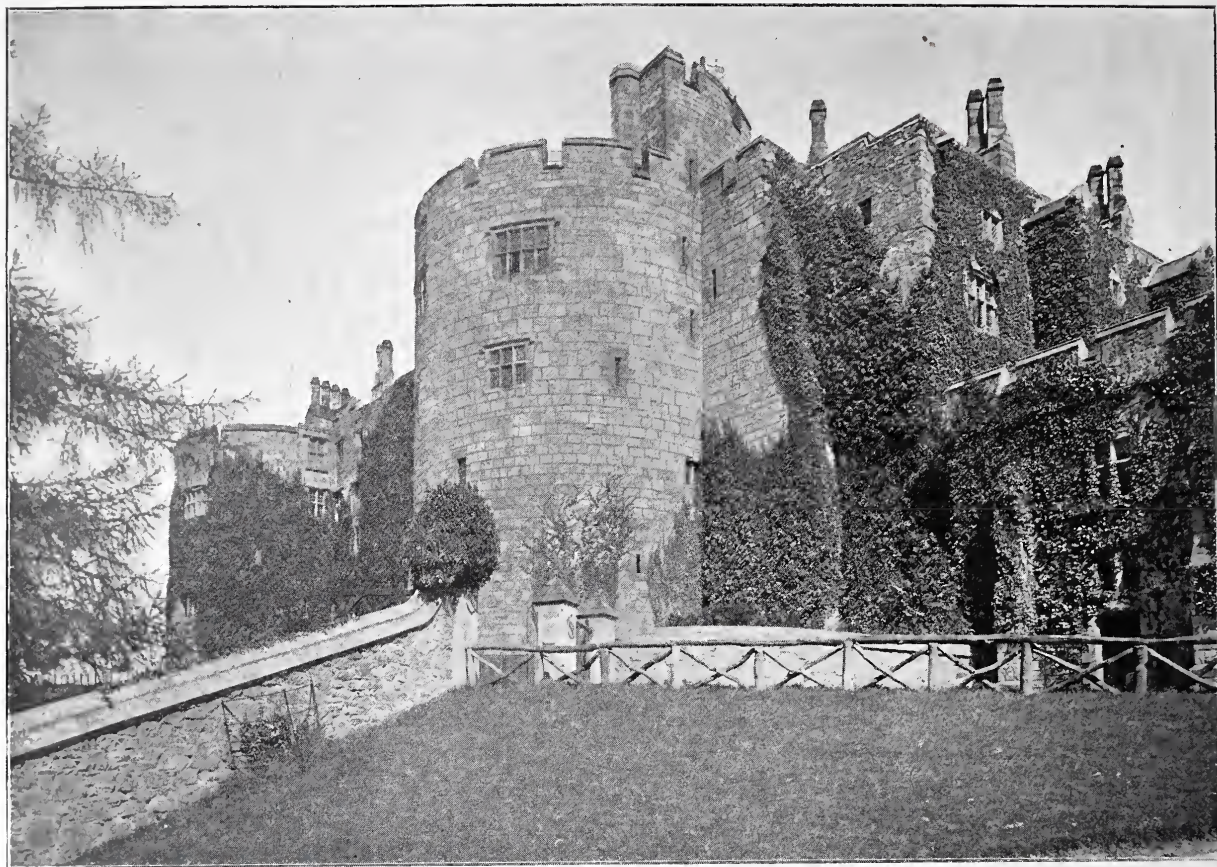
(TO BE CONCLUDED.)



CHELSEA HOSPITAL.

[It is difficult to understand why such a very unsatisfactory piece of ironwork should be found so close to such beautiful architecture. One seeks for one good point—in vain. And some other gates to the Hospital grounds—later than this—are very much worse.]





CHIRK CASTLE, NORTH WALES.

RESTORED BY WELBY PUGIN.

**T**HE LIFE AND WORK OF WELBY PUGIN: BY PAUL WATERHOUSE, M.A.: WITH DRAWINGS BY OLIVER HALL, FRANCIS D. BEDFORD, PATTEN WILSON, AND OTHERS: PART THREE.

THE south transept of this church at Albury is a strange piece of gorgeousness. The glass, as is so often the case with Pugin's *church* glass, is more than one can bear, crude and hot, but there is excellent work in the armorial tiles and the brasses which decorate the floor. The walls, too, are covered with coloured symbolism and design, which nearly give a sense of consecration to this one cultivated corner of the abandoned and desolate church. The transept is the mortuary of the Drummonds, former inhabitants of the estate. Perhaps, as a specimen of Pugin's work, the church is not worth a special visit, but there is a strange pathos about the little building which one would not care to miss, when within attainable reach of it.

A word here about the disappointment of Pugin's glass. It was mostly made by the firm of John Hardman and Co., of Birmingham, at the period when colour in glass was scarcely under control. It was the best glass of its kind and of its time, and Pugin's cartoons for such work are triumphs of mediævalism—sheer triumphs, but the

result does not please us, partly, for one reason, because at the present time we do not aim in glass at the imitation of the thirteenth and fourteenth century work at all. Pugin's glass design, when not in *full colour*, is another matter, and often strangely captivating. There are specimens of this class of work all up and down the Houses of Parliament, which occupy one's admiration by constant variety, freshness, and beauty. Sometimes one finds clear glass windows dashed with the intermittent blaze of heraldry, sometimes a delicate diaper of floral convention, everywhere grace and tenderness; success in fact, not colour nausea, as in the heavy-toned ecclesiastical work. The firm of J. Hardman and Co., with which is associated the name of John Powell, must not be mentioned here without a hearty tribute to the sympathetic co-operation with which they carried out a great number of Pugin's designs in all sorts of material. There exist many beautiful cartoons, whose ambiguous authorship—half Pugin, half Powell—is in itself a testimony to the close alliance of their craft with Pugin's art, and, through the kindness of the present members of the firm, I hope to be able to give in illustration an example of a cartoon, probably drawn, under Pugin's direction, by John Powell, Pugin's devoted disciple and son-in-law.

But to return to the Guildford neighbourhood. The other two examples of Pugin's work are both



in Peperharrow Park, the owner of which, Lord Midleton, sought means to contribute to the production of Gothic architecture without rebuilding his austere classic mansion. Near the southern gateway of the Park stands a group of farm buildings, chief among which is a vast barn, with walls of staunch masonry that would stand a siege,

counterfeit, survival of the monks of Waverley. Pugin would love to see it now, the roof's backbone gnarled by the settling of its oaken ribs and the gable-finials hoary with weather.

At no great distance, but within the private grounds, stands the stone shrine which covers one of the contributory sources of the river Wey.



SKYLINE OF CASTLE AND NUNNERY AT ALTON.

DRAWN BY OLIVER HALL.

and that have successfully resisted the present tenant's efforts to drive in a staple. It is a really fine building this barn, standing well in a stock-yard surrounded by buildings apparently from the same designer's hand, and it has taken on age in mediæval fashion, and been clothed with ivy, so that for all the world it might be a veritable, not a

Caught by the spirit of the place, Pugin the anti-pagan came near to Naiad-worship. For what have we here—a summer house? No, not a summer house. This is no mere Gothic grotto. That vaulted octagon is not all. Step within, and down three steps to that little cell where water bubbles. Through a tiny tunnelled arch it comes, and over a



gargoyle mouth into a basin. Can we not drink? Yes, for on the wall to the right is a piscina, and in it no mug, but a chalice of mysterious metal; and one dips and drinks, and, coming out, replaces the hat which somehow has been lifted under the incongruous sanctity of that Gothic chancel of a source-god's shrine.

The Jesus chapel, or church of the Sacred Heart, near Pontefract, which I have already alluded to, is the domestic chapel of the Tempest family at Ackworth Grange. Pugin must have hesitated to attach a "decorated" shrine to a double-bowed classic mansion, but however much his heart may have shrunk from the hybrid, he somehow did the deed, and the combination from certain points of view is positively happy. The chapel is a good piece of work. Perhaps the rood screen is a little *thin*, and is none the better for being varnished, a treatment to which, as far as I know, Pugin subjected nearly all his oak work. The process is justified, or at least excused, in such a building as the Houses of Parliament, where the London grime would otherwise have entered too freely into the pores of the wood; but in clean Yorkshire country air it is a cruel mistake, and gives a wrong sentiment to the work. The great heart in the tracery of the east window delicately symbolises the dedication without doing violence to traditional form.

The ceilings, both of chancel and nave, are well and richly painted; so is the altar, which behind the paint is apparently of stone. The glass, except that of the east window, is better than usual, and the external stonework is refined as well as ornate.

In Scotland Pugin built a chapel for Sir William Stuart, which at present I cannot locate, and a church at Blairgowrie. He also made a design for St. Margaret's Cathedral, Edinburgh, but his art was not much in request beyond the border. In Wales his only work was, I believe, the restoration of Chirk Castle, an interesting and historic mansion, parts of which are said to date from the eleventh century. At Newcastle he built the church of St. Mary, and at Stockton another church of the same name. Cambridge did not as a university favour him much more than Oxford, though he carried out some restorations at Jesus College, and built a chapel (St. Andrew's) in the town. This unimportant work, which stands at the east end of the modern building in the Union Road, is not to be confounded with the Protestant church of the same dedication consecrated in the same year, 1843, and designed by Ambrose Poynter. Pugin was only partially responsible for the work at Jesus College Chapel. Sir J. Sutton, a fellow commoner, and the Rev. John Gibson, one of the fellows, put together the old materials at their disposal, and did not call in Pugin, except when some *dignus vindice nodus*

demanding the *deus ex machinâ*. They clearly asked his help, however, in the high-pitched portion of the roof, and in the decoration. Pugin designed the screen, and when the north transept arches showed signs of collapsing it was he who devised the tracery which kept them successfully in place. His fertility was also exercised upon the pavement, altar, lectern, and stalls. I am indebted to Mr. W. M. Fawcett, F.S.A., for detailed particulars on this point; and would also refer to Willis and Clarke's "History of Cambridge," ii., 147.

I should mention, by the way, in regard to Oxford, the tradition that religious considerations alone debarred the authorities of Balliol College from calling upon Pugin to carry out the extensions of their college, for which he had actually prepared a design. He was supplanted here by Salvin, the architect he had displaced at Jesus College, Waterhouse's additions at Balliol being of a later date. At Barnstaple he completed the church of St. David, and for the Priory of St. Gregory at Downside, near Bath, he designed but did not erect another of those monastic buildings, which seem to most closely embody the spirit of their devout producer.

When alluding to Pugin's works in Warwickshire I might have enlarged upon Bilton Grange, near Rugby. At the time of his working there this house (now the prosperous school of Mr. Earle) was the residence of the Hibbert family. Pugin's work, nominally a restoration, was in reality the addition of a large original design to a very unworthy nucleus. It is a typical example of his domestic style; not unduly extravagant, and not perfectly successful, but very interesting and full of good and thoughtful detail. The house is rich in the little personal touches with which Pugin loved to animate his work—armorial tiles for example, and what one may call "family" wall paper. The "legend," giving date and owner's name, which forms the terrace balustrade, should be also noticed. Through the kindness of the Rev. Walter Earle, who is proud of, and appreciative of the building which he owns, I was able to spend an afternoon in visiting this house and the already mentioned church buildings in Rugby. The latter consist, besides a church, of various monastic and scholastic erections, one of which exhibits the unusual artifice of an elevation, in which perspective is assisted by a progressive diminution in the width of the piers between the windows. Pugin's church is now but a small aisle of a greater and more recent building.

To my mention of St. Mary's College, at Oscott, I wish to add the information, gleaned from Mr. Bidlake, of Birmingham, that the gatehouse, of which he supplies a sketch, is the only portion for which Pugin was responsible. The other parts of





ALTON CASTLE, ON ALTON ROCK,  
STAFFORDSHIRE: DRAWN BY  
OLIVER HALL.









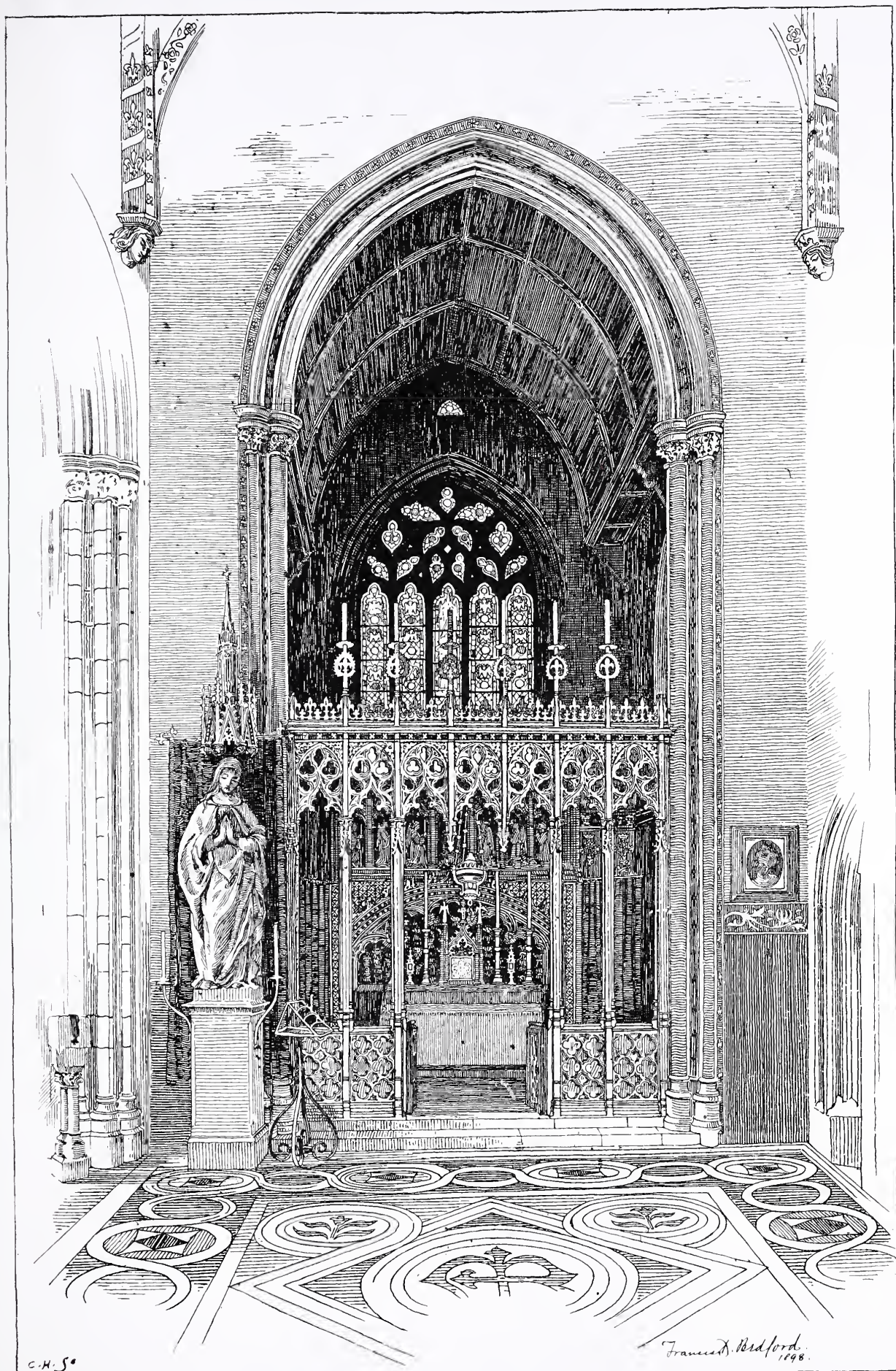
THE NUNNERY AT ALTON.  
DRAWN BY OLIVER HALL.

Oliver Hall.









ST. GEORGE'S CATHEDRAL:  
INTERIOR S.E. CHAPEL:  
DRAWN BY FRANCIS D. BEDFORD.



the college were built when Pugin was only twenty or twenty-one. Not that this piece of chronology is in itself an argument against Pugin's authorship! What was youth to him? Certainly no disability.

Ireland possesses a fair display of Pugin's talent. The college at Maynooth, which was a Government commission, gave the architect a vast amount of trouble at an anxious and particularly overworked period of his life. Pugin designed and carried out churches at Parsonstown, Tagote, and Gorey, as well as a convent at the last-named place. He also

pleted have suffered from the parsimony of the paymasters. The roof-timbers, so important a feature in an unvaulted nave, are wofully starved, but the shrine work and stone detail of the interior generally are specimens of Pugin's most vigorous and most inventive work. Ruskin directed one of his most murderous onslaughts at this building. It is sarcastic and withering, overdrawn and overweighted, yet it has to be painfully admitted, even by one involved in the favourable prejudice of a monograph, that a certain undeniable truth gives the sting to the lash. Want of money, Pugin had



LOOKING DOWN UPON CHEADLE CHURCH.

DRAWN BY OLIVER HALL.

built a church and convent at Waterford, the cathedrals of Killarney and Enniscorthy, and a seat for Lord Dunraven at Adare. The Catholic church of Guernsey is by Pugin, and he supplied designs for many churches in Australia and other Colonies.

The Londoner who wishes to study Pugin within the four-mile cab radius will, perhaps, be disappointed. The most obvious and most accessible of his works is the cathedral church of St. George at Southwark. This building as at present standing falls short, by the omission of its tower, of the designer's conception, and even the portions com-

said, was the ruin of the building, in which the architect's aspirations were thwarted by a committee's parsimony. "Want of money!" echoes Ruskin. "Was it want of money that made you put that blunt, overloaded, laborious ogee door into the side of it? Was it for lack of funds that you sunk the tracery of the parapet in its clumsy zigzags? Was it in parsimony that you buried its paltry pinnacles in that eruption of diseased crockets? Or in pecuniary embarrassment that you set up the belfry fool's-caps, with the mimicry of dormer windows, which nobody can ever reach



nor look out of?" Here at last is the damnation of faint praise: "Expect no cathedrals of him; but no one at present can design a better finial. That is an exceedingly beautiful one over the western door of St. George's, and there is some spirited impishness and switching of tails in the supporting figures at the impost." These were hard blows from a strong hand; and the striker overdid himself. Yet the basis of criticism in the attack is cruelly sound, and one feels bound to come away from a contemplation of the exterior with a sad sense that John Ruskin in this case had found a joint in the harness. The outward architecture of St. George's is a failure, and the completion of the tower would, unhappily, not mend the proportions, though it would serve to "pull together" the at present rather meaningless composition. Mr. T. F. Bumpus has just drawn my attention to the fact that in this church the rood-screen has been removed from the choir arch to the west end of the nave, a strange (though, no doubt, unintentional) perversion of the architect's inflexible propriety in such matters. Respect for his memory should have prevented the change. Here, as elsewhere, Pugin must have credit for his bold honesty in not shrinking from stock-brick.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## A COMMENT ON BEVERLEY MINSTER: BY REGINALD A. CAYLEY.

SIR,—I am very pleased to see Mr. Bilson's paper on Beverley Minster. Mr. Bilson most truly says "the detail is extremely simple, almost severe," yet the proportions are so exquisite that the eye never seems to miss the richness of ornament displayed elsewhere; the balance of proportion fully satisfies it. I wish, however, to discuss a point on which the writer has not touched, one which I think is the real solution of the peculiar arrangement of the piers of the eastern crossing, as well as where the church generally differs from Lincoln and Salisbury, its nearest contemporaries. When the restoration was taken in hand after the fire of 1186, Mr. Bilson seems to imply that a complete *rebuilding* of the choir and both transepts took place, and this was carried on very quickly. I doubt the "*rebuilding*," for, on comparing Lincoln and Salisbury with Beverley, there is such a difference between the wide-spaced, slender piers of the main arcades of the two former, with the close-set, massive ones here, that one must, perforce, ask why this should be—so contrary to the usual contemporary designs. The answer is, I think, that the old Norman choir, etc., was not entirely destroyed. It was probably gutted; its roofs and flat ceiling (like Peterborough) were burnt down;

but the walls and arcades were still standing, though in sad plight. In consequence of this, a temporary ritual choir and high altar were fitted up in the untouched Norman nave, while the restoration of the eastern parts went on. Following the strong English instinct, utilising existing work rather than making a clean sweep and starting anew, the restorers transformed the Norman Church into an Early English one. They cut through the round arches of the main arcades, and absorbed the greater part, if not the whole, of the triforium gallery in the new arcades, and built a new clerestory at a higher elevation. Whether the Norman Church followed exactly the present lines at the east end one cannot tell, probably not. There was, probably, an apsidal chapel in the middle, projecting about as far as the present church. When the restorers took the work in hand, they instinctively returned to the English rule of a square east end, and carried on the work from there westwards, working in the old work as they went on. At the eastern crossing there seems to have been a change of plan. At first, I think, they tried to restore the lantern tower over it—hence the thirteenth century work we find above the vault—but, finally, after completing the clerestory, they cut through the Norman arches of this lantern, which sprang from where these piers bulge out so awkwardly, so that the vault might be carried through from east window to central tower. In the same way, in later days, the restorers continued their work down the nave, working in the old Norman arcades, which thus governed the spacing of the bay, while, as they got westward, the details of window changed with the fashion of the day. I should be glad to have this matter thrashed out. These transformations were far commoner than is generally supposed, *e.g.*, the nave of Worcester, where Norman and Transitional work still remains above the arcades, which in detail are of early and late fourteenth century.

## KING JOHN'S DINNER HOUR.

IN a certain village in the midland counties the memory of King John is still kept green. Not a quarter, perhaps, of the inhabitants have ever heard of Magna Charta, no other charter being known to them than the small charter granted by that illustrious sovereign to hold a great fair there every October. Nor have they ever heard of the murder of Arthur, Duke of Brittany, and are perhaps more ignorant than the rest of the world with regard to the number of that king's children. But all know the hours at which he took his meals, for does not the church bell daily sound them, that none may forget—at seven for his breakfast, at



eleven for his dinner, and at four for his supper. For generations the bell has rung, through all the disturbances of the Wars of the Roses, through Puritan times to the present. How the practice was started, and why kept up, no one knows.

The village itself is in no wise out of keeping with its history. A cluster of grey stone houses, rising and falling according to the nature of the ground, a windmill that tells of breezes and the high-lying flat country around, and the church overlooking a little piece of water which binds in the village on the south. Here were King John's fishponds kept for his private use, and close by once

historic bells grate on the ear of the church enthusiast, who would separate the daily uses of life from their religious observances, who agonise over the mixing of the call to Divine service with the recollection of those mundane calls to meals that no one shares in now.

But what said William Law—William Law, the non-juror, who was born here and who spent the last twenty years of his life here? He, too, added to the historic interest of the place. His "Serious Call to a Devout and Holy Life" was written here, he founded almshouses and girls' and boys' schools, and left his library for the public use, and those



THE CHURCH WHERE THE BELL STILL  
TOLLS AT KING JOHN'S DINNER HOUR.

stood his palace or hunting-box. From the great church tower, with its broach spire, rang out, too, in former times, the gleaning, the passing, the winding, and then, as now in winter, the curfew bell. The village must have been a ringing island to the woodmen, charcoal burners, and gamekeepers of the great forest of Rockingham, in the centre of which it once stood. The church dates from Norman times, the broach spire being added in the thirteenth century, when probably the body of the church was rebuilt. Its old tiles and porches, just out of the perpendicular, must offend and plead earnestly to the eye of the "restorer," as the

who walk up the hill at the extremity of the village may enter the stone building, standing off from the road, nearly opposite the almshouses, and bearing somewhat the appearance of a small almshouse itself, and take down the old volumes, printed in Hebrew, Greek, Latin, French, Italian, and other modern languages, from the cupboards arranged round the room, and pore over them, undisturbed by the quiet villagers, or by the distant chime that bell after bell has sounded since the year 1216, when passed away in the forty-ninth year of his age, the only king, one might say, the village ever owned.

KHEPR.



**T**HE CHURCH AND TOWN: No. II.: IN AND AROUND WARWICK: LETTERPRESS AND ILLUSTRATIONS BY OLIVER BRACKETT.

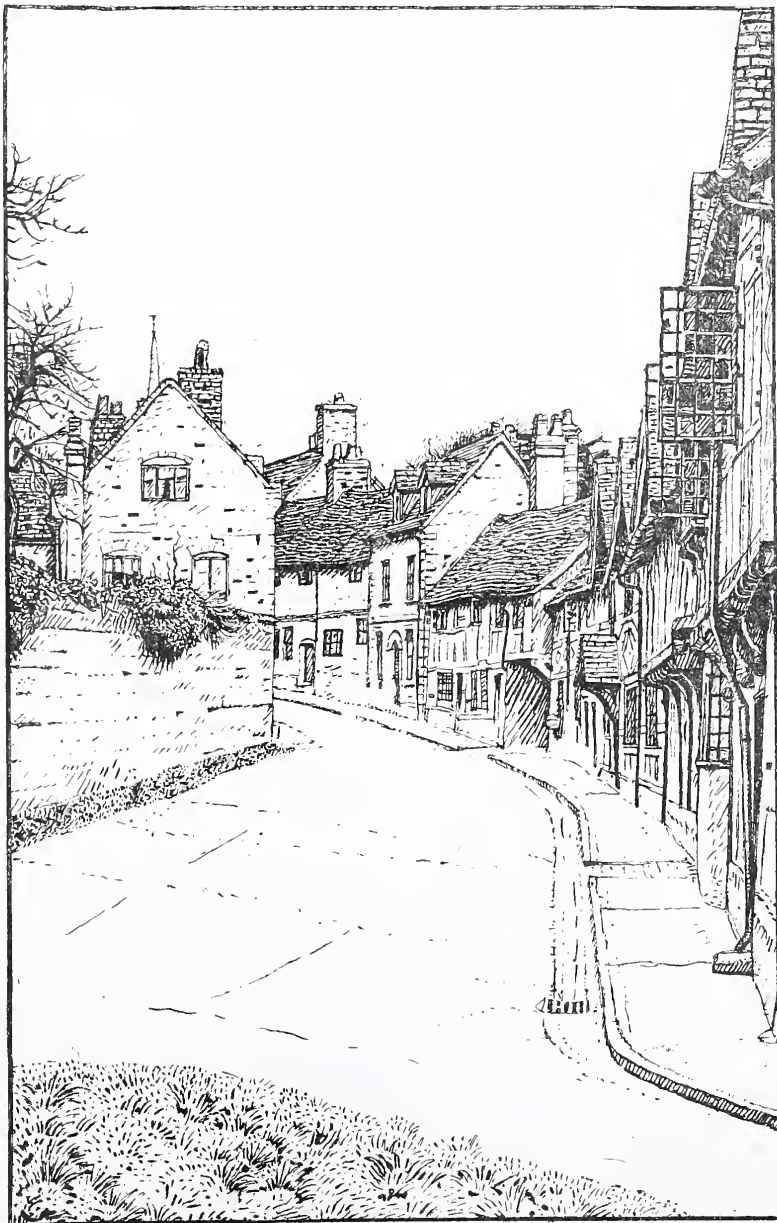
THERE is much about Warwickshire scenery, essentially *simple* as it is, that is both valuable to an artist and interesting to anyone who cares about English landscape. It certainly has none of those striking qualities which make some landscapes so much to be admired. For it is peculiarly English and "homely" country, rich in stretches of green meadow, thickly studded with trees, in picturesque houses and beautiful gardens. It is the country that Shakespeare has often made the background to his plays—to those plays generally in which he has depicted the lighter rather than the deeper passions of humanity. In "As You Like It," for instance, the scene is laid in the Forest of Arden, which to-day is represented by the neighbourhood of Henley-in-Arden; and the nature of the scene seems to be reflected in the characters themselves. Full of health and spirits as they are, the troubles of life weigh but lightly on them in a world where the sun seems generally to shine and the showers are no sooner come than gone.

In the centre of the county is Warwick, a fine specimen of an old English town, where a stranger might safely be recommended to fix his headquarters. For its architectural beauties it enjoys a fame, probably, that no other English town can rival. Americans invariably make it a halting place in their pilgrimage through Europe, and shower upon it some of their singularly inappropriate but expressive epithets. I have heard an enthusiastic American sum up the beauties of Warwick with the obscure adjective "bully."

Much of the charm of Warwick lies in the fact that no attempt has ever been made to modernise it; and although its buildings date from the Norman period, and cover a large portion of the architectural field, there has been little need for the

generally misguided attentions of the restorer. A large portion of the walls and the East and West Gates are still standing. The castle, cold and grey, seems to tower in solitary grandeur, like an old nobleman brooding alone. Perhaps the finest views of the castle are those from the park, where permission to paint can generally be obtained.

It is, besides, a delightful place to work in. A charming study of the castle gateway can be made from there, the magnificent cedars contrasting with the grey of the stone—especially in sunshine, when the trees cast many curious shadows. The effect when the sun is setting, and the castle stands out a huge, dark mass against the light, is very fine. From one of the castle towers a picturesque view



MILL STREET, WARWICK.

DRAWN BY OLIVER BRACKETT.





OLD HOUSE, WARWICK.  
DRAWN BY OLIVER BRACKETT.

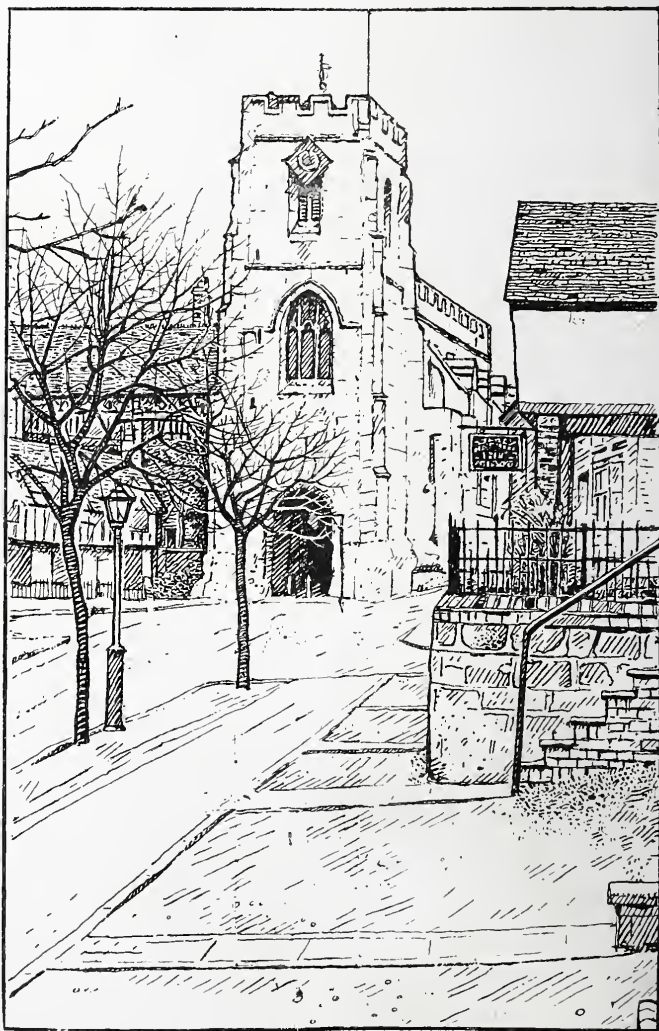
of the town *à vol d'oiseau* is obtained. You look down on the roofs, with the tower of St. Mary's Church rising through them, and far in the distance shows the outline of the Cotswold Hills. The town is built on a hill, the church naturally occupying the highest position. Many of the streets are extremely picturesque, often narrow and winding, with quaint pointed gables and timber framework, and small diamond-paned windows. The streets seem to lend themselves very well to pen-and-ink or pencil drawing. The house on the upright drawing is almost unique, the upper story being supported at the ends by figures in a kind of caryatic arrangement,

while on one of the mouldings between the figures is a row of masks. Another house of peculiar interest is one in Smith Street (a building of later date), once the home of the poet Walter Savage Landor.

Indeed, for all with a love of picturesque architecture, Warwick provides an almost inexhaustible mine of treasures. All round it, too, are places which Nature, or Art, or History have made interesting. The ruined castle of Kenilworth (five miles north) has, perhaps, chiefly an historical interest; ruined and desolate as it is, it forms but a melancholy subject. Ten miles to the north, through the magnificent park of Stoneleigh, lies Coventry. The legend of Lady Godiva has done much

to throw a certain halo of romance round this city; and even to-day there exists a relic of this lady's unique act of heroism to save the citizens from tyranny. During the annual Fair Week a procession goes through the streets, riding in which is a figure attired in such a way as to suggest Lady Godiva's lack of attire. But I believe the importance of this festivity is gradually on the decrease.

The most widely known of these Warwickshire towns is, of course, Stratford-on-Avon. It is eight miles south of Warwick. Not in itself of extraordinary beauty or picturesqueness, yet as Shakespeare's home and birthplace it has a fascination for everyone. Anne Hathaway's cottage, about two miles away, a low, thatched building, stands in a lovely garden ablaze with many-coloured flowers. It is, of course, a well-known subject for painters. Charlecote, too, three or four miles from Stratford, owes its fame partly to its association with Shakespeare's memory and partly to its own intrinsic beauty. The red-brick Elizabethan mansion, with its tall, characteristic chimneys, stands in a park



THE WEST GATE.  
WARWICK.

DRAWN BY OLIVER  
BRACKETT.



equally famed for its deer and its elms. In the sixteenth century the house and estate belonged to a certain Sir Thomas Lucy, whose memory Shakespeare immortalised by stealing his deer, and in whose honour he afterwards wrote a rather uncomplimentary ballad.

In a county like Warwickshire it is hardly surprising to find one or two places which fortune or misfortune have buried so deeply in the heart of the country that they have escaped the railways. Such is the case with Compton Wynyates. It is difficult to imagine a spot more secluded; and it is quite certain that here (even on Bank Holiday) the air will not be profaned by the melodies of the tripper. The house itself is a picturesque red-brick mansion, built in the reign of Henry VIII. The capriciousness of its design, the almost reckless disregard of the laws of order and symmetry prove how essentially Gothic in character is this early Renaissance architecture in England. Behind the

house rises a steep bank thickly covered with trees, forming a crown to it, making altogether an exceedingly interesting composition. Compton Wynyates is close to the Edgehills, the nearest station-town being Kineton. Such a fine mediæval mansion deserves to be better known.

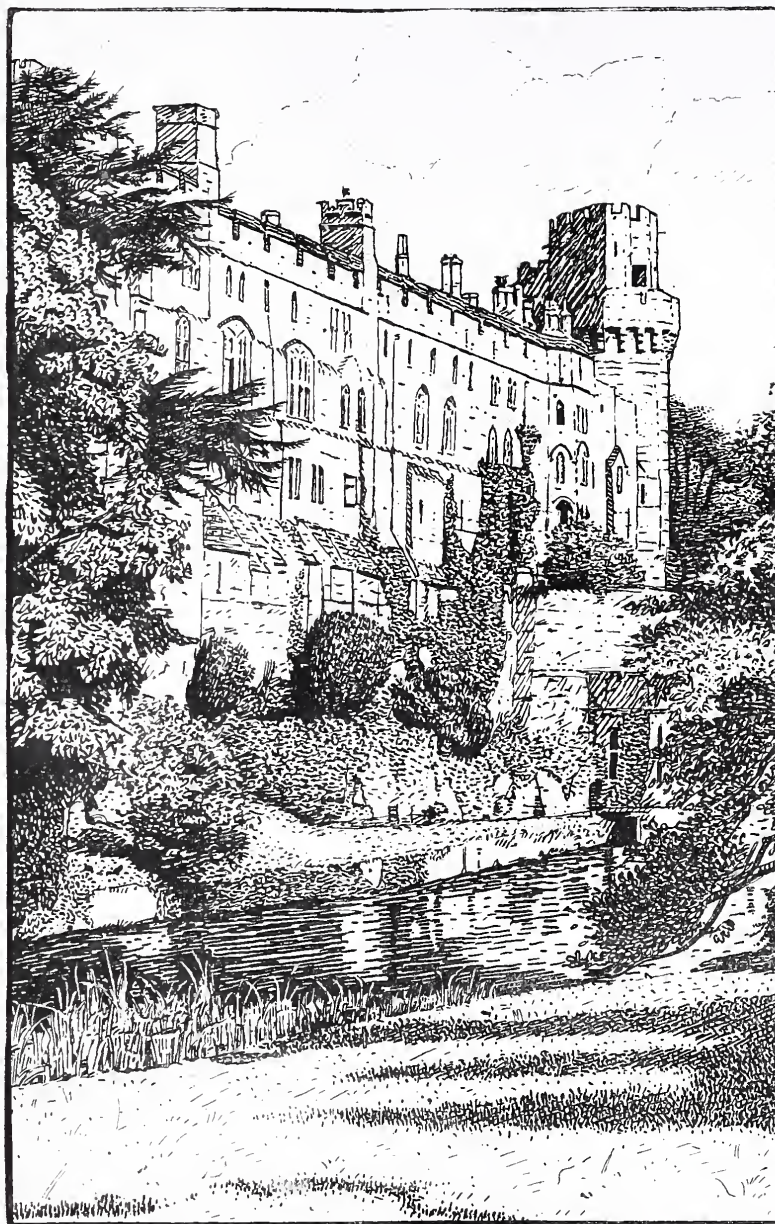
The interiors of some of these fine houses are no less interesting than their exteriors; and, indeed,

the study of any building is incomplete without some knowledge of its interior. Especially worthy of mention are the courtyards, the halls, the staircases, and rooms in Warwick Castle; The Priory, Warwick; St. Mary's Hall, Coventry; and Compton Wynyates.

One generally supposes that the country folk or peasants of a country are part of the product of the soil, and have, to some extent, similar characteristics. For instance, we should expect to find the natives of a wild and rugged country themselves dark and romantic, and those born and bred in a bright and sunny land themselves gay and lively. The Warwickshire country people appear to have no peculiarly striking qualities, which is, perhaps, the character of the county as a whole. Their accent is broad, but more intelligible than that of many English counties.

To Midlanders, probably, these remarks will contain little or nothing that is not quite well known already. But certainly there are people

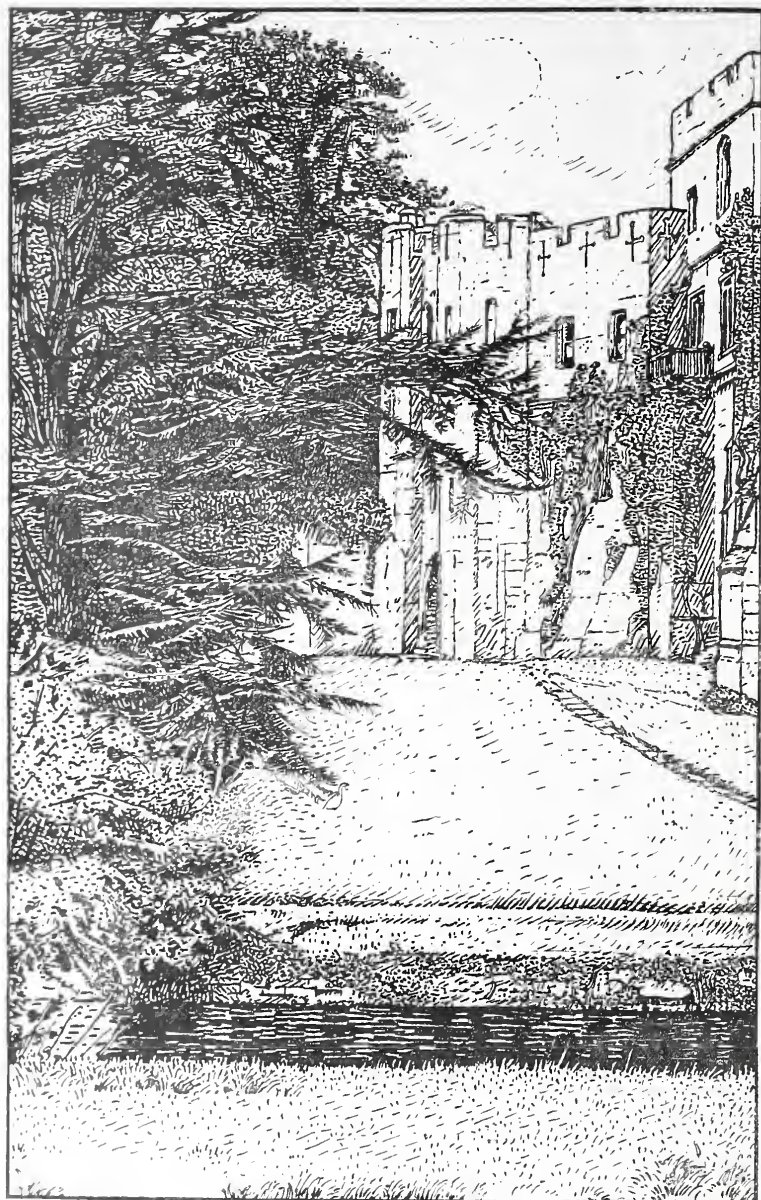
to whom Warwickshire is quite an unknown county; and it is for them that I have tried to suggest the general character of the county, and to select for mention the most interesting of the small towns scattered over it. In so doing I have endeavoured to look at them, not from the point of view of the guide book, revelling in dates and historical fact, but rather as they would strike an art student—



THE CASTLE FROM  
THE PARK.

DRAWN BY OLIVER  
BRACKETT.





WARWICK CASTLE  
FROM THE PARK.

DRAWN BY OLIVER  
BRACKETT.

that is to say, from the point of view of the picturesque and the beautiful; to show that, as a whole, Warwickshire country has a charm of its own, and that, though some of it is less interesting, yet "parts of it are excellent."

## THE WORK OF JOHN SEDDING.

MANY of the photographs from which reproductions have been made in the articles upon the work of John Sedding are from negatives by Mr. William Ellis, photographer, of 34, St. John's Church Road, Hackney, N.E. The last instalment of this article will be given next month with an "Appreciation of J. D. Sedding," by Heywood Sumner, and also one by C. W. Whall.

THE LIFE OF JEAN CARRIÈS, A LITTLE-KNOWN FRENCH SCULPTOR AND POTTER: BY MONS. EMILE HOVELAQUE: PART SIX.

HAVING now particularly described the manner of Carriès' life, wherein he shone supremely as a star amongst his fellow men, I will shortly describe his strong personality and general attributes as known by those intimately connected with him. From the illustrations herewith something will be seen of his nature in his finely marked features and physical peculiarities, which are described further on; but if only he could be seen alive one would become even more profoundly impressed by his subtle influence.

Carriès was of middle height; his broad shoulders and peculiarly prominent chest, his supple walk, extreme decision of movement and intrepid air, gave one a sense of strength curiously belied by his extraordinary pallor, spectral eyes, and the nervous delicacy visible in the slender neck, quivering hands, and almost feminine refinement of his person. "He gave one the impression of the silkiest down," says the painter Cesbron, speaking of Carriès at two or three-and-twenty: "the strange softness of his features called up the idea of a creature different from all others, and, so to say, not of this earth. In reality he was so fragile, one felt pity for him and a dread of losing him, but his charm swept all

such feelings away; his high spirits, gaiety, the originality of his character immediately effaced this first impression and dazzled you. One could only think of the rare harmony of face and character; his fascination was irresistible."

This union of opposite qualities, accentuated by time, the innumerable facets that glittered on the unknown and shifting centre, the permanent love that was the true Carriès so few ever knew, the startling contrasts he presented, attracted but disquieted. A feeling of uneasiness quickly arose. He was too various, too unusual, too *uncertain* to be generally understood, and with most people this uneasiness persisted. His likeness to some lustrous, supple, feline creature justified the feeling. There was something fitful, savage, and solitary in him that occasionally flashed through his



grace, showing him untamed and terrible. An unknown force, vehement and simple as the instinct of a wild animal, visibly resided in him, pitilessly using him—and through him all things and all men—as its instrument to attain its ends. Not one parcel of his thought or force would it allow to be diverted—it absorbed all. “No one was ever Carriès’ friend,” was the sad confession of one who most dearly loved him. This was not egoism, but intense solitude of soul and restlessness, a hatred of constraint, fear of dependence, deep distrust which opposition and suffering had exasperated. He had been too much alone with visions that possessed him wholly, staling reality. He had struggled against and conquered odds too great, amidst trials, deceptions, indignations too bitter, not to despise the common herd of men. His scars had never healed: success or cessation of the fever, which for him was life, had never come to abate the distrust which in return he inspired.

Yet Carriès was appreciated as he deserved by a few natures superior in nobility and intelligence, who loved him, not for themselves, but for him, understanding how utterly cerebral and apart the man was, how wayward, passionate, and rare he was. No one who felt distinction could frequent him without falling under the spell of his unique personality, or remain long insensitive to the sorcery he exercised—consciously, deliberately, for Carriès had the Southern suppleness and plasticity: he was the artist of his own mind, played on its brilliant faculties like a virtuoso, was the first to enjoy his own charm, dazzle himself while dazzling you, until he himself could scarcely have said how far his sincerity went. In these moments of *verve*, nothing could exceed the variety of his conversation, the most striking I have heard. Often grammatically incorrect, it had the flavour and pithiness of a proverb, was instinct with mother-wit, tingling with life. It fascinated by an impetuosity, a grasp on reality, a comic force, a penetration and picturesqueness that left our set phrases and slow observation far behind. Sudden splendours of expression broke through it, alternating with bursts of boyish exuberance, turns of careless grace, coaxing or despotic like a woman’s. His extraordinary fineness of perception, his sensitiveness to all that was harmonious in life or art, quickness of judgment and subtlety, made him the keenest of critics; his wit and passion gave double life to all he said. The quivering of his nerves seemed to pass into his conversation—one seemed to feel their palpitation physically, like that of a bird struggling in one’s hand.



CARRIÈS IN 1890.

But, as in his work, his *exquisiteness* kept his perilously swift play of faculties harmonious and rare. A thousand details added to this sensation of natural exquisiteness; Carriès always had about him some perfect flower, contrasting with his negligent dress, or in his pocket some dainty netzuké, some precious bronze or fragment of delicately-carved wood, some fruit or fir-cone his eye had singled out off a common stall among a hundred others less fine—some consummate achievement of Nature or Art. In his atelier he would sometimes suddenly pull out a drawer and show you a polished gourd or violet mad-apple, just bought with its hairy leaves, capricious spiny tendrils, freaks of colour and strange distorted form rank with life, some marvellous moth or shell secretly kept there in darkness, some jewel of the vegetable or animal world. This was no dilettantism—he made use of all—a memory of their epiderm, their colour, their form, their fineness, persisted in his pottery, giving it the savour of some natural growth.

But by one of the contrasts which made him so puzzling a whole, at once so feminine and so virile, an austere spirit and a dangerously facile hand, his love of delicacy, of select form of richness was allied to the sternest simplicity of taste. His





CARRIÈS IN 1889, AT MONTRIVEAU,  
WITH HIS FIERCE DOGS.

atelier was bare. "True richness," he would say, "is in grey, whitewashed walls, with a few engravings by Dürer, or photographs from Rembrandt or Velazquez." And again: "All harmony is simplicity." A few Japanese pots, a few of his own, an apple, a pomegranate, or a flower on a shelf, a few casts, alone relieved the nakedness of his studio. The same severity lay beneath the exterior brilliancy of his work. Whatever was inharmonious, flashy, confused, cold, or unemotional in Art was hateful to him; the rhetoric, the purely intellectual side of even the greater Italians, as distasteful to him, as to Ruskin. The Art he loved was more homely, more human, nearer the senses and the heart. "J'ai horreur du chef-d'œuvre," he would say; and the "manie du chef-d'œuvre," the haunting to be always attempting a masterpiece, "le Grand Art," before one knows one's business, he rightly looked upon as the curse of modern Art, which is persecuted by the presence of a crushing past. "Be a good *workman*," Carriès said, "who'll keep in bounds. You'll only attempt what you can do." This inflexible artistic probity was at the root of his nature. It made him intolerant of pretension, contemptuous of the flimsy work of his generation, the enemy of his time and contemporaries, who generously returned his hatred. Such was, briefly, Carriès. To sum up one's total impression in a word is not easy. The sense of something rude and delicate, savage and rare, a subtle perfume of Nature, was the dominant one. He was born out of his time. His nature was too

entire to be understood. An Italian of the early Renaissance, an artisan of the Gothic time, would have treated him as a brother: a conventional age neglected and exasperated him, rendered him responsible for an apparent unscrupulousness, made necessary by the hardness of the times and the urging of his genius. Those who judged him with severity forgot that, if Carriès sacrificed others to his dream, he sacrificed himself utterly first of all. Those who saw his failings alone were not worthy of knowing him. His was a nature to which—far more than to the rascally braggart Benvenuto Cellini—the words of Pius III. may be applied: "Such men are unique, and must not be submitted to the common laws"—at any rate of our judgment.

In the preceding pages much has been said of the essential traits of Carriès' sensibility, of the experiences and emotions which penetrated his Art, of the craftsmanship which perfected it. We already possess elements for a criticism of his achievement. It remains to establish clearly the divisions of his work, by studying the evolution which led him from his first busts, realistic and romantic, to the brilliant evocations in bronze of the central period, to the weird imaginations of the end, which were yielding to a saner, simpler art when Death struck him down. A final estimate of the nature and limits of his talent, of the value and signification of what he has left us, will then be possible, and will be given in the June number.



CARRIÈS SEATED IN THE DINING-ROOM  
OF MONTRIVEAU (1893).



# PARIS NOTES: BY OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

THE way Art is protected by the State in France may give pause to those who ask for such protection in England. In the very number of the *Chronique des Arts* containing my last article on Versailles, M. Ary Renan is forced to implore private aid to save the frescoes of Chassériau, given over by the State to the contractor charged with demolishing the Cour des Comptes. Burnt in 1871, that noble ruin, one of the chief ornaments of the Quais, is to be replaced by a station. A certain number of old gas-lamps, balconies, &c., were reserved by the State; but not one word was said about the frescoes, parts of which alone had been damaged by the flames. They are thrown in with the bricks which become the property of the contractor. Chassériau's glory has been cast into the shade by his contemporaries, Myres and Delacroix. Still, work by such a hand merited a better fate than five and twenty years' exposure to wind and rain and final destruction by a builder.

\* \* \* \*

But all hope of preserving the frescoes is not lost. Probably the State will at last wake up and buy back its own property, at heavy cost. Something similar happened when the marvellous stained glass at Vincennes was "restored." The old fragments were abandoned to the workmen. Most of them perished. A few were saved by intelligent collectors. And now in the Louvre the head of a Virgin from Vincennes, exquisite in design and colouring, can be seen with the following inscription "Don de M. Oudinot." What has become of the rest it is impossible to say.

\* \* \* \*

The puerile complications, the shortcomings of that "General Circumlocution Office," the Administration des Beaux Arts, would fill a volume. As Dickens puts it in "Little Dorrit": "Whatever was required to be done, the Circumlocution Office was beforehand with all the public departments in the art of perceiving—HOW NOT TO DO IT." One of the most amusing examples of its action is again furnished by Versailles. For many years the care of the inside and outside of the palace depended on two separate services, at war with each other, as is generally the case with the bureaux. They absolutely refused to have any communication, and their efforts, as a consequence, never by any chance coincided. When a window was cleaned on the outside it was left dirty on the inside—or *vice versa*. This is no invention, but a fact. Now both are united in one. Harmony reigns, and the windows are clean or dirty inside and out.



CARRIÈS IN 1890.

One more example and I have done with the Circumlocution Office. The sculptor Bartholomé's fine "Monument des Morts" was recently bought by the State for the Cemetery of Père la Chaise, which belongs to the Municipality. M. Bartholomé asked the State for leave to make use of its *dépot des marbres*, where Rodin works at his great gate for the Palais des Arts Décoratifs. After waiting for six months he received his answer: "The Monument had been bought by the State, but belonged to the Municipality. Consequently, the State could not allow M. Bartholomé to make use of its ateliers." The Municipality in turn, after long hesitation, replied: "The ateliers of the Ville de Paris could not be used for a work which, doubtless, would belong to it when finished, but which meanwhile belonged to the State." And so M. Bartholomé, after a year's delay, had to construct, at his own expense, an atelier for his colossal work. The story was recently told me by M. Bartholomé himself.

\* \* \* \*

Such are the encouragement and protection afforded Art and artists by the State. England is better without them.

\* \* \* \*

The artistic season has fairly commenced in Paris. The habit of organising numerous small independent exhibitions becomes every year more



general, and threatens by a multiplication of somewhat doubtful attractions to defeat its purpose of gaining more individual attention than the artist can hope for in the enormous annual exhibitions at the Champs Elysées or Champ de Mars. After the exhibitions of dead artists—Chassériau, Chintreuil, Français—we have sundry artificial groups—the Franc-Comtois, the Orientalistes, the Internationalistes, the women-artists, etc.; and we have recently \*been invited to the annual shows in various clubs—Volney, Epatant, etc. Little need be said of any save, perhaps, the complete series of Français' paintings. A few words may suffice on each. The Franc-Comtois are so numerous, one may well ask whether they are not somewhat like the Bretons of the famous Breton dinners presided over by Renan, where an occasional negro startled one by his doubtful Breton physiognomy, and where the leading members were anything save what they pretended to be. MM. Gérôme, Dagnan-Bouveret, Ponitelin, are the protagonists of an exhibition singularly uninteresting, and to which they communicate no interest. The "Jeu d'échecs," of a subtle and reflective artistic nature, M. Comont, however, deserves particular notice, for rare and delicate qualities of execution and tender observation. M. Prinnet's portraits merit also more than a passing mention.

\*       \*       \*       \*

At the Orientalists the general level is higher without attaining great distinction. A few studies by M. Dinet contain, as usual with this extremely gifted artist, passages intensely expressive and poetical in their dim richness of colour: his languorous "Sur les terrasses, clair de lune," his "études d'Arabes," so strikingly, so uncompromisingly true, are, with M. Cottet's pictures, by far the most remarkable in the Exhibition. M. Cottet is, perhaps, of all the younger school, the most powerfully, the most naturally endowed with a sense of the magnificence of vigorous colour: the vibration of his sombre, grave, impressive notes pursues one like an organ-tone. Much may be hoped for, from so rich a nature, in the reaction against the wishy-washy attenuated harmonies of the anæmic school we suffer from. His rude strength may startle the delicate retina of the "æsthetic;" it is deep enjoyment for those who can appreciate the sanity, frankness, and energy of his splendid physical sensibility. At the other exhibitions there is little to attract special notice. The vulgar brilliancy of the portraits by M. Benjamin-Constant, the chill inanity of M. Jules Lefebvre's, the banal sentimentality of M. Bouguereau's "A la source," &c., continue to attract crowds to the Cercle Volney, where there is little to look at save the ladies' toilettes.

The exhibition of Français' works is of greater interest. It enables one to form a clear idea of the place and importance of that most laborious artist who painted till the very end of his long life, a few months ago, with steady and somewhat mechanical industry. He is a satellite of the great group of landscape painters, Corot, Rousseau, Daubigny, Diaz, and not, as is too often repeated, himself a star of the first magnitude. His place is secondary, and he brings no new version, no rare gift, but simply an honest, robust, healthy and rather common-place talent to the interpretation of that Nature his great elders and companions saw each and all as it was never seen before, and expressed by a technique individual and original. But there is a sense of great enjoyment, honest and simple, in all he did. "Aren't you tired at your age," said the solemn Chenavard to him one day, "of always painting those scrubby little trees over and over again?" "Well, you see, old fellow," answered Français, without looking up from his canvas, "painting always seems to bore *you*: moi, ça m'amuse toujours." And something alert, clear, and light remains in all his work, giving it at times an easy precision, a simple harmony, an amiable truthfulness that are no mean qualities. All Français' amenity, gentle optimism, unruffled tranquility, are visible in the curious equality of his achievement, which slightly bores one by a certain monotony of honourable success. He is distinctly the painter of landscape for the educated middle classes, a sort of André Theuriet in painting, who never startles the well-balanced mind or exacts painful efforts of attention. One would perhaps place him higher if so many people were not inclined to place him too high. As it is, what he leaves is important. But we could, perhaps, do without it since we have Rousseau and Corot. That cannot be said of either Daubigny or Diaz. Français himself spoke of his great masters in terms that might serve as a warning to his admirers who would set him, not at their feet, but by their sides.

\*       \*       \*       \*

Recently the Louvre acquired the bust of a young woman, discovered at Elché, in Spain, last September. The work is Græco-Phœnician. Its beauty, importance, and rarity are so great that it is impossible to devote only a few lines to one of the most curious and admirable of archæological discoveries. A whole world is revealed to us by the researches of MM. Heuzey and Pierre Paris, to whom we are indebted for this bust and a few other fragments of Iberian Art. I will return at length to the subject next month.

EMILE HOVELAQUE.



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AND

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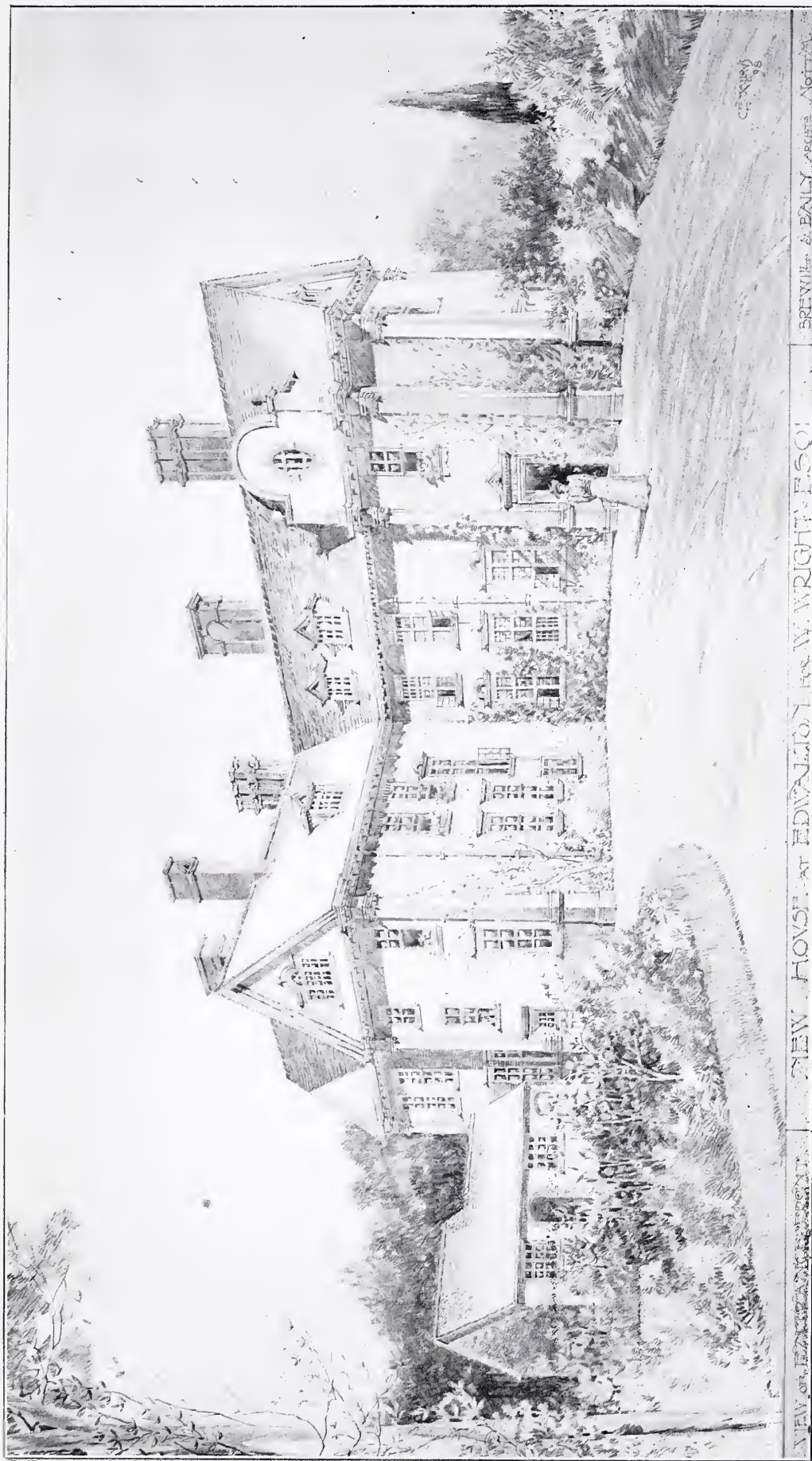
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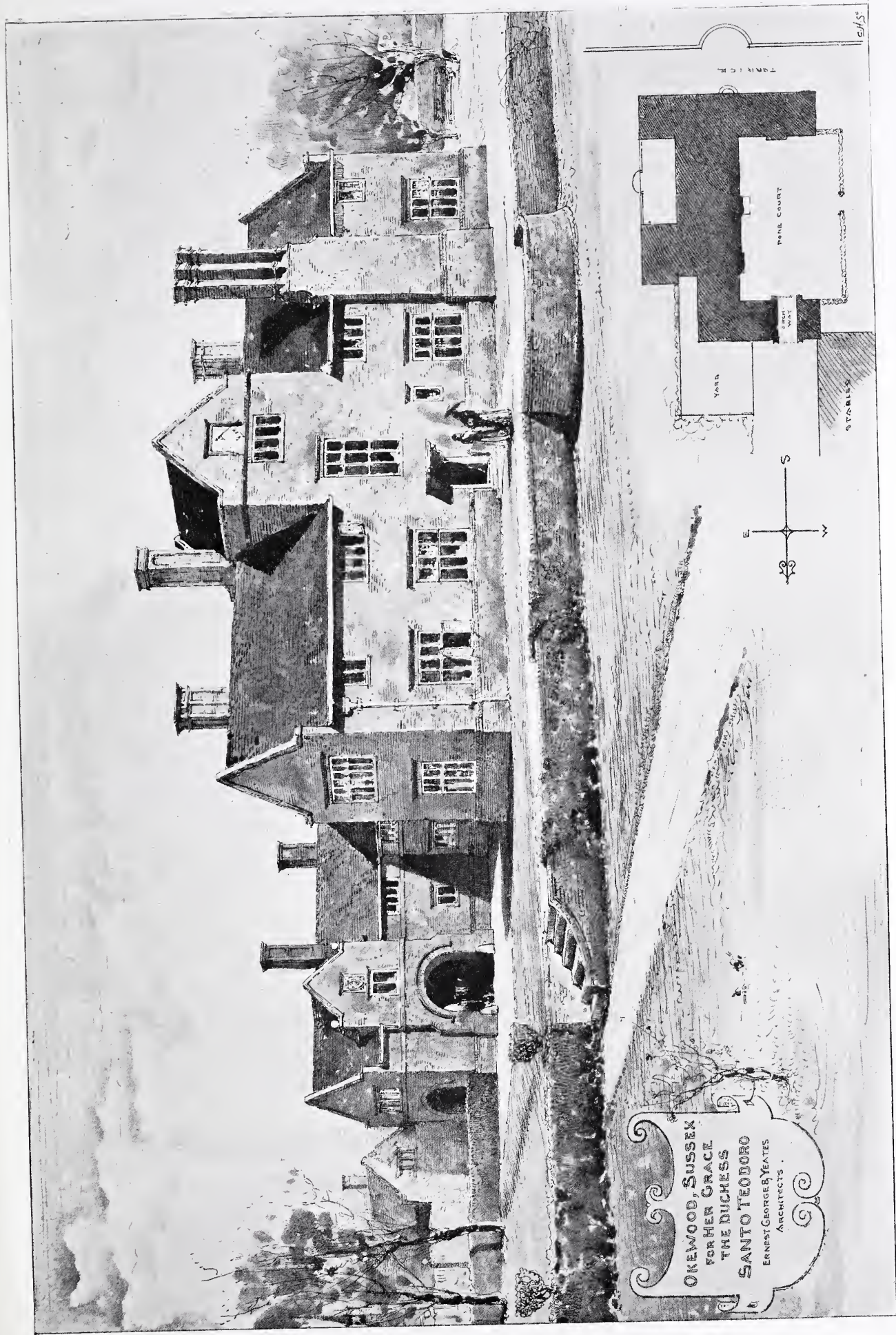
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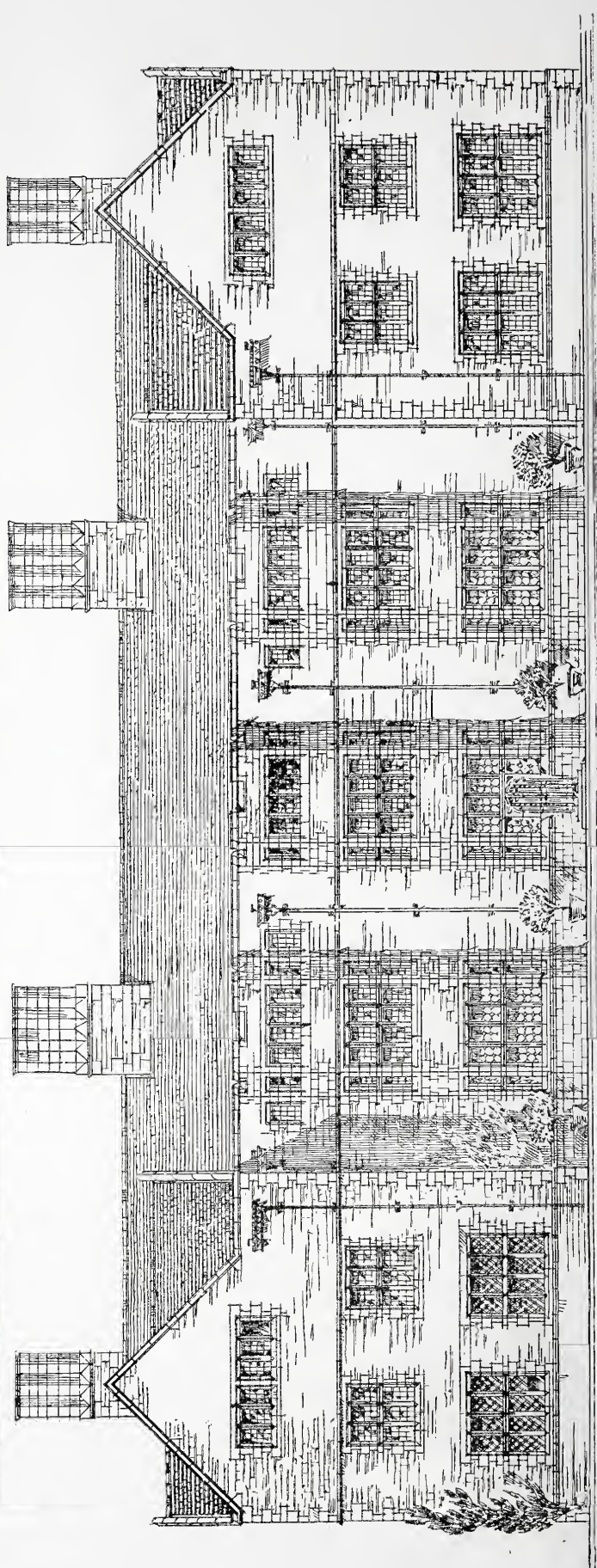
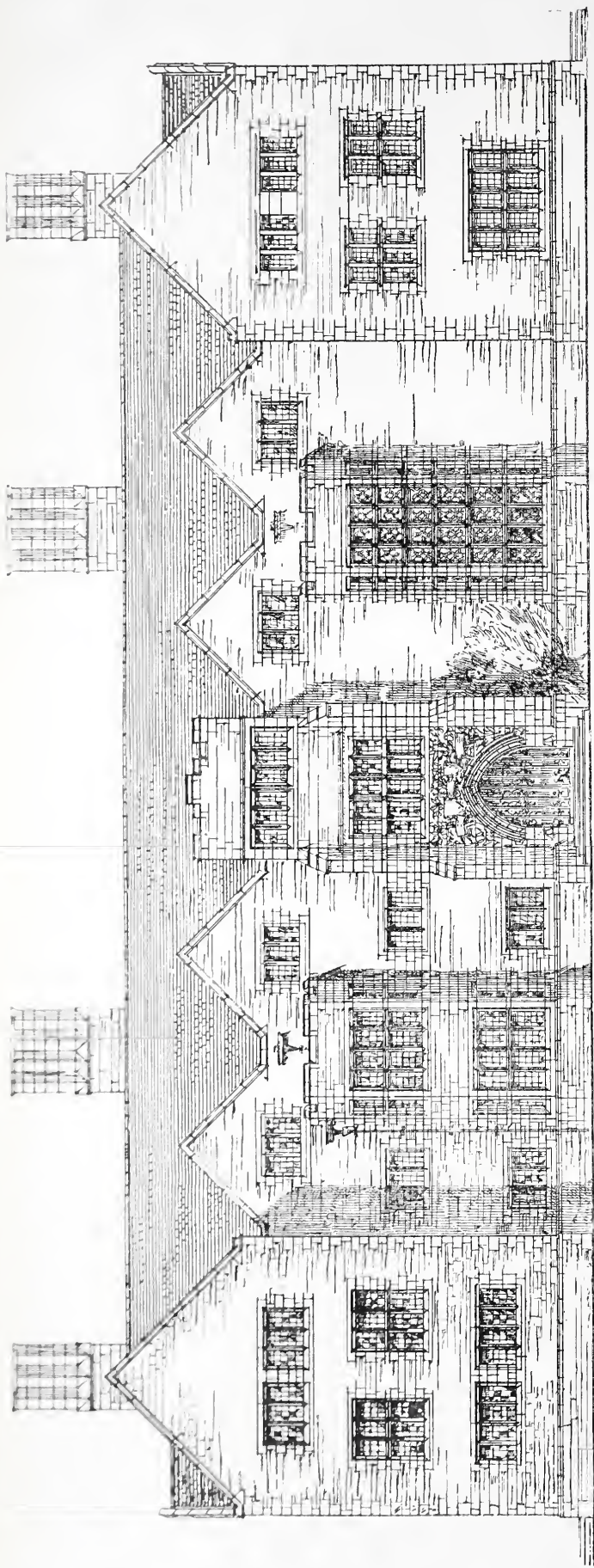




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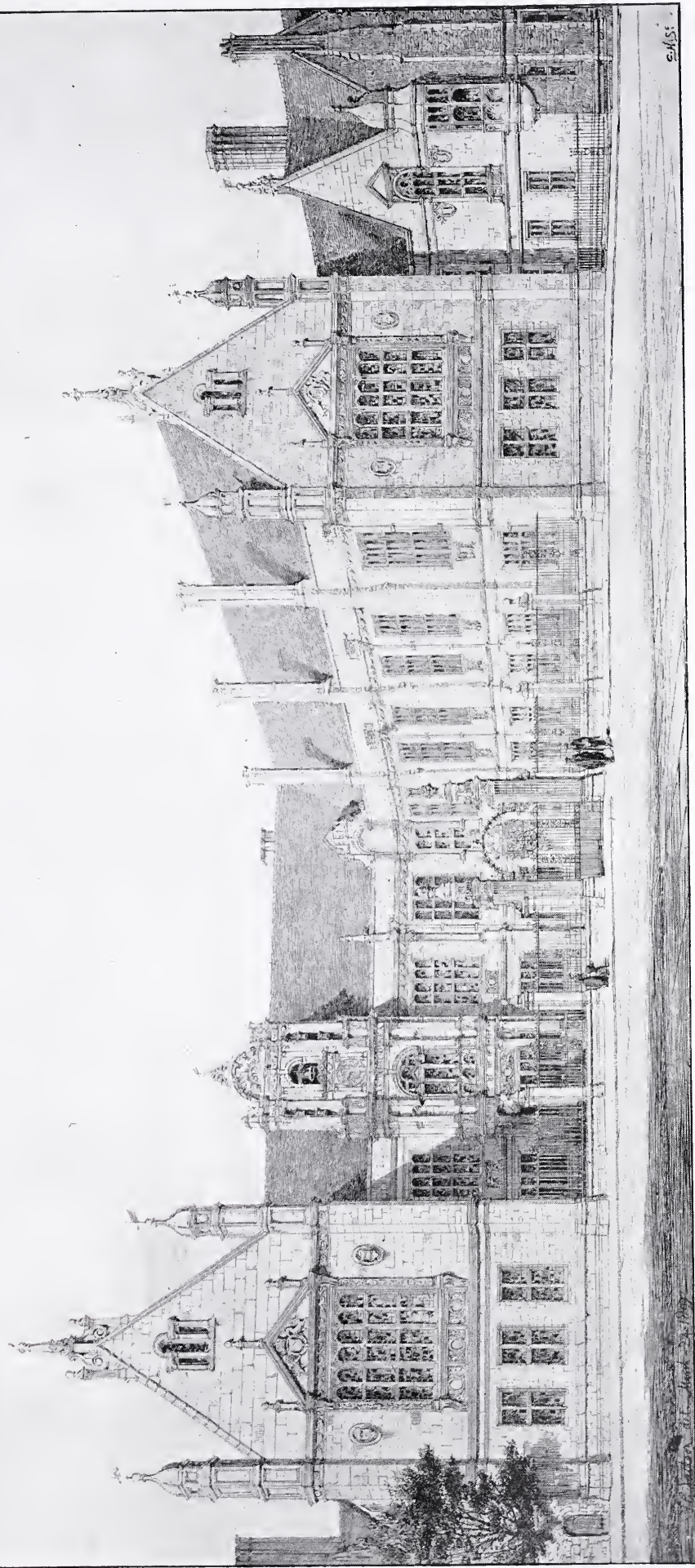
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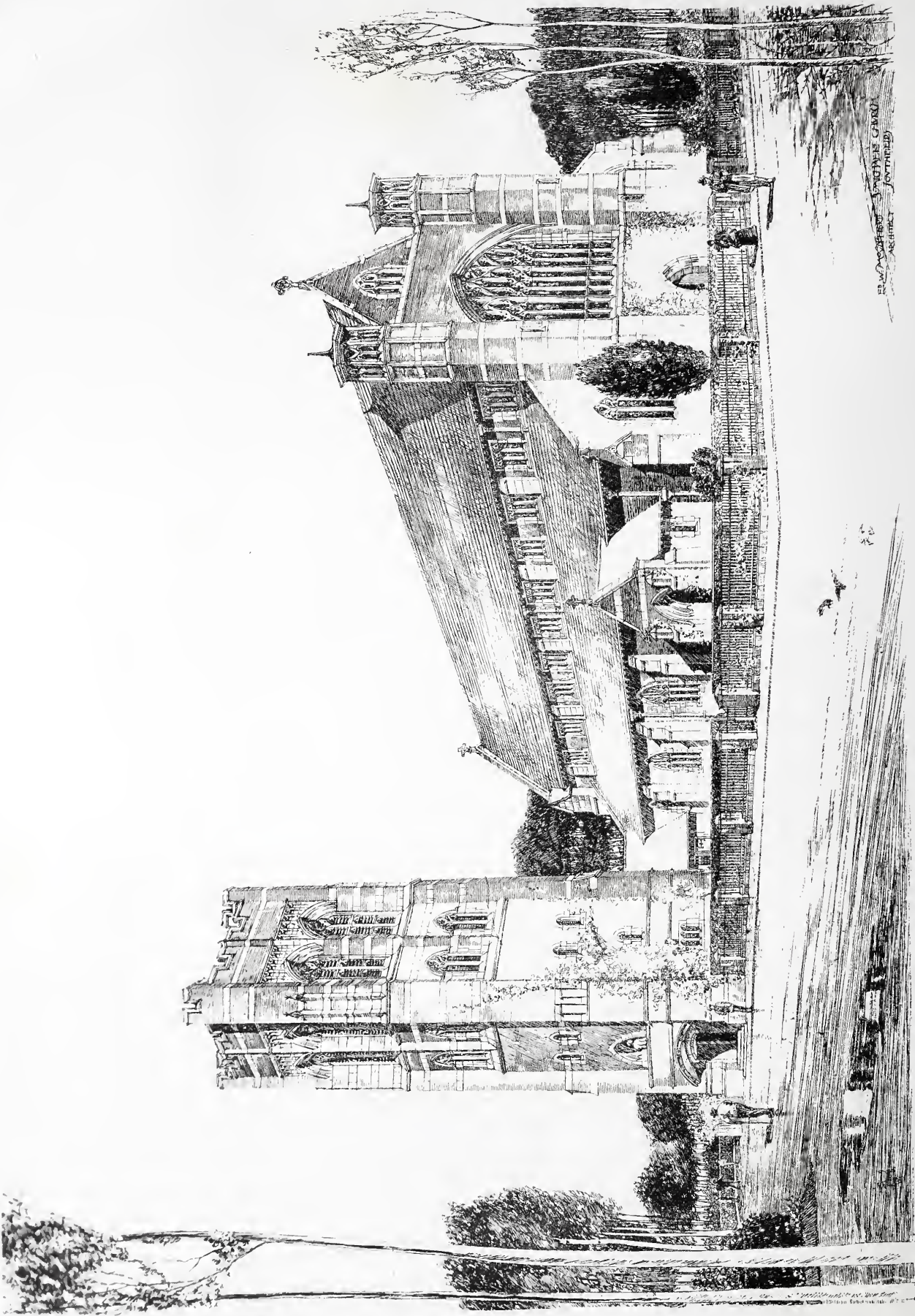
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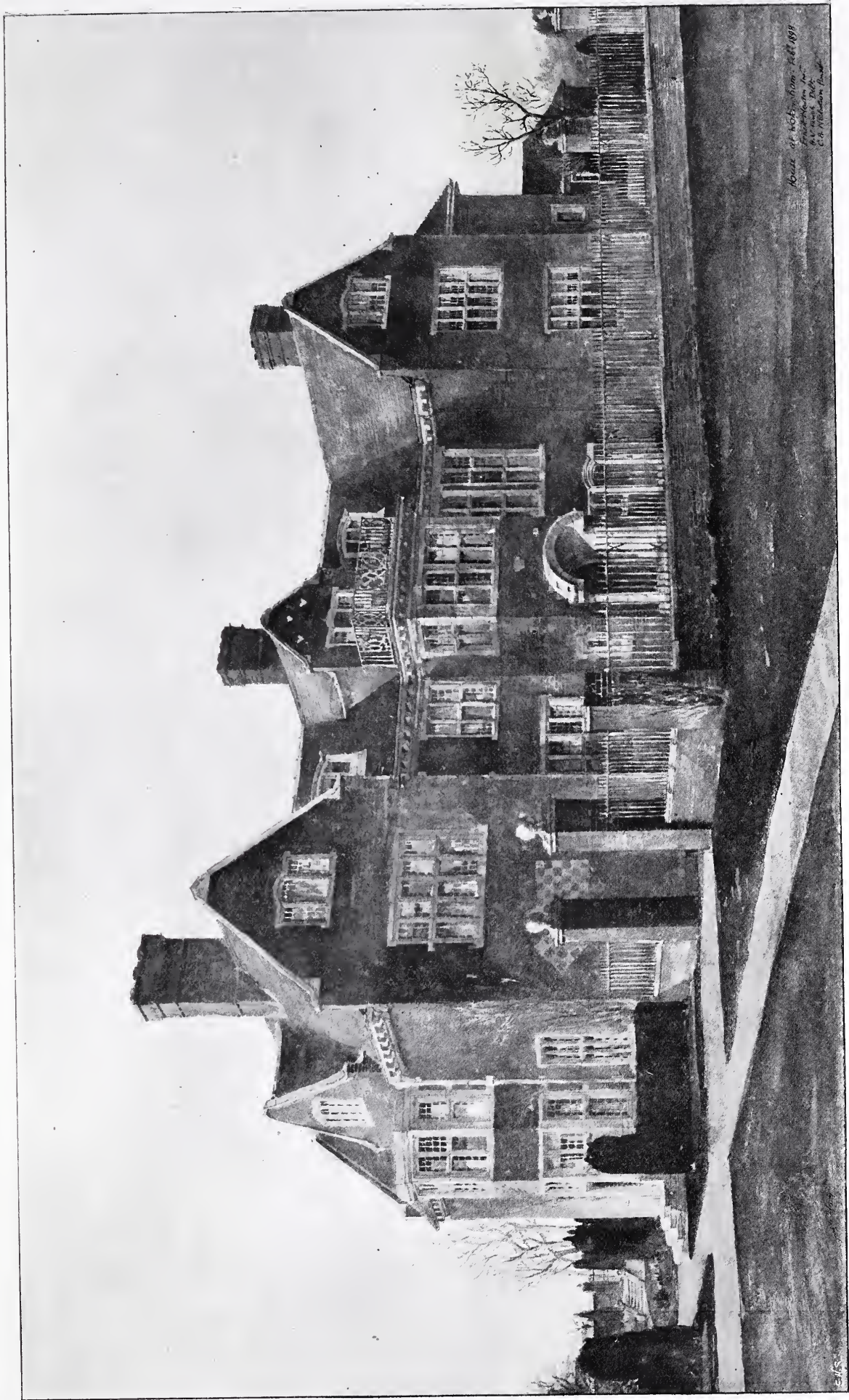
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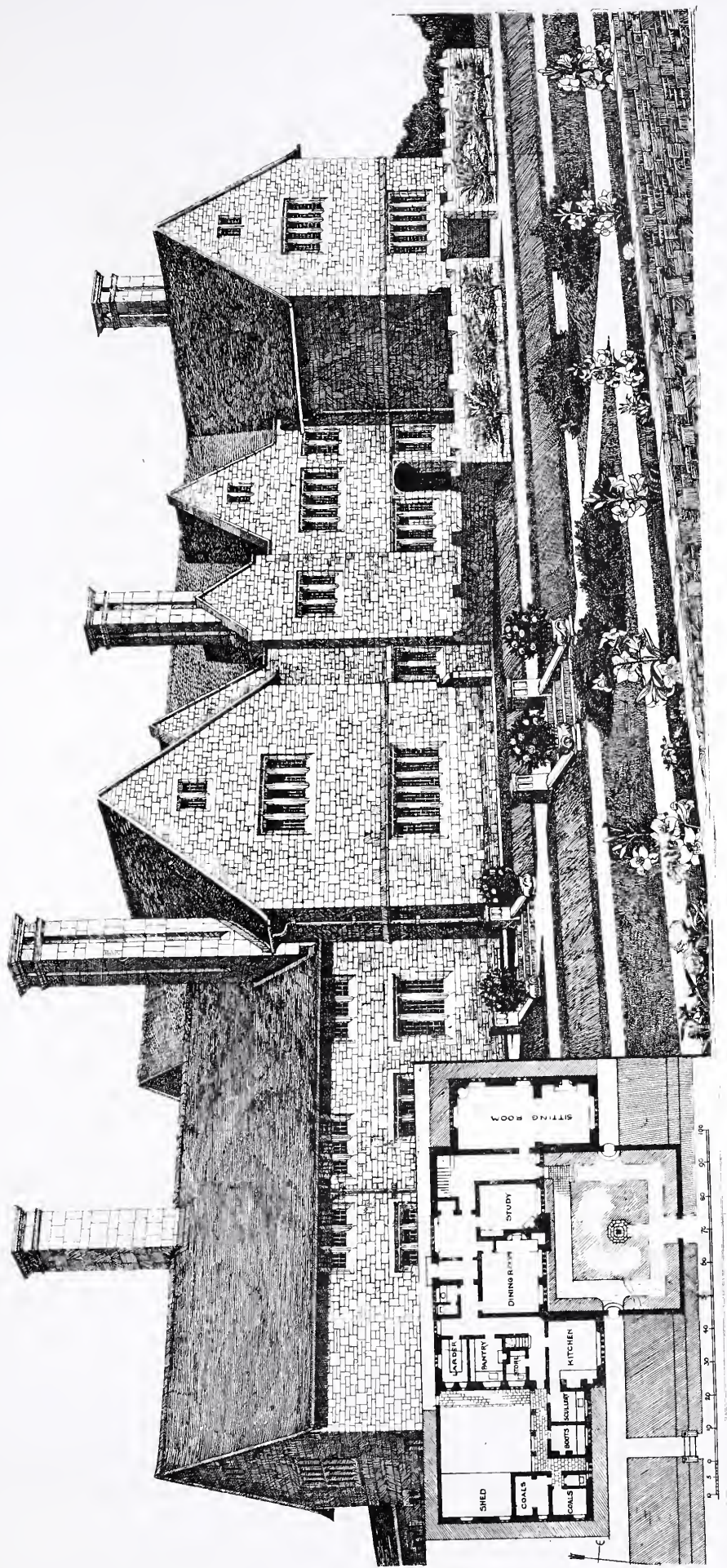
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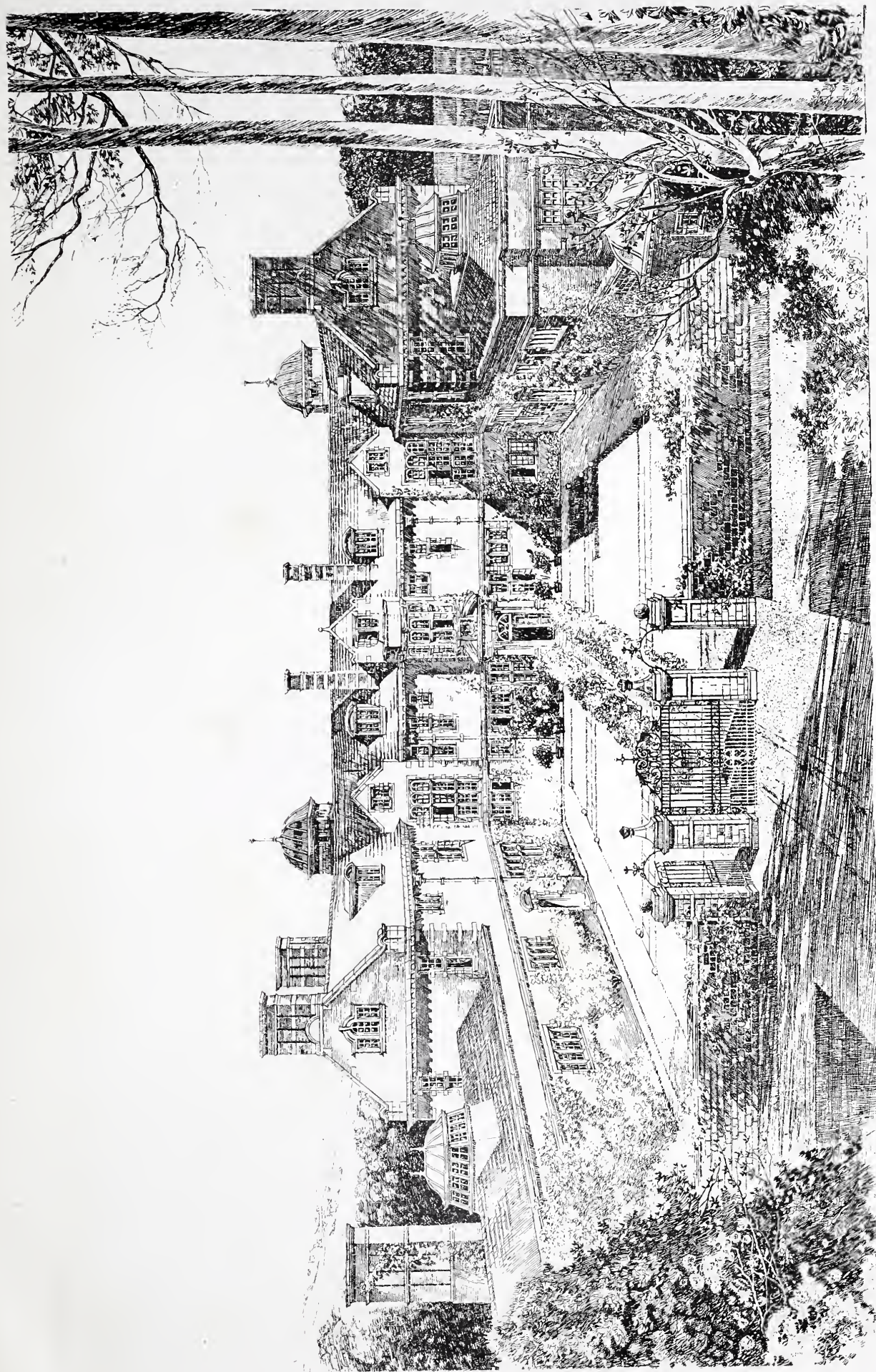


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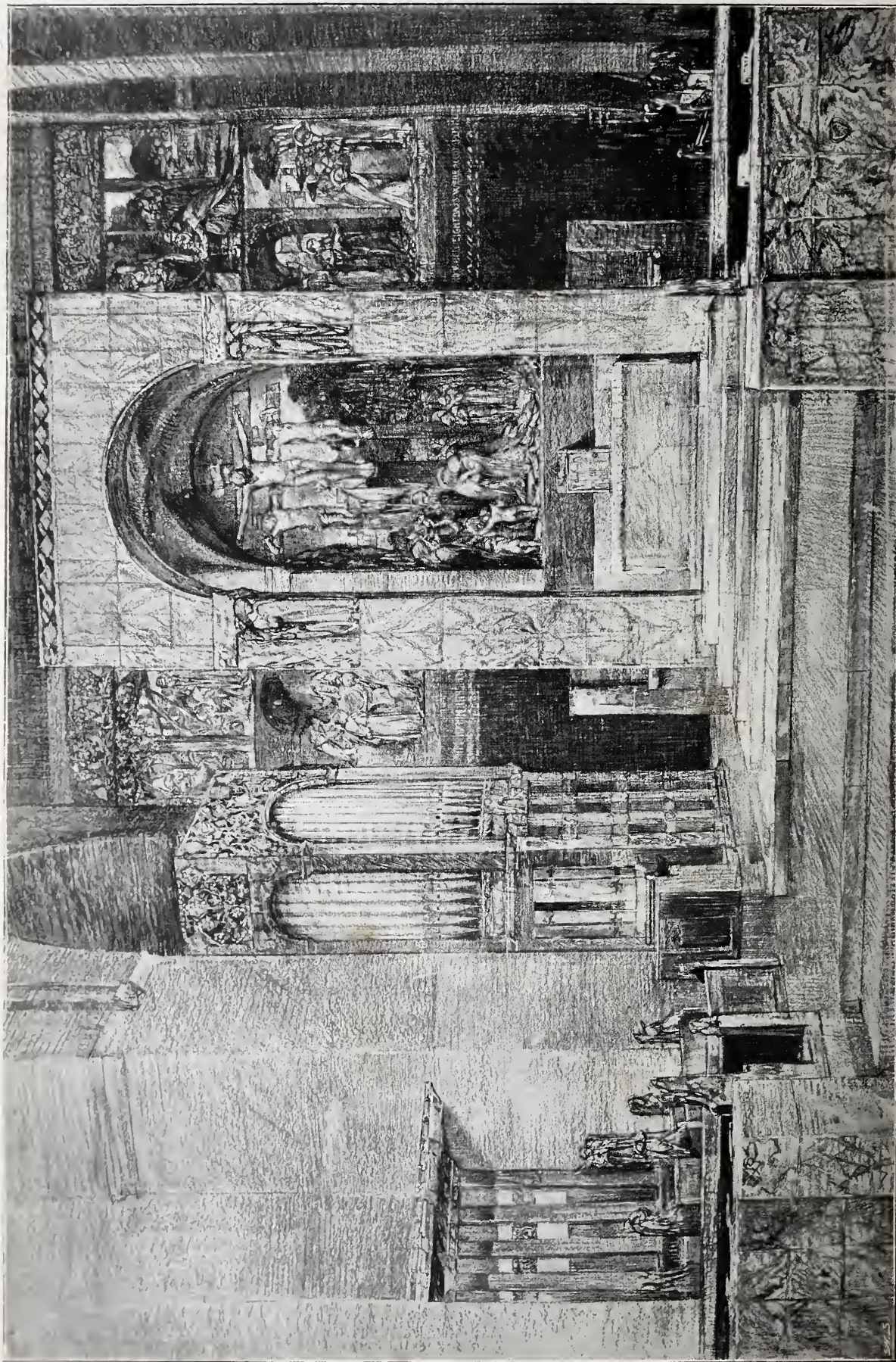
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